

University of Montana

ScholarWorks at University of Montana

Graduate Student Theses, Dissertations, &
Professional Papers

Graduate School

1975

Libretto of The decision a chamber opera for five characters and mime and other works

Ann dePender Zeigler
The University of Montana

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/etd>

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Zeigler, Ann dePender, "Libretto of The decision a chamber opera for five characters and mime and other works" (1975). *Graduate Student Theses, Dissertations, & Professional Papers*. 5886.
<https://scholarworks.umt.edu/etd/5886>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in Graduate Student Theses, Dissertations, & Professional Papers by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

LIBRETTO OF
"THE DECISION"
A CHAMBER OPERA
FOR FIVE CHARACTERS AND MIME

AND OTHER WORKS

By

Ann dePender Zeigler

B.A., Fort Wright College, 1969

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

1975

Approved By:

Bruce Bickley
Chairman, Board of Examiners

John M. Stewart
Dean, Graduate School

Aug 18, 1975
Date

UMI Number: EP36687

All rights reserved

INFORMATION TO ALL USERS

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.



UMI EP36687

Published by ProQuest LLC (2013). Copyright in the Dissertation held by the Author.

Microform Edition © ProQuest LLC.

All rights reserved. This work is protected against
unauthorized copying under Title 17, United States Code



ProQuest LLC.
789 East Eisenhower Parkway
P.O. Box 1346
Ann Arbor, MI 48106 - 1346

CONTENTS

137

"THE DECISION: A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FIVE CHARACTERS AND MIME"...	1
---	---

List of Singers' Parts.....	1
Orchestra.....	2
Character Sketches.....	3
Scenario.....	5
Libretto.....	12
Opening.....	13
Prolog.....	14
Scene One.....	15
Flashback One.....	32
Scene Two.....	42
Flashback Two.....	51
Scene Three.....	56
Flashback Three.....	60
End Notes: "But Where Are The Elephants?".....	72
Appendix "A"—"Do You Ever Dream".....	86
Appendix "B"—"This Is Not A Sport".....	119
Appendix "C"—"Sammy" Duet.....	147

SOME POEMS.....	159
-----------------	-----

The Poet Returns to Naples, Forgotten.....	159
Written While Waiting For News From the East.....	160
Escapes.....	161
On The Mountain.....	162
Highlight Peak: First Climb Of The Season.....	163
Night Song: From The River.....	164
Night Song: Another River.....	165
Anniversary.....	166
Incantation For The Vernal Equinox.....	167
Prayer For The Hill Gypsies.....	168
Role Call.....	169
Every Poem Should Have A Title.....	170
Short Scene In White.....	171
"From Mountain Bell, The Time is 7:45".....	172
Poem For My Student from Maryland.....	173
Rock Painting For A People Without Dreams.....	175

T H E D E C I S I O N

CHARACTERS

Aloysius J. Morton, Protector.....Tenor
Jane.....Mezzo-Soprano
Ron Everett.....Baritone
Linda Everett.....Soprano
Sammy Everett.....Boy Soprano
Mime.....Mime

(NOTE: The Three Masked Figures are played by Jane,
Ron and Lin.)

ORCHESTRA

2

Oboe / English Horn

Clarinet in B^b / Bass Clarinet in B^b

Trumpet in C

Violin

Violoncello

Percussion: Suspended Cymbal

Triangle

Claves

Wood Block

Snare Drum

Three Adjustable Drums

Medium Bass Drum

CHARACTER SKETCHES

3

The Mime. Either male or female. Represents the audience onstage, merging with Sammy. An observer, interpreter, maker of temporal transitions. Dressed in the same style of jumpsuit as Sammy.

Aloysius J. Morton, Protector. Rumpled, bumbling, self-satisfied. Speaks in a stylized pattern based on acronyms, citations and jargon. Vaguely confused by events. Non-empathetic, hiding behind regulations and forms to avoid dealing with human problems. Has the ability to use power but not to understand its use. A functionary with little self-awareness. A weak man forced by circumstances to face the impossible, deadly decision he has thrust onto others for so long.

Jane, the Alter Ego. Brash, humorous, a wench. Young and vibrantly alive. Witty but gently so. Very lyrical and capable of flights of imagistic metaphor. Responsive, delighting in contact with people and sympathetic to their problems. Can only stand just so much self-deception from Aloysius. In the end, she begins to show many of the personality traits earlier seen in Aloysius.

Ronald and Linda Everett, the Parents. Intelligent, articulate, humane. Closely involved in their child's outlook and life-

style. Psychologically well-balanced. Finally broken and with their creative visions destroyed, they are reduced to automata, mindless and without hope.

Sammy, the Child. Passive young victim. Absorbs the jargon of what is happening, with the implications of his own future self-destructive role.

S C E N A R I OOPENING

The house lights are still up. The Mime, wearing a childlike costume, enters through the audience from the back of the theater. He stops at the first row and turns to survey the audience, then walks up onto the stage and takes a position facing upstage. Approximately a minute after the Mime is in position onstage, the house lights go down. (During the performance, visuals appear rear-projected on scrim, depicting environmental patterns and abstracts which develop into the parts of a bulldozer.)

PROLOG

The music begins. During the first four bars, lights come up on the Mime and Three Masked Figures in sharply creased yellow costumes. On the fifth bar, the Figures point at the Mime. They order him in mime to walk a narrow line in front of them. The Mime attempts to ignore or evade them. The lights go down. Visuals abstract confusion. Voices over from offstage shout, "There's one! Grab him! In blue! A Protector! Get him! Get the Protector!" At bar seventy, a loud crash as of a door slamming, is heard. A long pause. The music introduces Scene One.

SCENE ONE

Lights come up in the area where the Mime and Aloysius are standing. Aloysius, in crumpled blue, looks confused and dejected. He is on an intermediate level of the stage's various high and low platforms. He peers around, unaware of the Mime's presence. He tries to reassure himself that he hasn't died and gone to heaven. An amused soprano laugh is heard from a darkened part of the stage. Aloysius doesn't hear it. He goes on to scoff at the revolution by the Yellows as an outburst of excess energy, and suggests that it could all be taken care of by a new PuSecSer (Public Security Series) and PuRecSecs (Public Recreation Sections). The soprano voice makes comments, unnoticed by Aloysius. Aloysius seems to be a highly-placed bureaucrat with immense power and not a lot of sensitivity. His ranting about the revolution and its solution is interrupted suddenly when lights come up on Jane, who is lounging on a fairly high level across the stage. She introduces herself and him, and explains that she is his Alter Ego, his Other Self, for his lifetime. He doesn't believe. Jane says that she's waiting for his decision. He is anxious to get back to his office and decisions. Jane tells him that she doesn't mean other people's decisions about resecurity. She means his decision. He now has the same decision to make that he gave others--resecurity or death.

Aloysius doesn't like to have it phrased quite that way. Jane asks if he has ever seen a resecurity clearance all the way through to the end. He is much too busy for such things. The Mime leads Aloysius into a darkened area as Jane reminds him about Ron and Lin Everett. Lights come up on Ron and Lin sitting on straight chairs facing a lectern. Jane fades out.

FLASHBACK ONE

Ron and Lin are racking their brains to find a reason for their summons to the office of a Protector. He is a scholar, and she is a painter. Aloysius enters with a large handful of forms and asks for their papers. He begins to cite regulations about their activities. The subject of the investigation turns out to be the way they are raising their young son, Sammy. Aloysius hands Ron and Lin voluminous forms. He charges them with teaching without a permit, being unregistered humanitarians, painting walls without a permit. He obviously is not listening to them as they try to explain. Ron and Lin become frantic trying to find out what the problem is. He says they must accept resecurity, or the other. Sammy is such a nice child to be orphaned so young. The decision is theirs. Aloysius exits abruptly to an unlit area. Ron and Lin are stunned. Lin is in a rage, Ron bewildered. Jane

and Aloysius re-appear in their former positions as Ron and Lin fade out.

SCENE TWO

Jane tells Aloysius time is running out for him. He must face the pain himself. He temporizes, saying that it's nothing personal about those people he dealt with. It's just his job, his life's work--that they must learn to live with the real world or be destroyed. Jane asks him if he ever dreams. He fades away as she begins to muse--a lyric image series. The Mime interprets as she sings, beginning freely but ending as if trapped and crushed. Aloysius comes in with his own wishes, for power and peace and quiet. Jane reminds him that he is running out of time to make his decision, that the revolution is waiting for him to decide. He says decisions are not his problem, he just does his job. Jane tells him he had better develop an interest in decisions. They fade out as Ron and Lin fade back in, in a living room scene.

FLASHBACK TWO

Ron and Lin have been going over and over the situation for hours. Sammy has put himself to bed, bored with his bulldozer and with nobody to talk to. Ron and Lin discuss with some heat what they are going to do. They must choose to lose

Sammy and their jobs and wait to be obliterated, or accept the mental obliteration of resecurity followed by re-education and a supervised life. They go over and over what they can do about the situation, finally realizing that they are caught. They feel trampled, humiliated and dehumanized. They feel as though years have passed since they got the summons. They begin to rationalize the various alternative futures. The Mime joins them as they fade out. Aloysius and Jane fade in again.

SCENE THREE

Jane asks Aloysius again to make his decision. He downgrades her sense of urgency, insisting again that he is a man of great importance, a highly valued man who has to consider these things very carefully. Jane points out that highly valued men can lose their value. She begins to use the phrases that Aloysius used in his interview with Ron and Lin. He insists that it is all a mistake, that she doesn't understand, that he must have time to think. Jane interrupts him abruptly, pointing out that the parents are waiting. Full lights come up, showing the parents still standing in their living room, with Sammy standing where the Mime had been standing with Ron and Lin.

FLASHBACK THREE

Sammy plays unconcernedly with the controls of a large toy bulldozer as Jane and Aloysius enter the living room area. The parents look silently at Aloysius, and he at them for a long moment. Aloysius tells them he has come for their decision. They sing in duet that they have signed the papers, their names and numbers, numbers and papers. They hand him the forms. He looks nervously through the papers and gives them back. He tells them that they must tell Sammy. Tenderly and quietly they say good-bye to Sammy. He continues to play with the bulldozer, oblivious. The parents slip away as Jane and Aloysius begin to argue about Aloysius's decision, standing one on each side of Sammy. Jane tells Aloysius that he has wasted his time and hers, that he is too stupid to save himself. He pleads with her to help him. He is becoming very agitated. She stamps out in a rage. There is a moment of silence as he stares after her. The lights begin to shrink inward toward Aloysius and Sammy. Aloysius cries out to Jane to come back and help him, that she is his Alter Ego, his Self. No answer. He tries to get a grip on his fear, to tell himself that things will be all right. Sammy begins to sing a nonsense chant made up of the words "names, numbers, papers" as he plays. Aloysius begins to panic, trying to figure out how to make an impossible decision. The Three

Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to follow them away. ¹¹

Numbly he goes, realizing his time is up. The music comes up and drown Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer, and snaps into a blackout.

T H E D E C I S I O N

- - -

A Chamber Opera
For Five Characters and ^Mime

- - -

Libretto By A.D. Zeigler

O P E N I N G

The house lights are still up. The Mime, wearing a childlike costume, enters through the audience from the back of the theater. He stops at the first row and turns to survey the audience, then walks up onto the stage and takes a position facing upstage. Approximately a minute after the Mime is in position onstage, the house lights go down. (During the performance, visuals appear rear-projected on scrim, depicting environmental patterns and abstracts which develop into the parts of a bulldozer.)

P R O L O G

The music begins. During the first four bars, lights come up on the Mime and Three Masked Figures in sharply creased yellow costumes. On the fifth bar, the Figures point at the Mime. They order him in mime to walk a narrow line in front of them. The Mime attempts to ignore or evade them. The lights go down. Visuals abstract confusion. Voices shout, "There's one! Grab him! In blue! A Protector! Get him! Get the Protector!" At bar seventy, a loud crash, as of a door slamming, is heard. A long pause. The music introduces Scene One.

S C E N E O N E

Lights come up in the area where the Mime and Aloysius are standing. Aloysius, in crumpled blue, looks confused and dejected. He is on an intermediate stage level.

He peers around.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Here I am....

Where am I...?

At least

I'm still alive,

I think.

Or maybe they

killed me when I

wasn't looking....

Maybe I've died.

And gone to...

heaven????

ALOYSIUS

Is THIS heaven????

They can't kill me,

ME!

Aloysius J. Morton,

Protector.

It's not permitted.*

I'm a man of great impor-

tance,

a highly valued man.

I make great decisions

every day.

I can't be dead.

JANE

(A highly melodic
laugh, offstage.)

* - lines which are rhythmically spoken

** - lines which are simply spoken

ALOYSIUS

I'm sure I would
have noticed.

What a dumb revolution.
They're not
following the guidelines.

This is the sloppiest
revolution ever.

All those Yellows
running around.

Just outrageous.

I can't believe it.

JANE

(Offstage) Yellow is
an interesting color.
Reminds one of
sunshine...

Or fire.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Like children
out to have some fun.

Fun???

Fun!!!

That's it!

We can solve this
problem right now!
Some new PuRecSecs.

(Offstage) PuRecSecs??**

Public Recreation Sections.**

Six nights a week.

Ninety five minutes.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Basketball...

volleyball,

football,

(begins to sing faster)

baseball,

handball!

Tetherball!!

Foosball!!!

We'll have a new

PuSecSeer....

(Offstage) PuSecSeer?***

(pronounce: poo-sek-seer)

Public Security Series**

To remind everyone

to just love it!

ALOYSIUS

They will have fun!

Lots of nice correct

fun. Just think

what it will do

to the family...

The neighborhood.

The school!

The...

JANE

(Offstage) Did you ever

hear the one about

the traveling revolutionary

and the football coach?

The problems you have

aren't bad enough

already???

Lights abruptly come up full on Jane, who is lounging on a fairly high level across the stage. She grins goodnaturedly and climbs down. Aloysius sees her, gawks in amazement. She pirouettes obligingly. He stares speechless for a moment.)

....

Who...

are you?

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Jane.

I'm a man of great im-
portance,

a highly vaunted man.

I make great decisions
every day.

No time to waste on....

Who

are

you?

You

ALOYSIUS

JANE

are

Aloysius J. Morton,
Protector.

Yes. ? **

I

am Jane.

Your Alter Ego.**

I'm really not a
religious person.

Churches

and altars and

those things

just aren't in

my de-

Wrong kind of altar.

Not church altar.

Alter Ego.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

It means Other Self.

So I know all about you,
and I'm everything you're
not.

You are??

I'm the reverse of you.
You're a he—I'm a she.
You're a powerful official.
I'm just here.
I'm young—you're....

And I can whistle,
ride a bike,
and stand on my head.

Opposite.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Alter Ego.

Jane.**

Are you sure of that??**

For your lifetime.**

It doesn't seem very
likely to me.

In fact I can't
recall a single regulation
about Alter Egos.
I'm sure you would
fall in Section
Four Three Eight,
Subsection A-Five,
defining PerOcs.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

PerOcs?

Permitted Occupations.*

That's the one part**

I haven't got the**

hang of yet.**

What's that?**

The acronyms.**

The what??**

Acronyms.**

Abbreviation words.**

Oh.**

What are you doing here?

The same thing you are.

You are??

Yes. Waiting for
your decision.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

My decision.

WHAT decision???

I am a man of great importance,

a highly valued man.

I make great decisions

every day.

I've changed*

hundreds of lives.*

That's what your
decision's about.

WHAT??*

Your decision,
your decision,
is the same one

ALOYSIUS

JANE

you have given
all those other people.
About accepting
resecurity.

Nonsense. I know
all about resecurity.

I'm a
Protector of the State.
As a matter of fact,
a PROTECTOR, class nine.

Class nine.

Personality

Re-adjustment

Officer

To

Enhance

ALOYSIUS

Clearance for

Terminal

Official

Resecurity,

class

nine.

That's very high,**

you know.**

Pardon?***

Anyway, these Yellows

just don't understand.

They don't appreciate

JANE

class

nine.

A person could get high**

just repeating**

a title like that.**

Nothing, nothing.**

ALOYSIUS

the great skill
of a person like myself.

Yes, yes.*

Exactly.*

What's this decision

business?

You haven't even

told me which

regulation is

involved.

I must have order here.*

JANE

A person who
understands decisions.

Like the decision
you must make
now.

It's very simple.*

ALOYSIUS

JANE

No regulation applies.

The regulations are gone.

The revolution has

replaced them with

nothing.

You have been given

the same choice,

the same choice

you gave others---

accept resecurity

or be destroyed.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

That's not a very nice**

way to put it.**

Resecurity is

a very fine thing,

a necessary tool

for progress and order.

I've cleared a lot of people.

Have you ever seen one

through,

to the end?

Certainly not.

I have a**

great many other things**

to do, dedisions**

to make.**

ALOYSIUS

(He fades out, led
away by the Mime.)

JANELINRONFLASHBACK ONE

(Sprechstimme)

Yes. Decisions to make
like the one you offered
to Ron and Lin Everett.

You remember them.

(The Parents, Ron and Lin, are sitting on
straight chairs, facing a lectern.)

What do you think
is going to happen?

And their little boy, Sammy.

They came in on a

Regulation Nine

Seven Three.

No explanation.

Just a summons.

I
just can't think
of anything we've done.
Regulation Nine
Seven Three
means nothing to
me.
And all that jargon
on the door.

JANE

Names and papers.

Fill in the

blanks and

sign.

Names and papers.

(She fades out.)

LIN

But this is

a Protector's office,

isn't it?

There must be some

mistake.

Don't you think?

They don't really care

about painters and scholars,

except to approve

whatever we do.

RON

They checked so

thoroughly our

names and papers.

LIN

RON

It must be something

I did in a paper—

forgot a memo,

missed someone's title.

They never say anything

about paintings.

You haven't used

a wrong color

somehow?

Peach? Umber? Yellow?

No, no. I've

always been so careful.

About the width of lines,

and angles, too.

At your neighborhood

LIN

meeting?***

RON

Nothing.*

My name, my number.

Number and name.

Signed my work paper.

No, nothing.*

Mine was the same.*

My name, my number.

Numbers and papers

Papers and names.

Nothing.*

ALOYSIUS

(This entire speech

is rhythmically

(Aloysius enters with a handful of papers.)

ALOYSIUS

LIN

RON

spoken.)

Names, numbers, papers,
names.

I'm a highly valued man,
a very busy man.

No time to waste
on mixups and mistakes.

You must have a name,
you must have a number.

Where are your papers?

Summons!

Ronald Everett.

Linda Everett.

Regulation Nine Seven Three.

A serious charge.

(Ron and Lin hand over their papers, which Aloysius
examines and returns.)

We don't understand.

We don't understand.

ALOYSIUS

What is your answer?

How do you plead?

You must know the

laws.

The laws are

serious.

A serious charge.

The subject is Samuel,

same address,

same last name,

a child.

LIN

What does it

mean?

A mixup of papers.

Sammy!

You can't mean....

But he's just

a child.

Yes, yes.

It's a mistake.

Surely

RON

It must

be a

mistake.

Our Sammy?

He's only

a child.

We must remain calm.

Don't get

upset. Let us

explain.

ALOYSIUS

No comments

allowed.

You must make a decision.

The law is clear.

The regulation is here.

You must fill in these forms.

Names and numbers.

The child is in question.

You must give
a full account.

You must answer
a serious question.

A serious charge.

Licensed teachers only
are permitted
to teach children.

LIN

we can....

RON

Easy, easy.

(Aloysius hands the Parents voluminous forms.)

We've always tried
to give him
things to

make him want to know.
Tried to teach him
to understand this
world.

We've played with him.
and walked with him.
And read to him.

We're just

ALOYSIUS

Regulation Four One Six.

The law is clear.

You must

know the law.

You must be registered.

Where are your papers?

Numbers and names.

Humanitarians must be registered.

Three Nine Seven.

The law is clear.

A regulation covers it.

Eight Four One

Painting walls is

not permitted.

LIN

...We're not
humanitarians.

...You see,
I'm a painter.
I don't paint walls.**
I paint pictures.**
I'm an artist,**
with colors and brushes**
on canvas.**

RON

parents,
not teachers. Can't
you understand?

My field
is the
humanities....

We only care
about our child.

ALOYSIUS

You must answer the
accusation.

You received
the Summons.

How do you plead?

The choice is yours.

The law is clear.

Accept resecurity
or the other.

A social readjustment
in careful lessons,
well reinforced,
a positive approach.
You know the other.

LIN

RON

This is all a mistake.**

What accusation?

We don't understand.

The summons says nothing.

What is the choice?

ALOYSIUS

We wouldn't care to
have to use it.

Such a lovely child**
to be an orphan**
at so young an age.**
We'll send him home**
while you decide.**
The child is yours.*
The choice is yours.*
Sign the papers.*
Names and numbers.*
Numbers and papers.*
The choice is yours.*
The time is short.*
(He exits to a darkened
part of the stage.)

LIN

Where is our child?

RON

Where is our child?

He can't

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

hold my child

like bait!

SCENE TWO

(Aloysius and Jane reappear in their former positions.)

A legal

(sprechstimme)

You remember.

ransom!

It's all a question

It's one death

of great decisions,

or another!

highly valued things.

I guess we'll have to
think about it.

(Ron and Lin fade out.)

My time is highly valued.

People don't appreciate

all the training,

all that time.

(sings)

But time is running out,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

down, away.

You must
step into their shoes,
face their pain.

Pain is not my job.

You still don't understand.

Resecurity is

my business.

My life's work.

Nothing personal, of course,

about the people.

They value themselves

too much.

They should have realized

ALOYSIUS

JANE

they couldn't live like that
and have it last.

They must face
the real world,
and learn to live
in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep*
quite soundly,*
thank you.*

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes

ALOYSIUS

JANE

and plans.

Well, of course,

one would always like...

a season ticket to
the football games,
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.

And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little**
more interesting.**

Perhaps just one new decree,**
a rule to be the end of rules:**
if you're going to breathe,**

ALOYSIUS

(He fades out)

JANE

don't make a habit of it.**

Oh, Aloysius,**

smile a bit.**

Let's pretend

you have a heart.

We're all dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

misty laws and tests,

things that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine romping horses

or old barns

(The mime begins to interpret as she sings,

beginning very freely, but ending as if

trapped and crushed.)

ALOYSIUSJANE

laid soft to rest
by time and weight of snow,
birch trees reaching quietly
along the river.
Rabbits here think
modest thoughts of lunch,
a crow drowns in a bush.
Here's the place
for real plaid jackets
worn comfortable
by real people.
People's dreams are more
to them than jelly in a jar,
more consequential than
these traps of words.
You make a child
a baited barb to kill the heart.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

I offer no child of yours
to bait decisive hooks,
just time,
beyond the catch of pow'r.
Your cant and ranting
just fade to numbers,
not faces.
No numbers needed.
The decision is yours.
You know the choices.
You know the time.
Your time is near.

A little more time
to make all my
important decisions.
Fewer people

ALOYSIUS

JANE

whining at my desk.

Just have the papers.

Just have the laws.

A quiet sunny desk,

with no people's gripes.

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me?

Just give me peace!

I haven't come here**

to cheer the revolution,**

just to tell the time.**

The time to think,**

ALOYSIUS

It'll all be over
in a day or two,
Then back to work.
We'll be so far behind.
Names and numbers.
Numbers and papers.

JANE

the time to decide.**

But numbers and papers
can't be killed,
can't be made secure.
What will you say
when you enter your office
and meet a highly valued
man in yellow
sitting at your desk?

It couldn't come to that.

A man who remembers

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

the cries of pain,
the final silence
of those who must decide.

We never torture
anyone at all.

It's their choice.

Just my job.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

That's my only interest--*

Not decisions.*

You'll have to
get interested
in decisions.

Just as Ron
and Lin were
interested in

FLASHBACK TWO

(Lights come up on a living room scene with Ron
and Lin. Aloysius and Jane begin to fade out.)

We should probably
eat something.

ALOYSIUS

What decision?

Just take the paper,
sign their names.

Thinking

wastes time.

(Aloysius and Jane fade out entirely)

JANE

their decision.

Very interested.

And you haven't got much

time. Less time than

Ron and Lin.

LIN

It's getting late.

We've gone

over and over

this for hours.

I still don't

understand.

It can't be true.

They must mean

something else.

He went to bed.

Tired of playing

with his bulldozer,

RON

Where's Sammy? He was
in the other room
a while ago.

LIN

and no one to
talk to.

RON

What do you think
they'll do with him?
He's just a boy.

(agitated and sarcastic)

Just a name.

Just a number.

At least he won't
have to decide.

Let's not start that
again. The Protector
will be here soon.
We have to decide.
We have no choice.
We have no time.

LIN

Decide!

What kind of decision
is it? Have our child,
our home,
our jobs taken.
Sit and wait
until they get
to our numbers.

RON

Or accept resecurity.

Have our minds wiped out.

New thoughts, new hopes,
new loyalties.

A supervised life.

Which will it be, my dear?

Which will it be?

A living death with Sammy
still alive somewhere,

LINRON

or final death
and who knows what
for him.

Maybe it's not really*
a serious thing we did.*

The summons says*
he's a Protector.*

Maybe we'll just have*
to go to retraining*
every week.*

Retraining is police*
and caseworkers.*
It must be real.*

It seems like years
since we got the summons.

It feels like a dream.
a nightmare, running,
running, voices laughing,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Just a few hours ago.

yelling,

Just a few moments left.

"Decide! Decide!"

What a wreck

Safety gets

our life's become

further away

a shadow match with...

the faster we run.

with nothing.

What to do—die or die.

Become a mindless number

or be removed.

If we sign the paper

we'll have each other.

If we don't, blackness

and maybe peace.

We must decide....

The time....

SCENE THREE

(Aloysius and Jane reappear.)

Names and numbers,**

numbers and papers.**

It still comes down**

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

to time.**

The time....

Time to think.**

Time to decide.**

(Lin and Ron fade out, as the Mime joins them.)

You must decide.

They can't make your choice.

I can't make it for you.

The choice is yours.

Time is short.

You must decide.

You're making this up.

It's not this bad.

They just don't realize.

Anyway,

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

it's not so simple.

I have so many things

to consider.

I'm a highly valued man.

But highly valued men
get tossed aside, you know.

The choice is yours.

We can't take this
lightly.

The choice is yours.

It's true there's the
matter of results.

A serious charge.

Accepting resecurity
has certain results.

How do you plead?

Highly valued results.

ALOYSIUS

The reduction
is total.
A final agreement,
no matter with what
(slowly)
I'm a man
of great
im-per-tance,
a highly
valued....

How can they do this?***

It's all a mistake.**

I don't believe it.**

I'll have to think**

JANE

Your time is coming.
The time is soon.
What are your values?
The matter is time.
(rapidly)
The matter is choice.
The choice must be made.
What do you value?
The decision is yours.
The time...the time!

ALOYSIUS

about it. I must**

think about it....**

JANE

The time is coming.

The forms are waiting.

The choice

is yours.

....

I must tell you.

Your time is up.

I have to ask you...

LINRONFLASHBACK THREE

(Full lights come up. Ron and Lin are in the same positions as at the end of Flashback Two. Sammy stands with them, where the Mime had stood, playing with the controls of a large toy bulldozer. Ron and Lin look subdued and exhausted. A long moment of silence while they just look at Aloysius. He and Jane enter the living room area.)

....

Hello.

....

Come in.

ALOYSIUS

your choice.

JANELINRON

We signed

the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers

Numbers and names.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and names.

Names and numbers,

Numbers and papers.

Your names and numbers.

It's so much better.

We know you'll...

think it better.

Numbers and names.

(The Parents hand over the forms to Aloysius. He looks nervously at the forms and the parents, and hands the forms back.)

ALOYSIUS

You understand.

The choice

is better....

The little boy.

You'll have to

tell him.

JANELINRON

Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we love you

Sammy...Sammy...

you know we care.

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

...Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we love you.

...Sammy...Sammy...

you know we care.

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

You will
be with others.
You'll have to forget
our ways. You'll have
to learn again.
Sammy...Sammy...
you know we
love
you.
Sammy...Sammy...
you know
we care.
But now
our time is
up.
The choice is made.

You will
be with others.
You must forget
our ways, and
learn again.
...Sammy...Sammy...
you know we
love
you.
Sammy...Sammy...
you know
we care.
But now
our time is
up.
The choice is made.

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

Sammy...

Sammy...

Sammy...

Sammy...

(Sammy simply plays with his toy bulldozer,
oblivious. The Parents slip away quietly as
Aloysius and Jane, one on either side of
Sammy, begin to argue.)

Why do they look so,

so dead. Their eyes.

Like zombies.

I don't understand.

ALOYSIUS

Why do they
make me
feel this way?

JANE

That's what they all look like
when they've decided.
All of them.
What did you expect?

The boy.

Why does he just
play like that?
He should
say something.

What should he say?

I don't know....
It's not my job

ALOYSIUS

to know these things....

I have other skills.

I....

JANE

I think you talk too much.

Great decisions are made
in silence.

How do you plead?

Answer the

questions,

fill in the forms.

We must have order here.

You must make

your decision.

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.**

ALOYSIUS

JANE

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me.

It's like the darkness,
the cold winter nights,
with no one there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

My time's been wasted.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

My time is up.

(She exits angrily. Aloysius looks after her in bewilderment and fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward Aloysius and Sammy.)

No,

no.

Wait.

Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you.

ALOYSIUS

You're my Alter Ego.

My self.

You HAVE to help me.

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

I must decide.

The time is coming.

(Sammy begins to sing a nonsense chant
made up of the words and phrases, "names,
numbers, papers," as he plays, oblivious,
with the toy bulldozer.)

ALOYSIUS

I must make

my decision.

The time...the time.

Resecurity or death.

Help me, someone.

I must decide,

decide....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers, the papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time....

....

(Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the Three Masked Figures in yellow appear and beckon Aloysius to come away with them. Numbly Aloysius follows them off. The light shrinks to a spot on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer, and snaps into a blackout.)

N.B. The fully scored opera is available for inspection in the School of Music.

BUT WHERE ARE THE ELEPHANTS?

--Some Slightly Jaundiced Comments On Libretto Writing--

When I first began discussing the possibility of doing an opera with Composer Sherman Himmelblau, it all seemed so simple. I would just whip off the scenario and libretto. He would just whip off the score. And presto! However, as George Gershwin has it, "It ain't necessarily so." The actual time from the start of serious discussions to the final fully-scored product was one year and seven months. It was not exactly the all-time land speed record, but on the other hand, we all lived to tell about it.

Much has been made by critics and music historians of the supposed bad feeling engendered between a composer and librettist by the writing of an opera. I can't imagine where they could get that opinion--unless it's from incidents such as the occasion in the Missoula House of Pancakes when I attempted to nail Sherman with a plate of strawberry crepes over some lead lines for a characterization. But what's a little fit of temperament between friends? If we weren't both under five feet tall, things might have been considerably worse during all three stages of the work.

During the scenario phase, the problems were ones of technical knowledge--Sherman's lack of expertise in language struc-

tures and poetry, and mine in contemporary musical composition. We've both had some experience in theater technique, so we proceeded merrily from there on the assumption that between the two of us, everything was well in hand. Put in a small chuckle in E above high C.

My first move was to immerse myself (me, the Bach freak) in twentieth-century music—Villa-Lobos, Stravinsky, Carter, Britten, Himmelblau,—to get a grasp of the general types of phrasing I would be working with, and the kinds of instrumental qualities that would surround the singing characters. I concentrated on instruments with solo qualities which step from note to note as the singing voice steps from syllable to syllable. My education in contemporary libretto had also been sorely neglected until then, and if I never hear Menotti's "The Consul" again....

My background in film and contemporary drama and dance was not exactly suited to the \$3 million, cast-of-thousands approach. So our first decision was to restrict ourselves to chamber-size opera. We stayed basically with Sherman's suggestion of four characters (Aloysius, the protagonist; Jane, his alter ego, the antagonist; and Ron and Lin, the parents and victims). We added young Sammy in person only for the final scene, and a Dancer/Mime to make some transitions.

The development of the basic plot was a schizophrenia-inducing experience. Writing an opera about power and the loss

thereof was thoroughly hair-raising when all the full glories of Watergate burst forth (or asunder) in the final revision period. Fortunately I was concerned with the psychology, not the politics, of decision-making, and on death and not votes as a psychological inhibitor. So we persevered.

Once we had the basic plot sketch of a science fiction society in the throes of a revolution, my main problems began. There were questions of scene progressions, tempo, characterization, and the constant need to balance the changing characters of Aloysius and Jane, the Alter Ego. (To say nothing of having to decide on names and titles—Aloysius was at various points The Educator, The Enlightener, and, finally, The Protector.) I also had to come up with some technical suggestions to make the opera performable, and if possible, relatively portable. What to do about the scenery situation? We decided that a judicious use of rear projection would eliminate the need for conventional sets, plus giving the singers room to move more easily around the stage. Since our original concept included the use of various "levels", concerns arose regarding singers moving, or even tarzanning, from one level to another. So we designated various areas with lighting, between which the action would move. This use of high and low levels would give visual emphasis to the reduction of Aloysius's self-image, without the need for large staging areas and scene breaks.

Finally the working scenario was essentially finished. I had some idea of Sherman's basic expectations in terms of language structures, and we had our first deadline—finish the scoring draft of the libretto before Sherman left for the Aspen Music Festival at the end of May.

So, in early spring, the first trial balloons for the opening scenes went up. And promptly got shot down by Sherman. Back to the drawing board. And back. And back.

By mid-April I had finished the first drafts of all six scenes of the libretto—the first full working draft of the real thing. Only four months' work.

Whereupon we entered the second phase. The painful part. For two months we worked the libretto over, making cuts. From an original first draft of eighty pages, we were down to fifty pages when Sherman and I parted in Aspen. Scene Three and Flashback Three were barely present. The Parents, Ron and Lin, were mere shadows of their former verbose selves, and I had made an enemy of the painter on whom Lin, the Mother, was originally based. All I heard in the ensuing four months was that Scene Two was no-go and that Sherman was getting married. That was nice, but hummm....

Finally the problem of Scene Two was resolved by a complete rewrite of that part of the opera. By the middle of Scene Two

Aloysius had been onstage and singing continuously for twenty minutes. Something had to give, and it would most likely be Aloysius. So the wishing duet between Aloysius and Jane became a dreaming sequence by Jane, with interpretation by the Mime, to give Aloysius a chance to get off stage, have a sip of water and sit down for a few seconds. My first rewrite of the scene turned out in scoring to provide not much more than a few seconds. Back to the drawing board. Jane was left just sort of standing there singing to herself. Not terrifically dramatic, but it had possibilities. Hmmm.... Add on a little routine about the less appetizing aspects of brainwashing? No, that would foul up the tempo of Flashback Two. Rant and rave about power in the hands of idiots. Too much like the daily news, and wouldn't go well with Scene Three. Hmmm.... I did a lot of hmmm....ing during this period, and finally decided to take the central imagery from a poem in my portfolio which wasn't doing too well on its own. With a little genteel re-arranging of the imagery at the end of Flashback Three, I had a sequence between Jane and the Mime which prefigured Aloysius ending lines, and gave Aloysius a full five seconds of sit-down time. (See Appendix "A".)

Which brought us to the third phase, final scoring of the libretto (not that Sherman hadn't been working on parts of it all along). During this part I mostly cried and pleaded in

vain. Some of my best lines were wiped out by an oboe and a snare drum. There was no way the final libretto could be confused with a play. The music took over for what had been entire pages of mood material and character interplay. Lighting and entrance/exit cues chopped out more. Two of my best jokes in Scene One were gone. Everything fell victim to the critical concern for keeping the performance time down to forty-five minutes. My original rotund babe was trimmed to well under dramatic fighting weight. Then, to make life interesting, someone wanted Jane brought back on at the end of the opera, after Aloysius's final exit. Impossible, I told them. Impossible, I told Sherman. Impossible, he stormed. Impossible, they wailed. Some people can't take a hint.

This is, of course, the phase during which we handed over the various scores to music copyists and typists. The music copyist turned out to never have done music copying before, and evidently never to have seen music before. This is not to be recommended. About every six pages in the performers' rehearsal scores something was left out, repeated, put in the wrong key or tempo, given to the wrong singer, etc., etc., ad nauseum. The vocal typist turned out to be me. (The regular typist had gone on vacation.) And of course the singers, directors, musicians, designers, technicians and cheering section all wanted their rehearsal scores immediately if not sooner.

And, just to keep its hand in, the scheduling office for the theater changed the dates—three times!—and the theater in which the performance would take place. Conflicts of scheduling, you know.

Since I was supposed to run interference with the people who were doing the rear-projected slide scenery, I didn't exactly endear the notion of opera to various photographers and darkroom technicians. And when I had to give them the word that due to the rehearsal schedule the whole thing was probably going to be done strictly with lighting.... Well, Fred may never speak to me again.

But as with any other circus, the show must go on, opening night coronaries no object.

So when Sherman asked me the other day if I wanted to write another opera this year, I did the only graceful thing I could think of—laughed right in his face.

And asked when the deadline was.

Viewing the process retrospectively, I suggest that my main concerns as a librettist, despite various incidental traumas, were the ones I consistently encounter as a poet—compression and accessibility.

Contemporary poetry makes various demands on language.

Compression rather than expansion of imagery is demanded. Contemporary music for opera use also makes demands for the excision of unnecessary words and phrases, for a more controlled non-metric syntax, coupled with a concentration on specific linguistic structures to create and reinforce imagery by use of sound patterns which the poet manipulates. The few carefully-chosen words must carry their own weight, not demanding excess baggage of verbal decoration. Combining the compression of language with the compressed nature of contemporary music, the librettist in a more demanding way than the poet must consider the accessibility of the material.

The playwright has the simplified task of presenting his work in spoken prose with action—the common currency of his audience. Various verbal liberties can be taken if the dramatist pleases, because the performed work can be slowed or various phrases interpreted with visual business or expressions of voice. The librettist's material will be controlled very strictly by the music, both vocal and instrumental. A singer cannot slow a song independently of the orchestra and other singers, for the sake of clarity. Further, since singers often do not have the acting training and experience of their prose-speaking colleagues, staging must be considered in new ways. Unrealistic demands on the singers can destroy a production. An actor may deliver lines standing on his head at the top of a ladder. A

soprano may well come after the librettist with a fire axe for the same piece of staging.

The matter of concentration is also of some concern to the librettist, in terms of the singers as well as of the audience. The repetition which makes the plot and characterization more accessible to the audience makes the work more difficult for the singer to learn. A highly complex piece of contemporary music makes great demands on the singer, and the dramatic demands of the libretto add to the need for clarity in order to aid the singer's concentration. Further, the general lack of exposure of musical audiences to the cutting edge of contemporary music makes a forty-five minute opera a significant demand on the audience's concentration. To the "what is going on" of the words and actions is added the "what is going on" of sophisticated orchestral and vocal music. Everything must be blended into a musical whole which is technically performable and capable of conveying the intentions of the composer and librettist as well as the interpretations of the performing personnel.

What does all this mean to the librettist? First and foremost it means an unrelenting demand for clarity, both of words and of narrative and psychological structures. It must involve simple diction, reduced vocabulary, careful manipulation of verbal temp and stage action, repetition, and a clear, straight-

forward narrative line in the plot. The librettist and composer must make their intentions clear to the musical personnel and the audience.

The poem must answer in spoken words and the pauses between them for whatever drama, lyricism, evocative impression, or rhythmic subtlety it is striving for. No one with a violin can bail out the poem. The libretto, on the other hand, must express itself plainly and evocatively as part of something more. A libretto is made of words which were written to be heard as they are sung, not to be read separately. What can be done more effectively with music should be taken out of the written libretto. It is obviously wasteful to demand mood-setting language to do double duty with mood-setting music, visuals, actions and lighting. These other elements are all more direct communicators of mood than words are. So they should be called upon by the librettist and composer to carry a share of the dramatic work.

Yet the librettist depends utterly on the composer to make his linguistic ambitions work. The composer must see clearly from the early drafts of the libretto what it is the librettist is driving at, and what can be done more forcefully and clearly in music and what more clearly in words and actions. For example, in the initial drafts of "The Decision" I had to write out in monolog and dialog a tremendous amount of the emotional "mood" of the last scene between Aloysius and Jane, so that Sherman

could see what kind of scene I was after. Eight pages of speech in the early drafts ended in three pages of the final libretto copied from the score of the opera. (See appendix "B".)

The poet's concerns are for imagery, timing and phrasing. These are also the concerns of the composer. The two artists cannot independently produce finished libretto and finished score. Each is dependent on the knowledge of the other's talents and inclinations. Each works under a double set of expectations—one's own and the other person's. The poet cannot expect to do everything in words, and the musician cannot expect to cover everything musically. In the early drafts of "The Decision", the parents' farewell to Sammy consisted of a few lines from each parent before the quiet slipping away. So Sherman took the lines and made them into something more dramatically interesting—a duet. This also made the ensuing dialog between Jane and Aloysius more powerful, emphasizing the distance between the couples. This musical treatment of the farewell made my point clear by changing its structure to a more musically structured form. (See Appendix "C".)

In the original scenario, or in the initial adaptation of a work in another genre, the librettist must experiment with saying things which will later be "said" in other ways. These early drafts are in the nature of an exploration of the basic materials of the opera and are open to a considerable freedom

of language and dramatic structure. Of course the librettist who is adapting a work from another genre has certain limitations on his basic narrative structure. Since "The Decision" was original as a scenario, and not adapted, I didn't have to deal with whatever technical problems are entailed by adaptation. "The Sentry", the opera on which I am currently working in the scenario stage, is an adaptation. However, it is adapted from a short story by me, so of course I have no compunctions about changing anything. A much handier situation than that faced by most librettists. I can survive with my ego very much intact after severe cutting of the piece since I don't have to defend my interpretation of someone else's work. The opera must in the end be a unified and independent work of itself, not a piece of accompanied drama.

The poet is limited to communicating solely with the spoken word, heightening or depressing the mood or action by basically verbal means. The playwright adds physical action to his means of communicating. The librettist and composer add instrumental music, pure singing, chanting, sprechstimme, rhythmic speech and humming to say additionally some of what the early drafts had to say verbally.

Naturally, the librettist does not do all of this independently, nor does the composer. Each must assist the other at each step of the process. The librettist must be able to

defend his work and at the same time assist the composer in making some smooth transitions from verbal to non-verbal expressions. The composer may not have the verbal skills to smooth over or patch up a severely amputated scene, and must depend on the librettist to understand his musical intentions. The librettist who cannot read music (heaven forbid) would have to depend on the composer's compassion and gracious consideration (the composer's what???) during the various revisions, putting the burden on the composer to say exactly what he wants in the verbal element of the opera. The basic idea each of the artists has of the opera must be combined in some sort of graceful way. Cooperation certainly, but not of the master-and-slave variety. The composer may have the upper hand in controlling the final product, but he also must bow to skills in others. And the greater number of skills each artist has to bring to the relationship, the greater freedom the opera has to grow into a well-made independent creation.

As a case in point, the knowledge and experience of each artist in the technology of theater production can add ideas and insights into the basic thrust of the work and provide means of expressing the work in the most felicitous ways. The librettist has a freer hand with visual drama by the use of modern theater technology. The need for prolonged inter-

cludes for scene changes has been removed by the electronic fade-over of rear-projected scenery. If a break is wanted, it can be provided, but it needn't be dictated by the set. Action and visual elements of the production are necessary informational factors in sung drama, as Joseph Kerman¹ and Ronald E. Mitchell² point out, in terms of both the well-made composition and the well-made production. These can be enhanced by the judicious use of technological expertise by both the librettist and the composer.

Somehow the librettist must acknowledge all of these diverse and competing elements, and though embroiled in debate over the sibilance of "must" and the awkward "a" sound in "have to", he has to consider the overall consequences of a thousand points of poetic technique, musical composition technique, dramatic technique, lighting and staging technique, as well as the calls from photographers and copyists, and the rising price of antacids.

1. Opera As Drama, Vintage, 1966.

2. Opera—Dead Or Alive, University of Wisconsin Press, 1970.

What else could

they expect.

They have to face

the real world

and learn to live

in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled

at things like this.

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep

quite soundly, thanks.

I mean the wishes

of the secret heart,

the little hopes

APPENDIX "A"

APPENDIX "A"

and plans.

Well, of course

one would always like...

Perhaps a season ticket
~~a little larger house,~~
to the football games
some year,
 a nicer desk,

a little more importance.

And perhaps from time

to time a new decree

to make life a little

more interesting.

Perhaps just one new rule,

a rule to be the end of rules:

if you're going to breathe,

don't make a habit of it.

Oh, Aloysius,

~~Perhaps a season ticket~~

smile a bit.

The Dancer's dream song begins.

~~to the football games~~

~~some year....~~

~~A little nicer car....~~

Let's just pretend

you have a heart.

We're all just dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment,

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

musty laws and tests

that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy-romping horses,

or old barns

laid soft to rest

by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant

and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

A little more time  by real people?

to make all my People's dreams

important decisions, are not just

fewer people jelly in a jar.

whining on my desk. You make a child

Oh, just to be rid a baited barb to kill the heart.

of people's gripes. Are you that little boy again,

Just have the papers a showing how much tougher

and the laws. you can be

A quiet sunny desk, than a starving puppy

a library, on a string.

an assistant. I have no child

No names, just numbers. to bait this hook,

Numbers and papers. just the dash of time

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me.

Just give me peace!

*a little more time...!
just give me peace!*

beyond the catch of power.

No numbers needed.

The decision's yours.

You know the choices.

You know the time.

Your time is coming.

.....

I haven't come here

to cheer the revolution,

just to tell the time.

The time to think,

the moment to decide.

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in as if from all sides, collapsing into a blackout. A moment of silence.

This revolution stuff's

all nonsense anyway,

a lot of energy

and noise for nothing.

ALOYSIUS

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Dream? I sleep
quite soundly, thanks.

Well, of course
one would always like...
perhaps a season ticket
to the football games
some year,
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.
And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little
more interesting.

JANE

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes
and plans.

Perhaps just one new rule,
a rule to be the end of rules;
if you're going to breathe,
don't make a habit of it.

The Dancer's Dream Song begins.

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Let's just pretend
you have a heart.
We're all just dreamers
in this place anyway.
For a moment,
close your mind,
the closet full of numbers,
musty laws and tests
that never dream,
that never breathe or run.
Imagine grassy-romping horses,
or old barns
laid soft to rest
by time and weight of snows.
Does all this cant
and ranting ever translate
into real plaid jackets
worn comfortable
by real people?
People's dreams
are not just
jelly in a jar.
You make a child
a baited barb to kill the heart.
Are you that little boy again,
chewing how much tougher

ALOYCIUS

JANE

you can be
than a starving puppy
on a string.
I offer no child
to bait this hook,
just the dash of time
beyond the catch of power.
No numbers needed.
The decisions yours.
You know the choices.
You know the time.
Your time is coming.

A little more time,
to make all my
important decisions.
Fewer people
whining on my desk.
Oh, just to be rid
of people's gripes.
Just have the papers
and the laws,
A quiet sunny desk,
a library,
an assistant.
No names, just numbers.
Numbers and papers.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me?

Just give me peace!

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in
as if from all sides, collapsing into a
blackout. A moment of silence.

.....

.....

I haven't come here

(etc.)

ALOYSIUS

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Dream? I sleep
quite soundly, thanks.

Well, of course
one would ~~always~~ like...
perhaps a ~~season~~ ticket
to the football games
~~some year,~~
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.
And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little
more interesting.

JANE

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes
and plans.

Perhaps just one new ~~rule~~^{decree},
a rule to be the end of rules:
if you're going to breathe,
don't make a habit of it.

The Dancer's Dream Song begins.

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

spoken

spoken

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Let's ~~just~~ pretend

you have a heart.

We're all ~~just~~ dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment,

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

musty laws and tests,

things that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy-romping horses,

or old barns

laid soft to rest

by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant

and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

by real people?

People's dreams

are not just

jelly in a jar.

You make a child

a baited barb to kill the heart.

Are you that little boy again,

showing how much tougher

rew. 2

....

Imagine ~~grassy~~ romping horses

or old barns

laid soft to rest

by time and weight of snow,

birch trees reaching quietly

along the river.

Rabbits here think

modest thoughts of lunch,

a crow drowns in a bush.

Here's the place

for real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

by real ^{people} ~~children~~

~~women can dream freely.~~

People's dreams are more

to them than jelly in a jar,

more consequential than

these traps of words.

You make a child

a baited barb to kill the heart.

I offer no child of yours

to bait decisive hooks,

just time,

beyond the catch of power.

Your cant and ranting

just fade to numbers

not to faces.

No numbers needed.

The dec is you.
y kn th chse
E " " tm
Lp tre is not.

You must face your choice.

You know the choice.

You know the time.

Your time is coming.

.....

ALOYSIUS

JANE

you can be
 than a starving puppy
 on a string.
 I offer no child
 to bait this hook,
 just the dash of time
 beyond the catch of power.
 No numbers needed.
 The decisions yours.
 You know the choices.
 You know the time.
 Your time is coming.

A little more time,
 to make all my
 important decisions.

Fewer people
 whining ^{at} on my desk.

~~Oh, just to be rid~~
~~of people's gripes.~~

Just have the papers
^{just have}
~~and~~ the laws.

A quiet sunny desk,
^{with no people's gripes}
~~a library,~~
~~an assistant.~~

~~No names, just numbers.~~

~~Numbers and papers.~~

ALOYSIUS

Enough of other people
with their wishes,
lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.
Why should they bother me?
Just give me peace!

==
--

JANE

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in
as if from all sides, collapsing into a
blackout. A moment of silence.

.....

.....

~~I haven't come here~~

~~(etc.)~~

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

and learn to live

in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled

Aloysius?

at things like this.

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep

quite soundly, thank you

I mean the wishes

of the secret heart,

the little hopes

and plans.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Well, of course,

one would always like

a little larger house,

a nicer desk,

a little more importance.

And perhaps from time

to time a new decree

to make life a little

more interesting.

Perhaps just one new rule,

a rule to be the end of rules:

if you're going to breathe,

don't make a habit of it.

see rewrite

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

Let's just pretend

you have a heart.

We're all just dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment,

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

musty laws and tests

that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy, romping horses,

Perhaps a season ticket

to the football games

some year.....

A spot light comes up on the Dancer, and the dream song

begins.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

or old barns

laid soft to rest

A little nicer car....

by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant

and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

A little more time

by real people?

to make all my

People's dreams

important decisions,

are not just

fewer people

jelly in a jar.

whining on my desk.

You make a child

Oh, just to be rid

a baited barb to kill the heart.

ALCYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

of people's gripes. Are you that little boy again,
Just to have the papers showing how much tougher
and the laws. you can be
A quiet sunny desk, than a starving puppy
a library, on a string.
an assistant. I have no child
No names, just numbers. to bait this hook,
Numbers and papers. just the dash of time
Enough of other people beyond the catch of power.
with their wishes, No numbers needed.
lies and hopes. The decision's yours.
Their dreams are hopeless. You know the choices.
Why should they bother me? You know the time.

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in as if from all
sides, collapsing into a blackout. A moment of silence.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

(Just give me peace!) (Your time is coming.)

.....

I haven't come here
to cheer the revolution,
just to tell the time.

The time to think,
^{time}
the ~~moment~~ to decide.

spoken

~~This revolution stuff is~~

~~all nonsense anyway,~~

~~a lot of energy~~

~~and noise for nothing.~~

It'll all be over

in a day or two,

no.
76

a *cres*
last. They must face the real world and learn to live in it, or

p cresc. *mf*

a *660* *mp*
die. It's no-thing person-al, it's just my job. I high-ly skill
at

660 *mp*

mp *665*
A - lo - y-sius, do you e - ver dream?

a things like that. Dream?

665

f *a*

dolce

I mean the wish-es of the se-cret

I sleep quite soundly, thank you.

mf *p*

J. *A.*

heart. The lit-tle hopes and plans.

Well, of

mf *p*

a

675

course, one would al - ways like per-haps a

675

f

A.

680

sea-son tic-ket to the foot-ball games, a ni - cer desk, a

680

mf

A.

lit-tle more im- por - tance. And per-haps from time to time, a

p

685

Perhaps just one new decree: a rule to be the end of rules: If you're going to breathe, don't make a habit of it. Oh, Aloysius, smile a bit. *mp cor.* Let's pre-tend

a new de- cree. To make life a little more interesting.

685

mp

690

you have a heart. We're all dream-ers in this place an-y-way.

690

mp

695

For a moment close your mind. The clo-set

695

mp pp p

82.
30

700

full of num- bers. Must - y laws and tes

mf *f* *mp*

705

things that ne - ver dream, that ne - ver breathe or run.

fp *f*

710

Im - a - gine romp-ing hor- ses, or

mf *mp* *mf*

81
(pp 82-83
112 © P. 70)

715

old barns laid soft to rest by time 716 and weight of snow.

Birch trees reach- ing qui- et - ly a- long the ri - ver.

720

Rab - bits here think mo- dest thoughts a crow
of lunch,



725

drow-ses in a bush. 725 Here's the place for

CRE SC.

real plaid jac-kets worn com - for-ta-ble by

mf pp

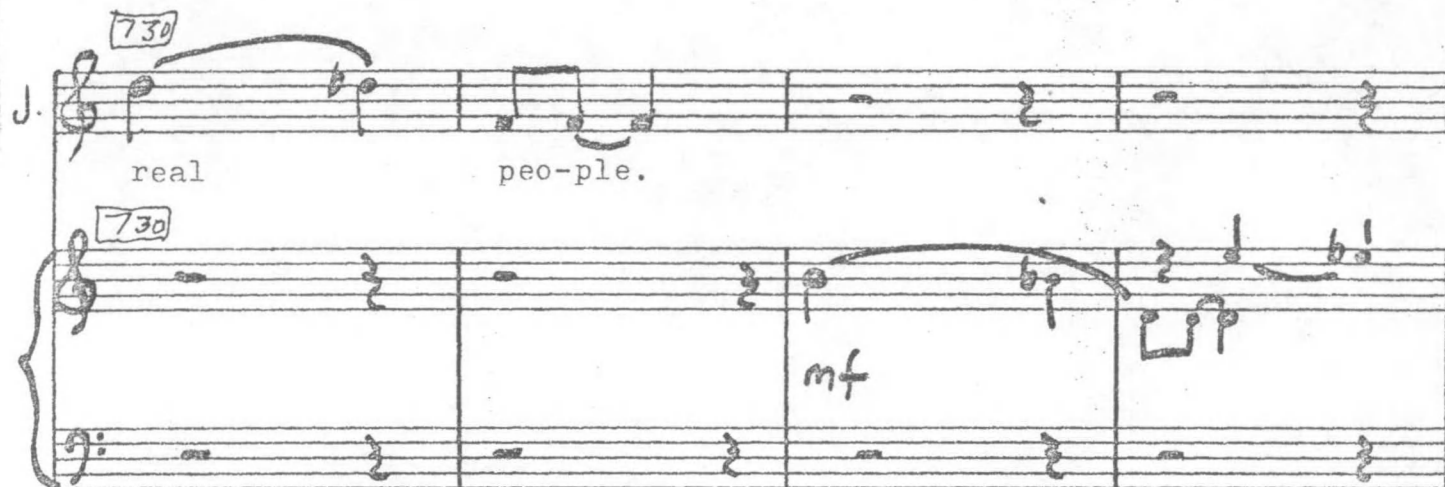
74.
x83

114

730

real peo-ple.

mf



735

People's dreams are more to them than

735



740

jel-ly in a jar, more con-sequen-tial than these traps of words.

740

You make a child a bait-ed barb to kill the heart.

f p *mp* *p*

745

I of-fer no child of yours to bait de-ci-sive

745



750 *sf*

hooks, just time be - yond the catch of pow'r. Your cant and

fpp *crescendo*

755

rant-ing just fade to num - bers not fa - ces.

760 *f marcato*

No numbers need-ed the de - ci - sion is yours. You know the choi - ces,



a

qui - et sun-ny desk with no peo-ple's gripes. E - nough of o-ther people with their

fp *f*

a

725 wishes, lies and hopes. Their dreams are hope-less. Why should they bo-ther

735 *fp* *f* *mf*

760

760 I haven't come to cheer the revelu-tion. Just to tell the time; the time to think, the time to decide.

me?! Just give me peace!

780 Longa Longa



fill in the forms.

We must have order.

No time to waste.

You must make

the decision.

The question is clear.

Your future's the question.

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

What are your values?

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.

A silly joke.

You know I'm frightened.

What will they do to me?

You know my weakness.

I need quiet,

not pushing faces,

not demands.

.....

The values

of the greater state,

the happiness or peace

of more than just one life.

You know my values.

They're very social.

They're very proper.

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me,

It's like the darkness,

the winter nights,

when no one's there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

Why should I help you?

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

My time is up.

My time's been wasted.

You showed you're not

worth worrying about

any longer.

I have other jobs,

other concerns.

I'm not a babysitter.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

It's not worth hearing.

My time is up.

Are you worth saving?

There are so many others,

so many better.

If I thought you'd use it,

I'd wish you luck.

Instead I'll just remind you

of your decision.

Accept the wiping out

of a security clearance.

Or wait for death.

I don't care which.

No, no. Wait.

Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you now.

You're my Alter Ego,

my self.

You have to help me.

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

I've made decisions.

I've worked with people.

I must decide.

She exits angrily. He looks after her in bewilderment and
fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward
Aloysius and Sammy.

The time is coming.

I must make

my decision

right away.

The most important

decision--

death or death.

Someone must help me.

I must decide,

decide.

I have some value.

I must think.

The time is coming.

Decide.

I must decide

about my future.

Sammy begins to sing a little nonsense chant made up of the words and phrases he has heard, as he plays with the toy bulldozer oblivious of Aloysius.

I'm a man of some

importance,

a highly valued man.

The time, the time.

Security or death.

Help me someone.

I must decide,

decide....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers and papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time is here....

Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the three Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to come with them. Numbly he follows them off. The light shrinks to a spotlight on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer and snaps into a blackout.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

questions,

fill in the forms.

We must have order, *here.*

~~No time to waste.~~

You must make

your
~~the~~ decision.

~~The question is clear.~~

~~Your future's the question.~~

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

~~What are your values?~~

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane. *oh.*

page seventy-two flashback three

ALOYSIUS

JANE

~~A silly joke.~~

~~You know I'm frightened.~~

~~What will they do to me?~~

~~You know my weakness.~~

~~I need quiet,~~

~~not pushing faces,~~

~~not demands.~~

~~.....~~

~~The values~~

~~of the greater state,~~

~~the happiness or peace~~

~~of more than just one life.~~

~~You know my values.~~

ALOYSIUS

JANE

They're very social.

They're very proper.

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me.

It's like the darkness,

^{cold}
the winter nights,

^{with}
~~when~~ no one ~~is~~ there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

~~Why should I help you?~~

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

~~My time is up.~~

My time's been ^{up} tested.

You showed you're not

worth worrying about

any longer.

I have other jobs,

other concerns.

I'm not a babysitter.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

It's not worth hearing.

My time is up.

Are you worth saving?

There are so many others,

so many better.

If I thought you'd use it,

I'd wish you luck.

Instead I'll just remind you

of your decision.

Accept the wiping out

of a security clearance.

Or wait for death.

I don't care which.

ALOYSIUS

*my time is up
(exit)*

She exits angrily. He looks after her in bewilderment and
fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward
Aloysius and Sammy.

pause

No, no. Wait.

*no
wait (bad bad)*
Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you ~~now~~.

You're my Alter Ego,

my self.

You ~~have~~ HAVE to help me.

(long bad)

ALOYSIUS

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

~~I've made decisions.~~

~~I've worked with people.~~

I must decide.

The time is coming.

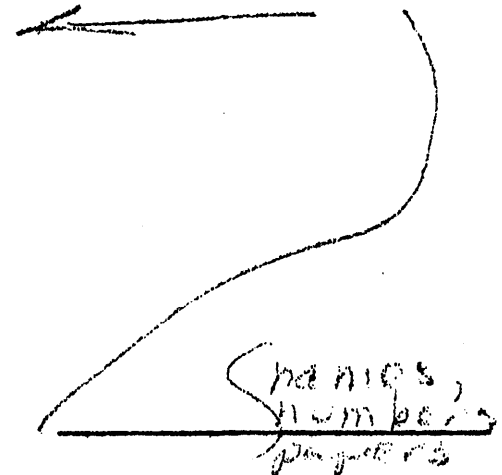
I must make

my decision,

~~right away.~~

~~The most important~~

SAMMY



Sammy begins to sing a non-sense chant made up of the words and phrases he has heard, as he plays with the bulldozer, oblivious.

page seventy-eight flashback three

ALOYSIUS

SAMMY

decision--

death or death.

Someone must help me.

I must decide,

decide.

I have some value.

I must think.

The time is coming.

Decide.

I must decide

about my future.

I'm a man of some

importance,

page seventy nine flashback three

ALCYSIUS

SAMMY

~~a highly valued man.~~

The time, the time.

Security or death.

Help me someone.

I must decide,

decide.....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers, ^{the} ~~and~~ papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time ~~is here~~.....

(slg direct next pg)

ALOYSIUS

SAMMY

Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the three Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to come with them. Numbly he follows them off. The light shrinks to a spot on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer and snaps into a blackout.

1105

136

1. si-lence. How do you plead? An- swer the ques- tions,

pp *mf* *p*

1. fill in the forms. We must have or- der here --. You must

1110 *1110*

1. make your de- ci- sion. The choice is yours. Do you have the cou- rage? Your



Time's run-ning out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.

You know I'm fright-ened. I can't de-

cide. They'll come and get me. It's like the dark-ness, the

sub. p

p

A. *mf* 112.5

cold win-ter nights, with no one there. What will I do?

112.5

J. *mf* 113.0

The choice is yours. The time is up. You've

A. *pp* 113.0

Help me de- cide.

113.0

pp

J.

been too stu-pid, you've been too slow. Now I can't help you. My



1135

time's been wast- ed I'm high-ly skilled. The

1135

mp

1140

choice is yours. My time is up!

f *pp* *ff*

1145

EXIT

Lunga

No. No. Wait. Please.

mf *mp* *p* *mf* *mp* *p* *ff*

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano, featuring three systems of music. The score includes lyrics and various musical notations such as dynamics, articulation, and performance instructions.

System 1:

- Staff 1 (Voice): *mf* Don't leave me *mf* now. You don't un-der-stand. I need
- Staff 2 (Piano): *mf* *p*
- Staff 3 (Piano): *mf* *p*

System 2:

- Staff 1 (Voice): you. You're my Al-ter E-go, my Self.
- Staff 2 (Piano): *fp*
- Staff 3 (Piano): *fp*

System 3:

- Staff 1 (Voice): You have to help me.
- Staff 2 (Piano): *p* *same expr.*
- Staff 3 (Piano): *p*

Handwritten annotations include measure numbers 1150, 1155, 1160, and 1162, and a tempo marking of 140.



1165

I'm fright-ened.

What will

1165

1170

hap-pen?

I must de- cide.

1170

They couldn't kill

(b)

(b)

117.5

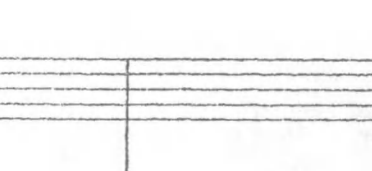
S. 


A. 

me. I'm of some va-lue. I must de- cide! The

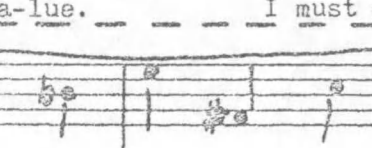
(8va) 

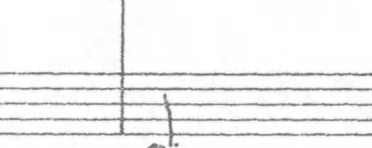
(b) 

S. 

A. 

time is com-ing. I must make my de- ci- sion. The

(8va) 

(b) 



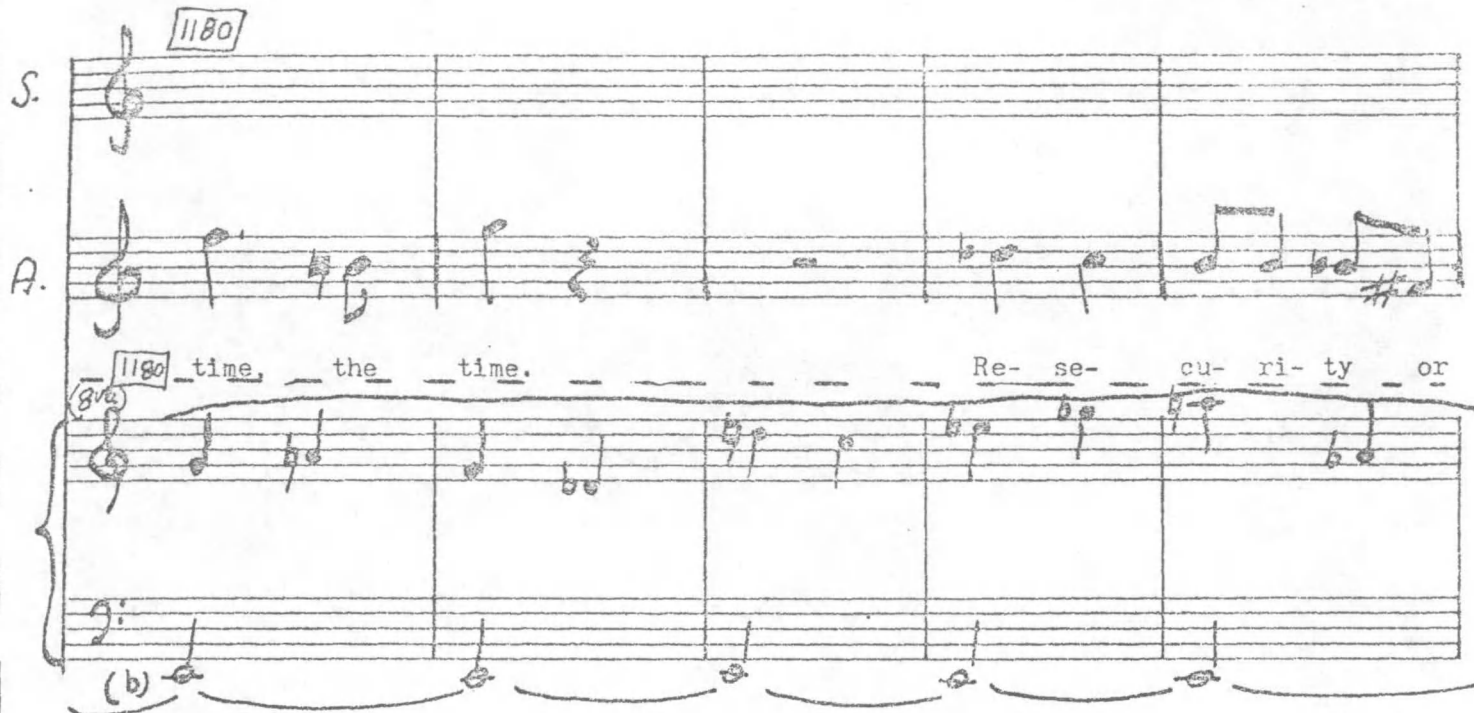
1180

S.

A.

time, the time. Re- se- cu- ri- ty or

(b)



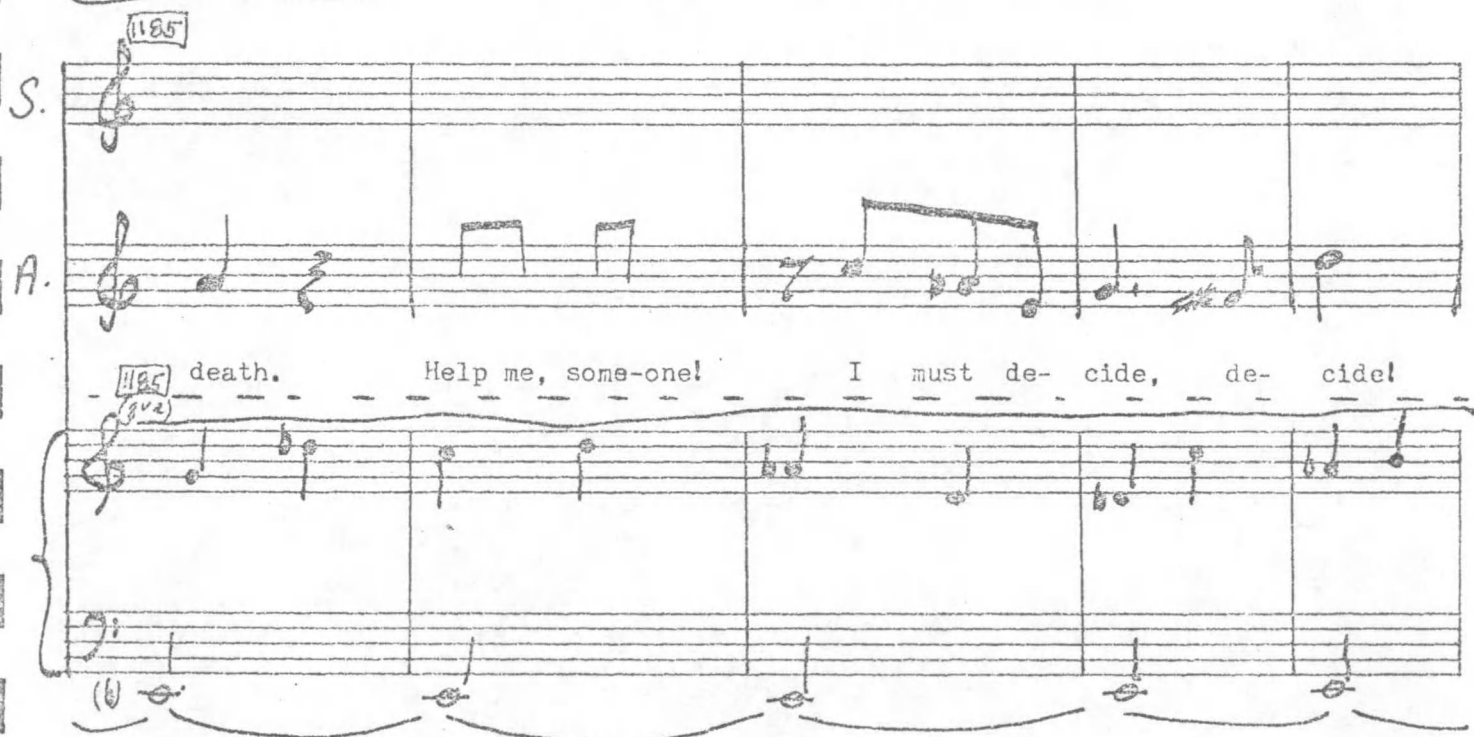
1185

S.

A.

death. Help me, some-one! I must de- cide, de- cide!

(b)



1190

S.

A.

1190

They're here. The time is here.

(b)

1195

S.

A.

1195

The num-bers, the pa-pers the forms are

(b)



12.00

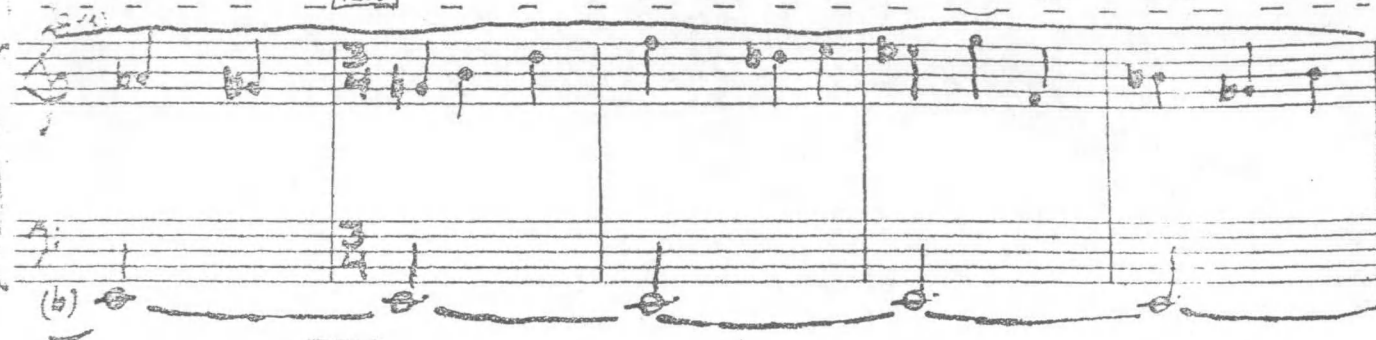


wait-ing.

12.00

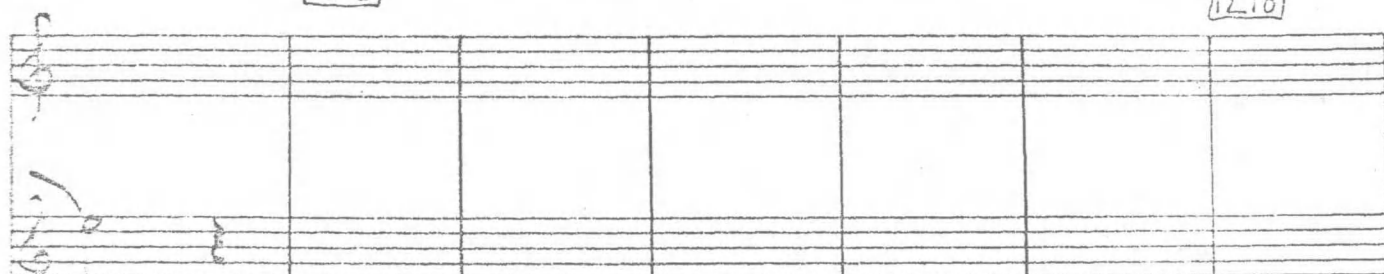
All those pa-pers -- .

The time



12.05

12.10

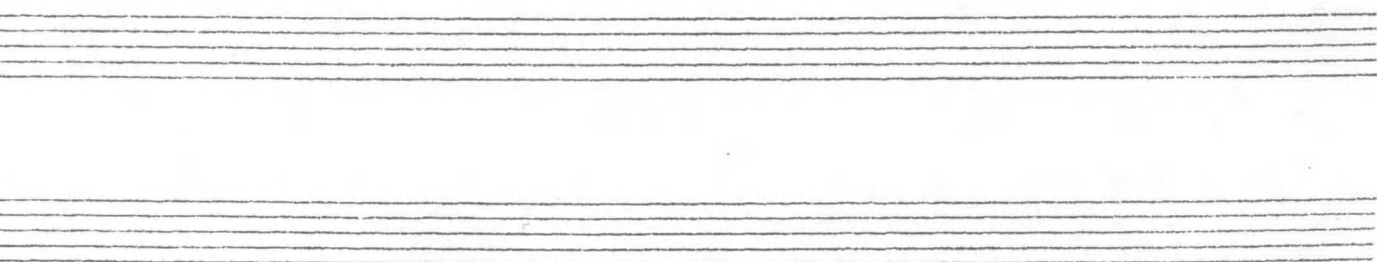


12.05

12.10



crescendo poco a poco al fine.



1215

(bva)

1220

(bva)

ff

1225

loco

Using given pitch limitations and pitch order, execute any rhythms and registers playing frantically until cued by conductor to play the final measure. The order (numbers in score) is given but the duration is to be determined by the conductor.

morendo

End of Opera

you know

we love you.

But

we have to go away.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

You'll

be with others.

You'll

have to forget,

to learn again.

You know we

love

you.

We'll try

APPENDIX "C" 147

to go quietly.

It will be

better.

The time is

up.

The choice is made.

You know we love you.

Try to...

forget us.

The time is up.

We had to decide.

decide.

Our names,

numbers,

papers.

Sammy simply plays with his
toy, oblivious. The parents
slip off quietly during the
dialog between Aloysius and
Jane.

It's really nothing.

You needn't worry.

It'll soon be over....

page sixty-four flashback three

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

~~Numbers and papers.~~

Your names and numbers.

It's so much better.

We know you'll...

think it ~~is~~ better.

You understand.

The choice is better...

(L...)

The little boy,

you'll have to

tell him.

(pause)

They hand over the forms to Aloysius. He looks nervously
at the forms, and the parents, and hands the forms back.

~~Sammy...~~ (duet)
Sammy... Sammy...

you know

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

we love you.

S-S

~~But~~

You know we care

~~we have to go away~~

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

You ^{will} ~~will~~

be with others.

You'll

have to forget,
our ways.
You'll have
to learn again.

S-S

You know we

love

(You must forget
our ways + learn
again.)

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

you.

S-S, You know we care.

We'll try

But

to go quietly.

It will be

better.

now our

The time is

up.

The choice is made.

S-

S-

You know we love you.

Try to...

forget us.

The time is up.

We had to decide,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

decide.

Sammy simply plays with his toy, oblivious. The parents

Our names,

~~It's really nothing.~~

slip off quietly as Aloysius and Jane, one on either

numbers,

~~You needn't worry.~~

side of Sammy, begin to argue.

papers.

~~It'll soon be over.~~

Why do they look so,

so dead. Their eyes.

Like zombies.

I don't understand.

~~Why do they stare?~~

~~I can't decide.~~

Why do they

make me

(S-)

~~S-~~
(exeunt)

<|.:=|>

1040

mp

Sam-my, Sam-my, you know we

Sam-my, Sam-my,

<|.:=|>

1040

sfz p

TRIANGLE

pp

TRIANGLE

pp

love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, you know we

you know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my,

1045

1045

in
care. But we must leave you.

on
You know we care. But we -- must leave -- you.

pp $\frac{7}{4}$

in
We won't be back. We won't

on
We -- won't be back -- --. We won't

pp $\frac{7}{4}$

1050



1055

Lin
see you a - ny more. You will be with

Non
see you a - ny more. You will be with'

1055

mp *mf* *p*

Lin
o - thers. You'll have to for - get our ways. You'll have to

Non
o - thers. You must for - get our ways, and

1060

learn a - gain.

learn a - gain.

1060

1065

Sam - my, Sam-my, You know we

Sam - my Sam-my

1065

love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we

You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my.

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has three measures of music, and the second staff has three measures of music. The lyrics are: 'love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we' on the first staff and 'You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my.' on the second staff.

care. But now -- our time is up,

You know we care. But now -- our time is up.

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has three measures of music, and the second staff has three measures of music. The lyrics are: 'care. But now -- our time is up,' on the first staff and 'You know we care. But now -- our time is up.' on the second staff. There are handwritten annotations '1070' above the first measure of the second staff and '1070' above the first measure of the piano accompaniment.

Lin the choice is made. *mp* Sam-my. *mp*

Ron the choice is made. Sam-my. *mp*

pp \leftarrow *mf* *pp*

mp

Why do they look so, so dead? Their eyes like

p Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

p Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

p



THE POET RETURNS TO NAPLES, FORGOTTEN

For Dick Hugo

From a cellar of cracked plates
you have come twenty-five years
back to this Italian-ragged coastline.

Stranger again, your house is grey,
your children rejected. The sea explodes.
It is all you can see, homesick--
empty eyes stolen from young thieves,
the natives tired of your
picturesque life. Still

you catch the familiar sounds--
wet rocks crumbling to caves, old
women singing for a boat fifty years gone,
the sun forgetting to rise.

You came to lose your fears,
find instead the same gulls,
still grey, still farther than you can
reach.

WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE EAST

I stand all night by the window
waiting to fly with the geese to Newfoundland—
leave the moon behind and set a course
by cloud shadows on the valley.

Butterflies cross the highway,
flow into the dawning gulf.
Snowbanks melt to grey moths.

Soon it will be high time.

ESCAPES

For My Mother

Is she dead yet? The blood keeps coming.
The silence, the silence--furniture gone
into limbo, dry flowers, the dust
around the carpets.

This vase
came from my grandmother's house. She waited
in a French convent for the Prussians to leave.
They were slower than love. Handkerchief
with strange initials,

yellowed sheets, tepid water.
Her hair is still black, her fingers still stronger
than mine. She wants to hear Ravel--pavane
for a dead princess. We are all dying young.
Only children of only children.

ON THE MOUNTAIN

This is the house the poets built,
three walls peeled logs,
the fourth an old trailer--
hide covered couch, a salamander
in the water pipes. We think it as we go,
lashing the poles til we dream a threshold.
Dutch doors on thong hinges, a candle
on a thong. The hillside here's
two degrees warmer, pines
in the lee of the mountain. We fill
the chinks with willow sticks,
tarps when the snow comes. Pounding the bottoms
of logs outward against rain, finding
under the floor rocks a cicada,
locust of seven years' luck.

HIGHLIGHT PEAK--FIRST CLIMB OF THE SEASON

Half way on a horsefly afternoon
my feet can only remind me
of the taste of green shade.
Minestrone on the fire won't fill
the holes carved by walking
through a waterfall. The same path
leads back, six miles over,
one mile down.
Behind the snow lake, true summit--
another half mile, sheer.
The creek we started from
survives, thin ribbon
on this barren pale bouquet.

NIGHT SONG: FROM THE RIVER

Li Po fell drunk into the moon.

His yellow silk pillow is preserved in the pavillion.

He wanted to write seven syllables about the Great Way
and the meeting of the North and South Winds.

In the darkness plum blossoms are falling

and a single boatman is on the river.

Shall I sing you a song about a feather
falling into the grass?

NIGHT SONG: ANOTHER RIVER

For David S.

You said you would take me to the Li Po Bar
across the alley in the Tokyo Hilton,
the poet above plum velvet bottles.
Serene smile hides the Great Way.

And here we are, across the alley
in the best-lit bar in Missoula, Montana.
The regulars hang on the walls.

Li Po could never fall into the moon here,
could he?

ANNIVERSARY

A hundred miles away last year
I still heard the scratch of gravel
when frail Kate went under a deeper sky.
Now I work that night she made,
keeping the sky green for her pale bones'
admiration. I sight from the bottom of a grave
to the mausoleum roof,
waiting to see that other sky turn green.

INCANTATION FOR THE VERNAL EQUINOX

In the crescent of a long spring
the moon calls my eye to madness, the true
name of things, glass owls through an iron fence.
I wait
by locked doors to become swift and dark,
run behind the shadows, stay close to the river.
My head fills with static from Siberia,
a prisoner. And here, in the mountains,
our attendants lock themselves in,
safe from dark creatures, owls, the spring moon.

PRAYER FOR THE HILL GYPSIES

We bring our shawls and wagons finally to the sea,
bow in bright skirts, ring the fire
with gold bangles to keep the sea out.

Albatross attack in long flights from unknown islands.

I think there is no need for such grim birds.
The tide is already turning into night.

ROLE CALL

It's not the birth certificate that proves I'm here,
but what I write on the back--
strange grey marks to remember myself,
names I've never heard before.

Two or three years difference doesn't matter
as long as you really believe
in the chinese order of things,
a road map with the final inch missing.

The real story: '
that I always answer pagan sounds,
approve initials I couldn't own,
dream myself some unknown seer's wife.
Like saints or children I wait to hear my name called,
and wonder who will answer, shouting.

EVERY POEM SHOULD HAVE A TITLE

Night climbs up to a pale horizon
as birches pull down the moon--
fireworks through black lace curtain.

Your voice is filled with the river fog,
blue shadows have followed you out of the forest.
Limp on the jagged shore, I dream of mountain sides,
poets making music with their hands,
firesingers between the ritual and the hills.

A third eye awakens dry bones.
Slowly we dance the circle inward.

SHORT SCENE IN WHITE

Trees gone harsh with winter
become their own judges. White jade lions
wait for thoughts of color,
the old mustaches of lonely men
for an end to silence. A white arc,
four seconds,
the blast.
Out of reach of time,
the balance is kept.

"FROM MOUNTAIN BELL, THE TIME IS 7:45"

I find the darkness softer here,
far from gulls and riptide--
a wider night of stars turns past
this attic window. Why should I
wait for magicians, live on rye?
A new music haunts my eyes..
a slower rhythm paces coming spring.
Walking the rooftrees, I can
listen to a wren breathe.

POEM FOR MY STUDENT FROM MARYLAND

I.

I hated to give you that Indian,
startle the fancy in your grey eyes.
You wanted Montana, a red man
from the hills, a horse. Poised
at the edge of your chair, you wait
for that first high scream.

II.

Behind the fear, squaws dance with slow feet.
They offer us such graceful pitchers and baskets,
warm furs, fringed dresses. The dogs
are all around, snuffling at our feet, baying. They
vanish past the fire at the sound
of horses coming. Hard earth breaks under hooves.
Here are red men,
noble. They give us broken arrows,
a soft-eyed colt. Everyone is smiling.
The pleasure is ours,
they say. We smile. This horse is very gentle.

III.

Over the long crest of the hill
they come, gentle ponies
bringing death. Each night
we win that war again, again.
The Big Hole is a battle
field. Rocky Boy a reservation.
Short-lived men in cattle trucks.
Children starving, smiling, slowly.

IV.

This Indian smiles. He has the eyes
of a Trojan. He brings us news
from Wounded Knee Creek,
the Cherokee Republic.
He wrote the book on Plato
and the teepee, living communions.

V.

Safe again, away from open land, you can't believe.

An Indian...I saw a real Indian.....

But in the corners of your eyes I can see the dance
slowing, feet closer to bare ground,
a drumbeat

ROCK PAINTING FOR A PEOPLE WITHOUT DREAMS

Strange, the things we leave behind,
stick men painted on the rocks,
red ochre sprinkled over bones.
The Indian has a word for it,
the hoop that brings time back,
flooding like a wind-tide
onto the snow, chipping years
from our hands to silt dreams to stone.

What remains--fingerbones of children,
a painted deer with calm gaze.

THE DECISION

A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FINE CHARACTERS AND MIME

LIBRETTO:

A.D. ZEIGLER

MUSIC:

SHERMAN H. HIMELBLAU

MFA Thesis 1975

"THE DECISION"

CHARACTERS:

Aloysius J. Morton tenor
Jane mezzo soprano
Ron Everett baritone
Lin Everett soprano
Sammy Everett boy soprano
The Mime

ORCHESTRA:

Oboe/English Horn
Clarinet in B flat/Bass Clarinet in B flat
Trumpet in C
Violin
Violincello
Percussion:
 Woodblock Snare Drum
 Claves Three Adjustable Drums
 Triangle Medium Bass Drum
 Suspended Cymbal

THE DECISION

A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FINE CHARACTERS AND MIME

Libretto:
A.D. Zeigler

Music:
Sherman H. Himelblau

Slow (1:64)



Handwritten musical score system 1. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. A box containing the number 25 is located above the eighth measure. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



Handwritten musical score system 2. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. A box containing the number 30 is located above the fifth measure. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



Handwritten musical score system 3. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. A box containing the number 35 is located above the fifth measure. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



Handwritten musical score system 4. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. A box containing the number 40 is located above the fifth measure. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



Handwritten musical score system 5. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. A box containing the number 45 is located above the fifth measure. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



Handwritten musical notation for measures 45-49. The system consists of two staves. Measure 45 is marked with a box containing the number 50. The music features various accidentals (sharps, flats) and slurs across the measures.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 50-54. The system consists of two staves. The music continues with slurs and accidentals.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 55-59. The system consists of two staves. Measure 55 is marked with a box containing the number 55. The music features slurs and accidentals.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 60-64. The system consists of two staves. Measure 60 is marked with a box containing the number 60. The music includes the instruction *f espressivo* and various accidentals.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 65-69. The system consists of two staves. The music features slurs, accidentals, and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Voices
Shouting
off-stage

There's one! In Blue! Get him!
Grab Him! A Protector! Get the Protector!

ff

pp

Using the given pitch limitations and pitch sequence, execute any rhythms and registers moving to a frantic climax.



SLOW ($\text{♩} = 96$)

75

Slow ($\text{♩} = 96$)

75

triangle *p*

Here I am.

Where am I?

At least I'm
still alive.

80

80

a *mp* I think. *p* Or may-be they

a *85* *mf* killed me when I was - n't look-ing. May -

a *mf* *p* *pp.* be I've died, and gone to hea-ven.

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The time signature is 3/4.

System 1:

- Vocal line: *mp* Is this *f*
- Piano line: *mp* *ff*

System 2:

- Vocal line: *mp* laughing Ah
- Piano line: *mp* *ff*

System 3:

- Vocal line: (SPOKEN) hea-ven ? They can't kill me. ME ! A-lo-y-sius J.
- Piano line: *mf* *mp*

Handwritten markings include measure numbers 95, 100, and 101. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Mor - ton, Pro - tec - tor !

It's not per-mit-ted.

105 SPOKEN

I'm a man of great im -

por - tance, a

f

high - ly val - ued man.

mf

I make great de - ci - sions ev' -

triss

ry day.

mf *f* *mf* *f*

$\leq 1 = 120$

120

p *mp* *mf* *f*

125 *mp*

I can't be dead.

125 *mp*

I'm sure I would have no - ticed.

What a dumb re-vo - lu-tion.

They're not fol-lowing the guide-lines.

14

 $\rho = \rho$

a $\rho = \rho$

This is the slop- pi - est

a $\rho = \rho$ *mf*

re - vo - lu - tion e - ver. All those

OFF-STAGE *mf dolce*

Yel - ow is an

a

Yel - lows run - ning a - round.



145

In - te - rest - ing

co - lor.

Re -

145

minds one of

sun - shine,

or

Just out - ra - geous.

mp

150

fire !

mp

I can't be -

f

mf

mf

lieve it; like child - ren out to have some

155

. fun. FUN ?

155

a  **FUN !** **That's it!** **We can**

 **mp**

a  **solve this** **pro-blem right** **now!** **Some**



a  **new** *** Pu -** **rec -** **secs!**

 **mf**

*pronounced poo-rek-sex.

J. Pu-rec-secs?!

A. Public Recreation Sections.

a *mp* 170

Six nights a week. Nine-ty-five min-utes.

a 175

Bas-ket - ball. Vol-ley-ball.

Cres poco a poco.

a

Foot - ball, base - ball, hand - ball, te - ther - ball,

a

foos - ball. We'll have a

a

new *Pu - sec - ser !

*pronounced poo-sek-seer.

Pu-sec-ser?!

Public Security Series!

To re -

mf

mp

mind ev'-ry - one to just love it.

mp

f

They will have fun; lots of

190

p

mp



aff stage

Did you e - ver hear the
 nice, cor-rect fun. Just think

one a-bout the trav' - ling re-vo - lu-tion-a-ry
 what it will do

and the foot-ball

to the fa-mi-ly,

coach ?

The

the neigh-bor-hood, the school and the . . .



200 *gently*

prob-lems you have aren't bad e-nough al - read - y?

mp

205

Jane.

mp Who are you? I'm a

205

mf *mp*

210

man of great im - por - tance, a

210

f

high - ly val - ued man.

I make great de - ci - sions ev' - ry day.



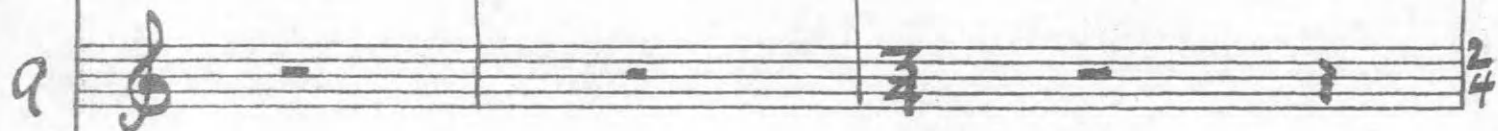
2  No time to waste on . . .



9  Who are you ?



 You are A- lo -y-sius J.

9 



Mor - ton, Pro - tec - tor.

Yes?

mp

I am Jane, your Al - ter E-go.

mf

p

mf

mf

a

I'm real-ly not a re - li - gious per-son.

235

235

f

a

Chur-ches and al - tars and all those things just

ff *mf*

1

Wrong kind of al - tar. Not church al-tar,

pp

a

aren't in my de -

240

240

sfz *mp*

Al - ter E - go; it means

o - ther self.

So I know all a-

bout you, and I'm ev' - ry-thing you're

not I'm the re-verse of you.

(SPOKEN) You are?

250

250

f *p* *mf* *p*

You're a he, I'm a she.

255

255

mf *p* *mf*

You're a po - wer-full of-fi- cial, I'm just here.

p *mf* *p*

I'm young, you're

The first system consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, also in 2/4 time. The lyrics 'I'm young, you're' are written below the vocal line.

I can whi-stle,

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a '2 GO' annotation above it. The piano accompaniment also has a '2 GO' annotation above it. The lyrics 'I can whi-stle,' are written below the vocal line.

ride a bike and stand on my head !

The third system concludes the musical piece. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a '2 GO' annotation above it. The piano accompaniment also has a '2 GO' annotation above it. The lyrics 'ride a bike and stand on my head !' are written below the vocal line.

205

Op-po- site, Al - ter E - go,

205

f

mf

J. Jane.

A. Are you sure of that?

f

claves: 7

f p

a

270

For your lifetime.

270

270

mf 275

It does-n't seem ve - ry

mf 275

mf

p

a

like-ly to me. In fact,

a

280

I can't recall a sin-gle re-gu-la-tion a-bout

2

Al-ter E-gos. I'm sure you would fall in section

mp *cres.* *f* *mp*

a

285

four three eight, sub - sec-tion "A" - five de - fin-ing

mf *f* *ff*



mf 290

Per - ocs?

Per - ocs. Per-

mp 290

295

That's the one
part I haven't
got the hang
of yet.

The
acronyms.

What's that?

The what?!

mit-ted occu-pa-tions.

295

J. Acronyms. Abbreviation words.

A Oh. What are you do-ing here?

mp > p

The same thing you are. Yes.

a You are?

300 mp

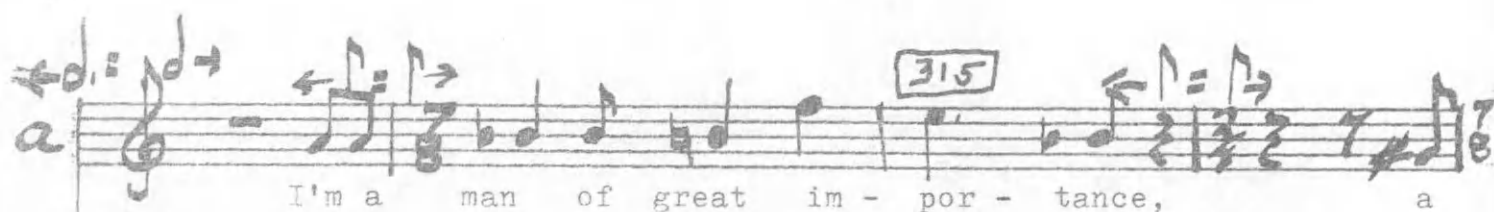
300

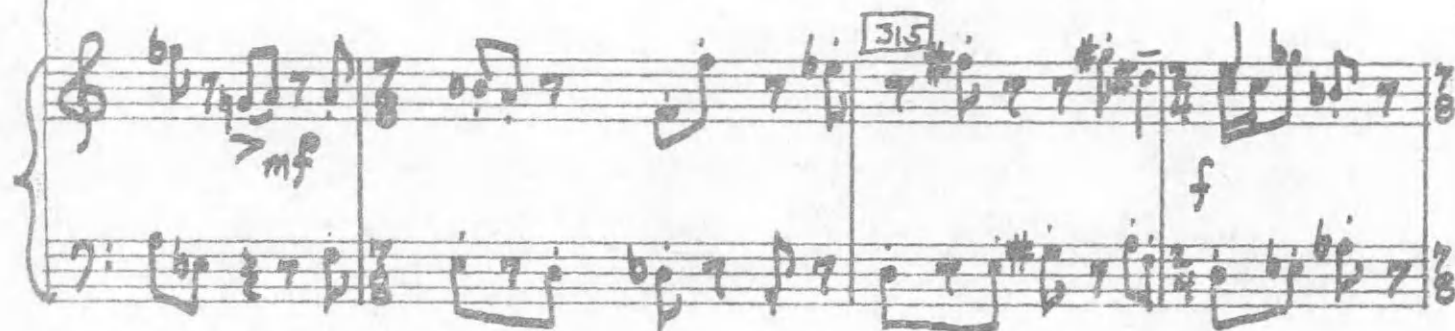
Handwritten musical score for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) has the lyrics "Wait - ing for your de - ci - sion." with a measure rest marked "305". The piano accompaniment (treble clef) has a whole rest.

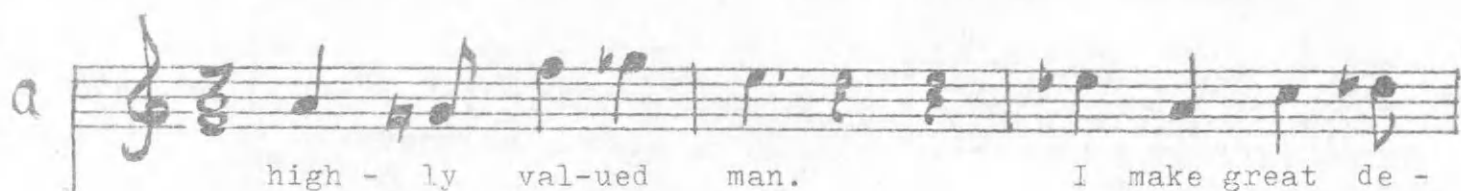
Handwritten musical score for the second system. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has the dynamic marking "mp senza exp." and a measure rest marked "305".

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The vocal line (treble clef) has the lyrics "My de - ci - sion." with a measure rest marked "310". The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has a measure rest marked "310".

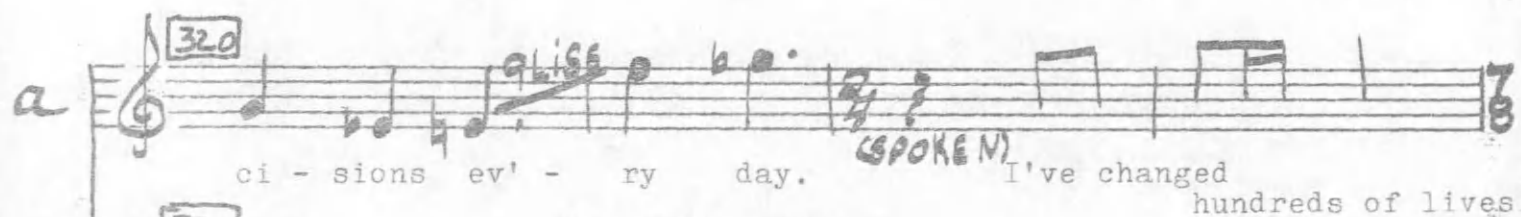
Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The vocal line (treble clef) has the lyrics "What de - ci - sion ?!". The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has dynamic markings "mf" and "p".

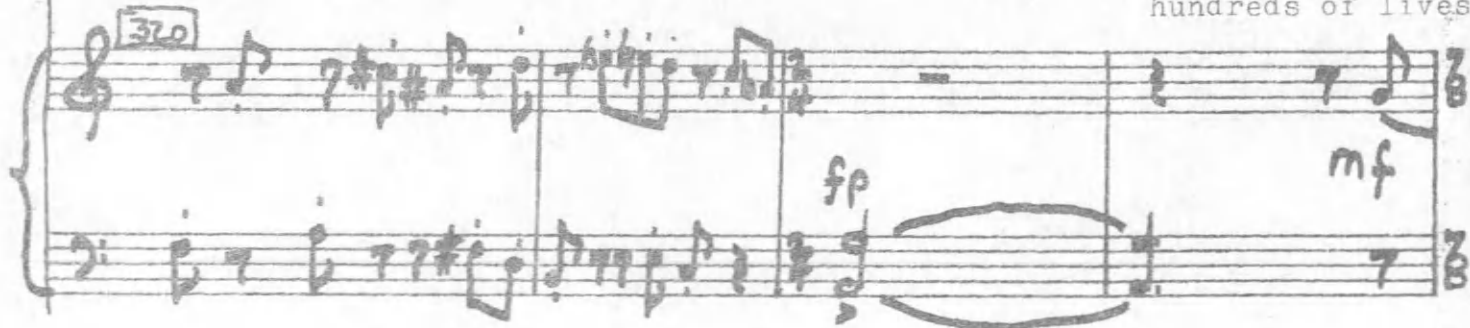
a  I'm a man of great im - por - tance, a



a  high - ly val-ued man. I make great de -



a  ci - sions ev' - ry day. *(SPOKEN)* I've changed hundreds of lives.



← A: 1 →

mp That's what your de - ci-sion's a - bout. 325 //

What? 325 //

mp espressivo

mp Your de - ci - sion, your de - ci - sion is the 330 5/4

same one you have gi - ven all those o - ther peo - ple; 2/4

335

a-bout ac - cept-ing re-sec - cu - ri - ty.

Non-sense ! I

know all a - bout re - se - cu - ri - ty. I'm a Pro -



345 *mp* *f*

tec- tor of the State As a mat-ter of fact, a Pro -

mp *mf*

mf

Class nine.

mp *crescendo*

tec - tor, Class nine. Per-so - na - li - ty Readjustment

mp *cresc.*

350

Of-fi - cer To En - hance Clear - ance for

350

Class

Ter-mi - nal Of - fi - cial Re-se-cu-ri-ty, Class

355

nine.

360

A person could get high just repeating a title like that

Nothing, nothing.

355

360

mf

That's very high, you know.

Pardon?

A. An - y - way, these Yel-lows just don't un - der - stand.

A. They don't ap-preciate the great skill of a per - son like my -

A. A per - son who un - der-stands de- ci-cions.

A. self. Yes, yes exactly.

a

Like the de - ci - sion you must make now.

2

What's this de-ci-sion bus'ness? You have-n't e-ven told me

mf mp

mf mp

a

which re-gu- la-tion is in - volved. I must have order here.

f

380

mp

It's very simple. No re-gu - la-tion ap-

380

mp

plies. The re-gu - la-tions are gone. The re-vo -

385

385

lu-tion has replaced them with no-thing. You have been

rit. - - - a tempo 390 *p cresc.*

390

mf *p* *p*

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score is written on five systems of staves. The lyrics are: "gi - ven the same choice, the same choice you gave o - thers: ac - cept re - se - cu - ri - ty or be de - stroyed".

Handwritten markings include dynamics (*mf*, *mp*, *pp*, *sfz*), accents, and performance instructions like "395", "400", and "405".

The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

At the bottom right, there is a handwritten note: "That's not a very nice way to put it."

410

mf

Re-se - cu-ri-ty's a ve-ry fine thing;

410

*mf**mp*

a ne-cessary tool for pro - gress and

*mf**mp*

or - der.

I've cleared

a

lot of

peo-ple.

415

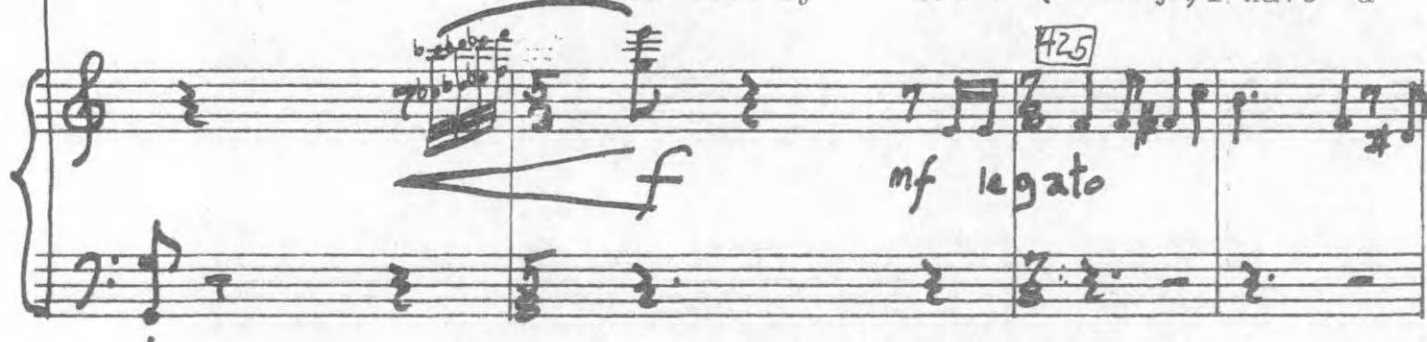
mf

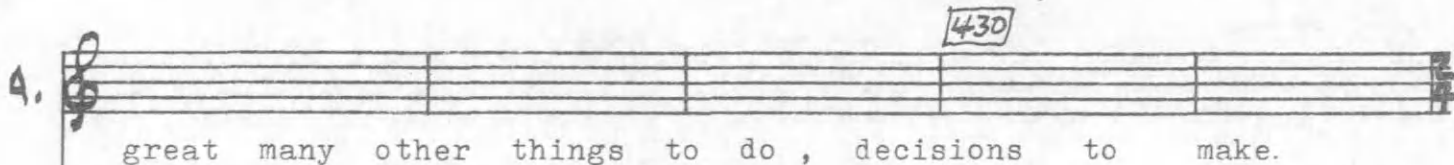
1.  Have you e-ver seen one through,

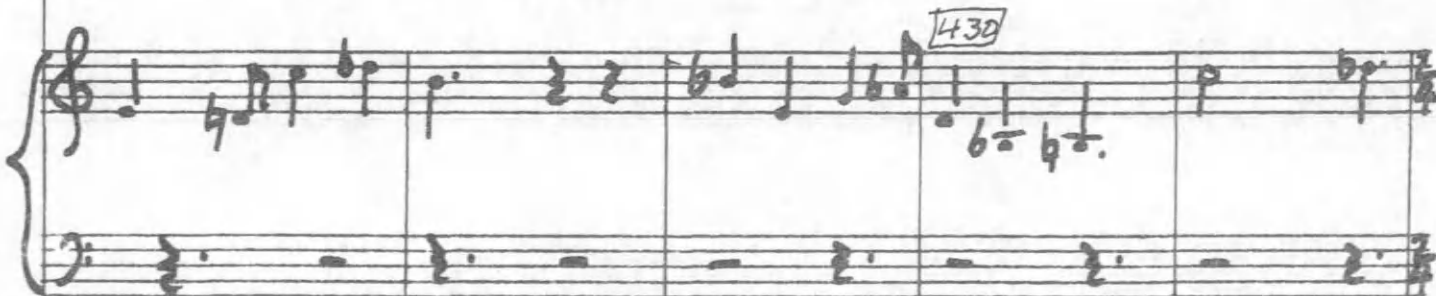


2.  to the end?

a.  Cer-tain-ly not ! (Not in rhythm) I have a



4.  great many other things to do , decisions to make.



mf

Yes, de - ci - sions to make one you of-fered
like the

mp

435

Ron and Lin E-ver - ett. You remember them.

mf

What do you think is going to hap-pen?

lin

Ron

435

f *mp*



440

And their little boy, Sam-my. They came in on a

I just can't think of an-y-thing we've

440

Re- gu- la- tion nine se - ven three

done. Re- gu- la- tion nine se-ven

445

No ex-pla - na-tion,

three means no-thing to me.

445

just a sum - mons.

And all that jar-gon on the

4

Names and pa - pers, pa-pers and names.

door.

450

450

mf

Fill in the blanks and sign.

455

They checked so tho-roughly our names and pa - pers.

455



Names and pa - pers.

But this is a Pro-tection's office,

is-n't it?

There must be some mistake,

don't you think? They don't real-ly care a-bout painters and scholars,

Lin

ex - cept to ap-prove what- e- ver we do

Pan

[470]

It must be some-thing I did in a

[475]

paper, for-got a me - mo, missed some-one's title.



480

They ne-ver say an-y-thing a-bout paint-ings.

480

485

You haven't used a wrong co-lor some - how: Peach,

p

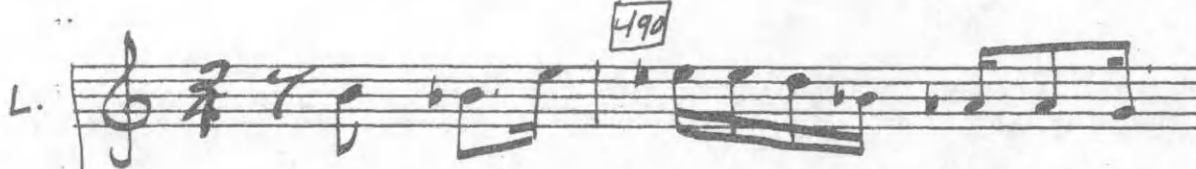
485


Um - ber, Yel-low ?


485


f



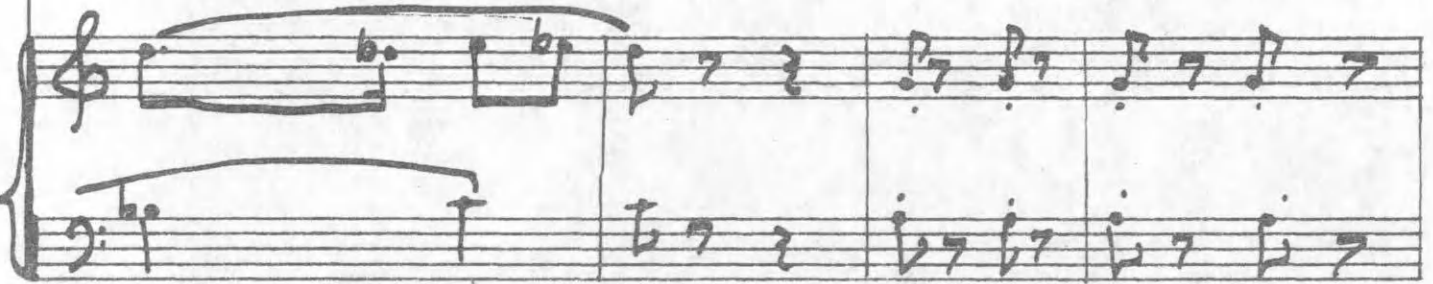
L. 

No, No. I've  al- ways been so care-ful a-





bout the width of lines, and an- gles too At your neighbor-hood



L. 

meeting?

R. 

No-thing. My name, my num- ber.



1

500

A

Num-ber and name. Signed my work pa-per.

500

505

L.

Mine was the same. My

R.

No, no-thing.

505

510

L.

name, my num-ber. Num-bers and papers, pa-pers and

510



names. Nothing.

Names. Num-bers.

Pa-pers. Names. I'm a highly val-ued man, a ve-ry bu-sy man.

515

515

520

520

525

525

f

mf

mp

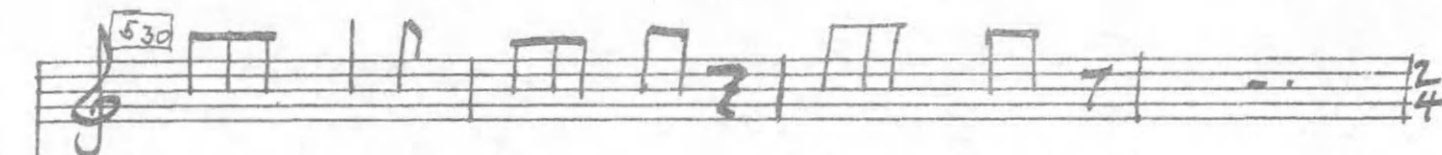
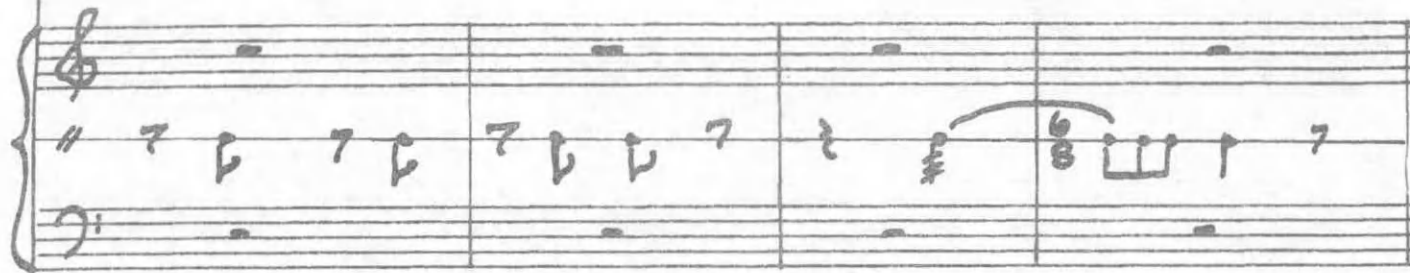
Recursion:



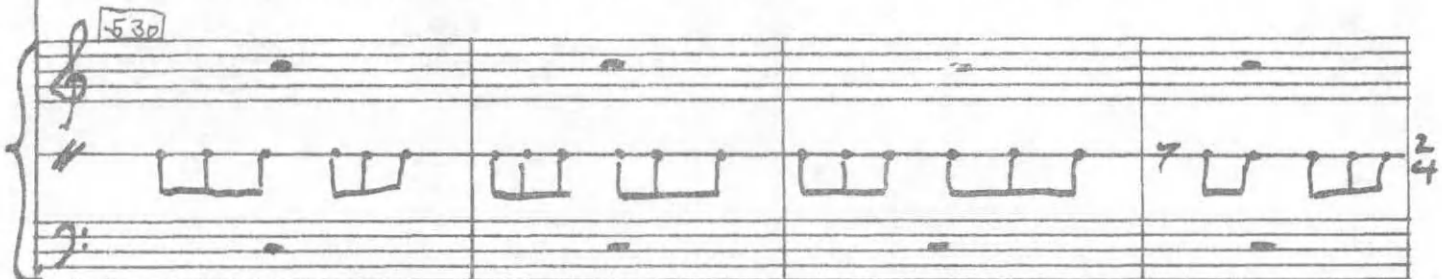


No time to waste on mix-ups or mis-takes.

You



must have a name, you must have a num-ber. Where are your papers?



Sum-mons!

Ron-ald Ev-er-ett, Lin-da Ev-er-ett. Reg-u-la-tion



540

Nine Se-ven Three. A se-ri-ous charge.

We don't

We don't

540



545

How do you plead? You must know the laws. The

What does it mean?

It must

545

crash.

laws are se-ri-ous. A se-ri-ous

be a mis-take.



charge. The sub-ject is Sam - u - el !

pa - pers. Sam-my ! You

Our Sam-my

550

Same ad- dress, same last name, a child.

can't mean.... But he's just a child.

He could'-n't He's on - ly a child.

550



555


A. 


L.  Yes, yes. It's a mis-

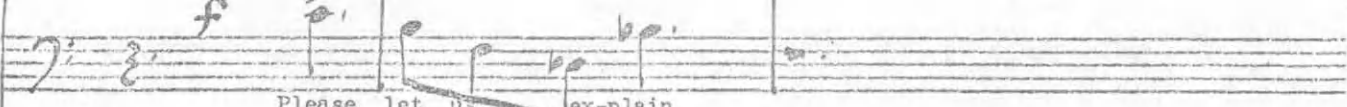
R.  We must re-main calm. Don't get up-set.




560

A.  No com-ments al-

L.  take. Sure-ly we can

R.  Please let us ex-plain.

560





a lowed. You must make a de- ci-sion. The law is clear, the reg-u-la-tion's here

Pan *mp* Ea- sy, ea - sy.

a 565 Nine Se-ven Three. You must fill in these forms. Names and num-bers. The

Lin *mf* We've



pp **570**

A child is in ques-tion. You must give a full ac- count. You must

L. al - ways tried to give him things that would make him want to

R. We've played with him, and walked with him, and

570

A an- swer a ser-i-ous ques-tion, a ser-i-ous charge. Licensed teachers only are pe

L. know. Tried to teach him to un-der - stand this world.

R. read to him.

575

575



a

mit-ted to teach chil-dren. Re-gu - la-tion Four One Six. The law is clear. You

mf

We're jst pa-rents, not tea-chers. Can't you un-de

pp

580

A.

must know the law, You must be re-gi-stered. Where are your pa-pers?

ff

R.

stand?! My field is the hu-

mf



A. *f* 585

Num- bers and names. Hu-man-i-ta-ri- ans must be re-gist-ered. Reg-u-la-tion

L. *f* We're

R. ma-ni-ties.

585 *p* *cresc.*

Three Nine Seen ven. The law is clear, a

not hu- ma-ni- ta-ri-ans.

mp *cresc.*

We on- ly care a-bout our

mf *mp* *cresc.* *f*

mp *cresc.*



590 *mf*

A. re-gu-la-tion co-vers it. Eight Four One. Painting walls is not per-

1. *mf* You see I'm a pain-ter.

2. *f*

child.

590 *mf*

f *mf*

A. *f* mit-ted. You must

1. I don't paint walls, I paint pictures. I'm an ar-tist. With colors and brushes on canvas.

2. This is all a mistake.

595

A.

an- swer the ac- cu- sa- tion.

R.

What ac- cu- sa- tion? We

595

mp

mp

A.

You re-ceived the sum-mons. How do you plead? The choice is yours.

R.

don't un-der- stand. The sum- mons says no-thing. What is the

610

A. You know the o-ther. We wouldn't care to have to use it.

L. Where is our child?!

R. Where is our child?!

610 Where is our child?!

mf *f* *sfz* *p*

615

Such a lovely child to be an orphan at so young an age. We'll send him home while you decide.

The child is yours, ~~the~~ choice is yours. Sign the papers. Names and numbers.



620

A. Exit

Numbers and papers. The choice is yours. The time is short.

620

625

You re-mem-ber,

He cant hold my child like bait, a le- gal ran-som! It's

625

70

mp

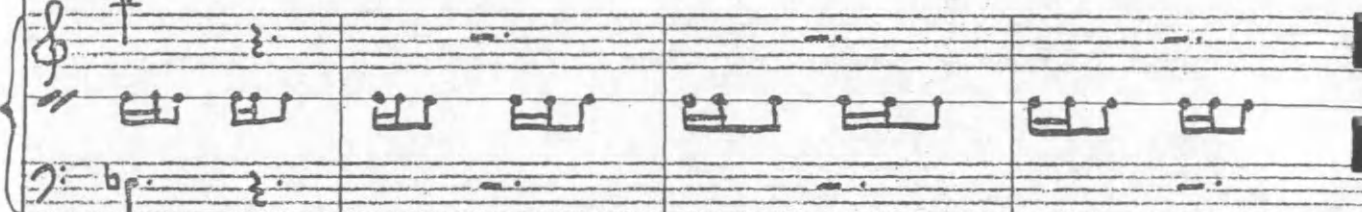


a 600

The law is clear. Ac - cept re-se - cu - ri - ty, or the o - ther. A

Rev choice.

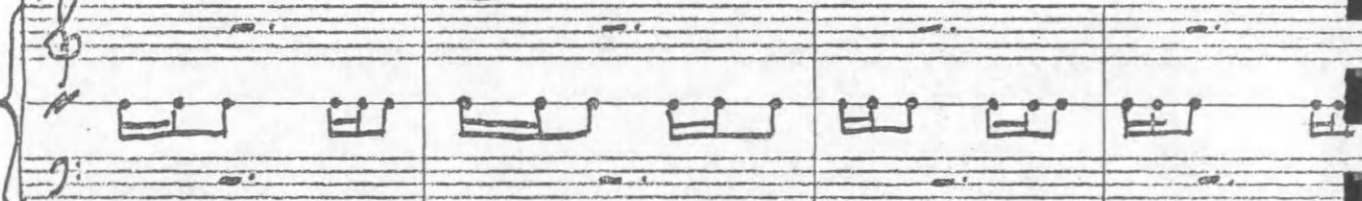
600



a 605

so - cial re - ad - justment in careful lessons, well re - in - forced, a po - si - tive ap - proach.

605



725

drow-ses in a bush. 725 Here's the place for

crs sc.

real plaid jac-kets worn com - for-ta-ble by

mf pp



730

J. real peo-ple.

730

mf

735

J. People's dreams are more to them than

735



it's all a ques- tion of great de- ci - sions, high-ly val-ued things.

one death or an- oth - er.

I guess we'll have to

My time is high- ly val-ued. Peo- ple don't ap-pre-ci-ate

think a-bout it.

Ron & Lia Exit



f *mf* 635
 But time is run-ning out, down, a- way
 a *mf*
 all the train-ing, all that time.
635
mp
 You must step in-to their shoes, face their pain.
640
p *mp* *legato*
 Pain is not my job. You still don't un - der-stand. Re - se-cu-ri-ty is
mf *f*



A. 645

bus' - ness, my life's work. Nothing

mp

mf

A. 650

per-son- al, of course, a - bout the peo - ple. They va-lue them-selves too

A. 655

much. They should have re-a- lized they couldn't live like that, and have it



a *cresc.*
last. They must face the real world and learn to live in it, or

p cresc. *mf*

a *660* *mp*
die. It's no-thing person-al, it's just my job. I high-ly skill
at

660 *mp*

mp *665*
A - lo - y- sius, do you e - ver dream?

a things like that. Dream?

665



dolce

I mean the wish-es of the se-cret

I sleep quite soundly, thank you.

mf *p*

heart. The lit-tle hopes and plans.

Well, of

mf *p*

a

675

course, one would al - ways like per-haps a

675

f

A.

680

sea-son tic-ket to the foot-ball games, a ni - cer desk, a

680

mf

A.

lit-tle more im- por - tance. And per-haps from time to time, a

p



685

Perhaps just one new
decree, a rule to be
the end of rules:
If you're going to
breathe, don't
make a habit of it. Oh, Aloysius,
smile a bit. Let's pre-tend

new de- cree.

To make life
a little more
interesting.

mp

690

you have a heart. We're all dream-ers in this place an-y - way.

690

mf

695

For a mo- ment close your mind. The clo- set

695

mp pp p



700

full of num- bers. Must - y laws and tes

mf *f* *mp*

705

things that ne - ver dream, that ne - ver breathe or run.

705

f *fp* *f*

710

Im - a - gine romp-ing hor- ses, or

mp *f* *mp* *mf*

mf dolce

715
old barns laid soft to rest by time 718 and weight of snow.

Birch trees reach- ing qui-et - ly a-long the ri - ver.

720
720
Rab - bits here think mo-dest thoughts a crow
of lunch,



740

jel-ly in a jar, more con-se-que-n-tial than these traps of words.

740

You make a child a bait-ed barb to kill the heart.

f p *mp* *p*

745

I of-fer no child of yours to bait de-ci-sive

745



750 *fp*

hooks, just time be - yond the catch of pow'r. Your cant and

fpp *crescendo*

755

rant-ing just fade to num - bers not fa - ces.

755

760

No numbers need-ed the de - ci - sion is yours. You know the choi - ces,

f marcato 760



Musical score for "The Time of the Year" by J. S. Gershwin. The score is written for voice (a) and piano (p). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor). The tempo is marked "Moderato". The score is divided into three systems, each with a measure number in a box (765, 770, 775).

System 1 (Measures 765-770): The vocal line begins with the lyrics "you know the time. Your time is near!". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The measure number 765 is in a box.

System 2 (Measures 770-775): The vocal line continues with "A lit-tle more time to make all my im - por - tant de - ci - sions. Few-er peo - ple". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The measure number 770 is in a box.

System 3 (Measures 775-780): The vocal line concludes with "whi - ning at my desk. Just have the pa - pers, just have the laws. A". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The measure number 775 is in a box.

a

qui - et sun-ny desk with no peo-ple's gripes. E - nough of o-ther people with their

fp *fp* *p*

a

775

wishes, lies and hopes. Their dreams are hope-less. Why should they bo-ther

fp *f* *mf*

y

780

I haven't come to cheer the-re-velu-tion, just to tell the time; the time to think, the time to decide.

me?! *Just give me peace!* *Longa*

780

Longa



785

It'll all be o-ver in a day or two, then back to work:

pp

Names and num-bers, num-bers and

mp

790

But num-bers and pa-pers can't be killed, can't be made se-cure.

pa-pers.

790

mp

mf

f



795

What will you say when you en-ter your of - fice

795

mp

800

and meet a high-ly val - ued man in yel - low

800

f mp *mp* *mf* *mp*

J. sit-ting at your desk? A man who re-mem - bers the

A. It could-n't come to that.



805

cries of pain, the fi- nal si- lence of those who must de -

805

810

cide.

We ne- ver tor- ture

810

mf *mp*

an- y - one at all. It's their choice, just my job.

815

a

Names and num- bers num- bers and pa- pers.

815

mp

mf

820

You'll have to get in- ter- est- ed in de- ci- sions. Just as

820

That's my only interest, not decisions.



4 Ron and Lin were in-ter-est-ed in their de-ci-sion.

lin We should pro-ba-bly eat some-thing. It's get-ting late.

825

4 ve-ry in-ter-est-ed.

lin We've gone o-ver and o-ver this for

a What de-ci-sion?

825



hours. I still don't un-der- stand. It

Just take the pa- per, sign their names.

830

And you have-n't got much time.

can't be true. They must mean some-thing else.

Why think it o- ver? Think- ing wastes time.

830



Janet

Less time than Ron and Lin.

Ron

Where's Sam-my? He was in the o-ther room

Lin

He went to bed. Tired of play-ing with his

Ron

a while a- go.

935

1st
 840
 bull-dozer, and no-one to talk to.
p senza a sp.

2nd
 845
 What do you think they'll do to him?

3rd
 Just a name, just a num - ber!
 He's just a boy.

no accent
 no accent

Tr *For*

f

De- cide! What kind of de- ci-

We have no choice, we have no time.

no accent

lin

860

sion -- is it? Have our child, our home, our

860


lin

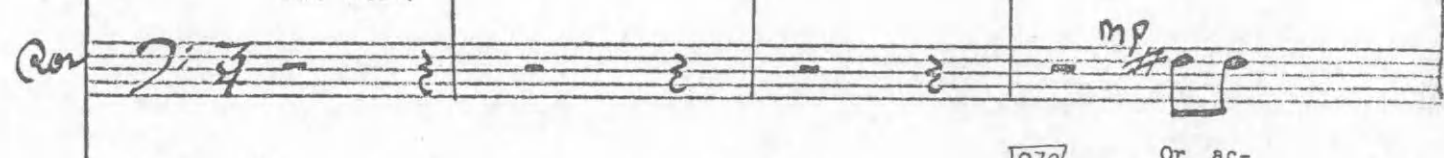
865

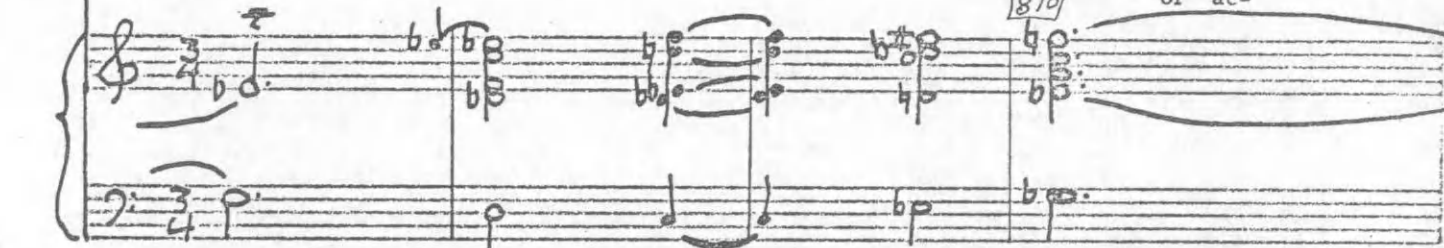
jobs ta- ken -- Sit and wait un- til they get to our

865



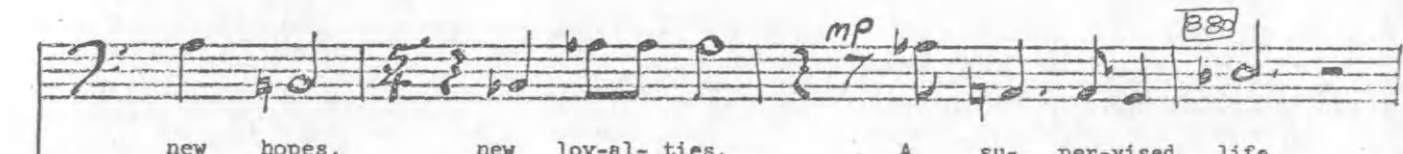
Lin  num- bers.

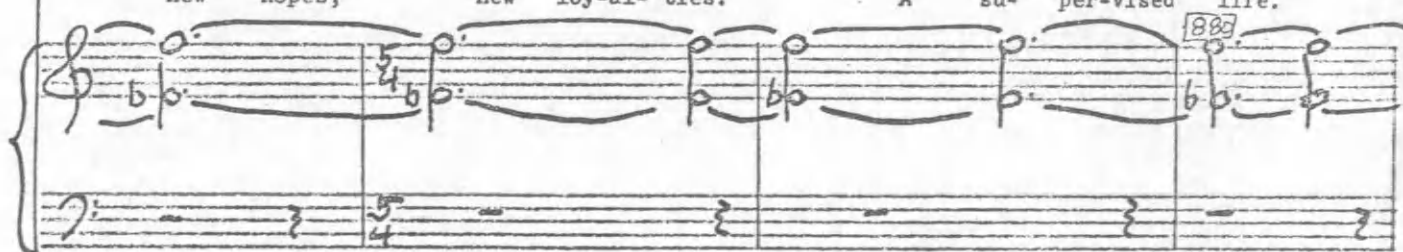
Cor  *mp*

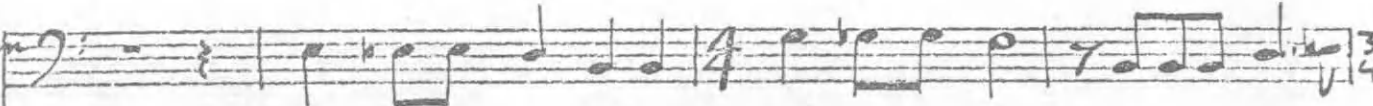
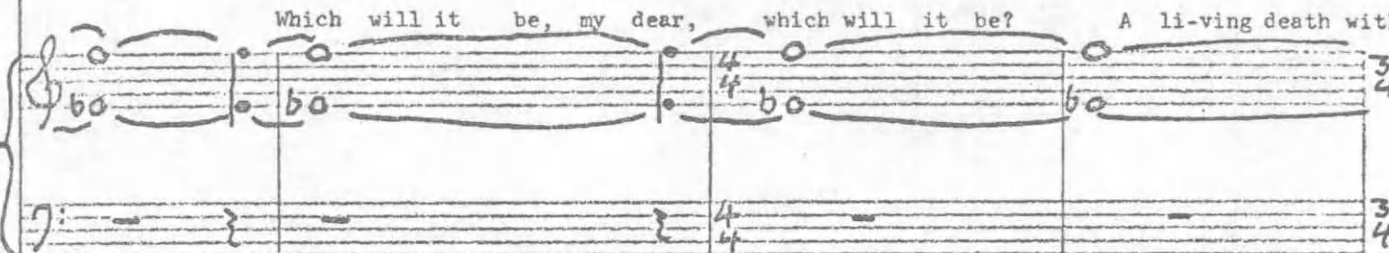
 Or ac-


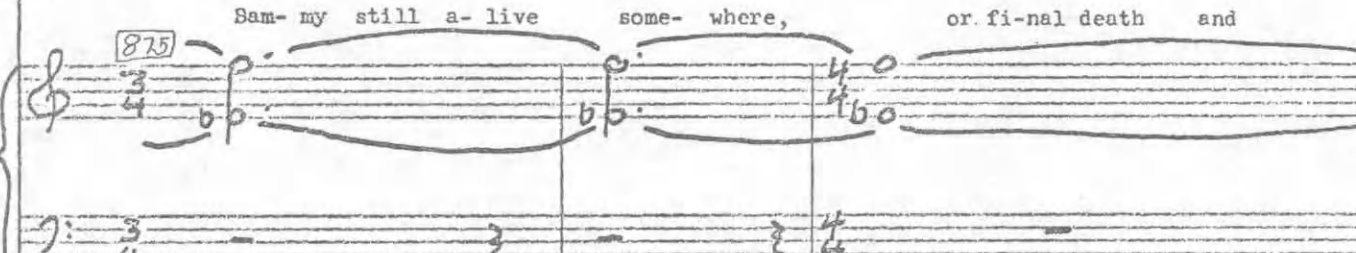
 *mf*


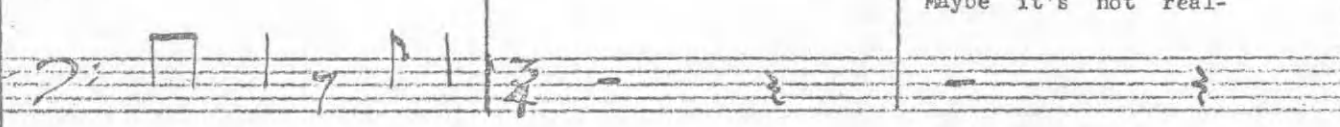



 *mp*



Ron 7: - } |  3/4
 Which will it be, my dear, which will it be? A li-ving death with
 3/4

Ron 7:  3/4
 Sam- my still a- live some- where, or fi-nal death and
 3/4

Lin  3/4
 Maybe it's not real-
 Ron 7:  3/4
 who knows what for him.
 3/4

* N.B.: These speeches are not to be in rhythm, but must be completed by the close of bar # 894.



Alphac Music Corp.
Hollywood, Calif.

V-4

ly a serious thing we did. Maybe we'll just

The summons says he's a Protector.

895 have to go to re- training every week.

895 Retraining is police and case workers. It must be re-



900


Lin 

Bar 

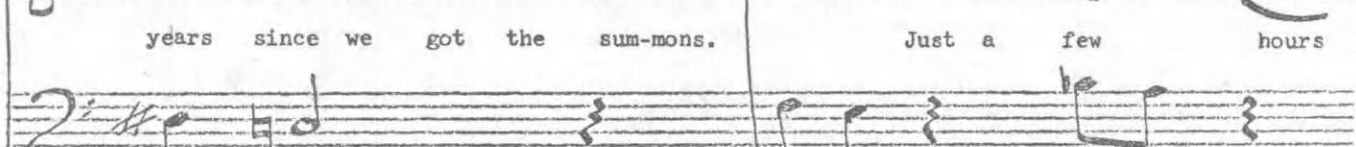
It seems like



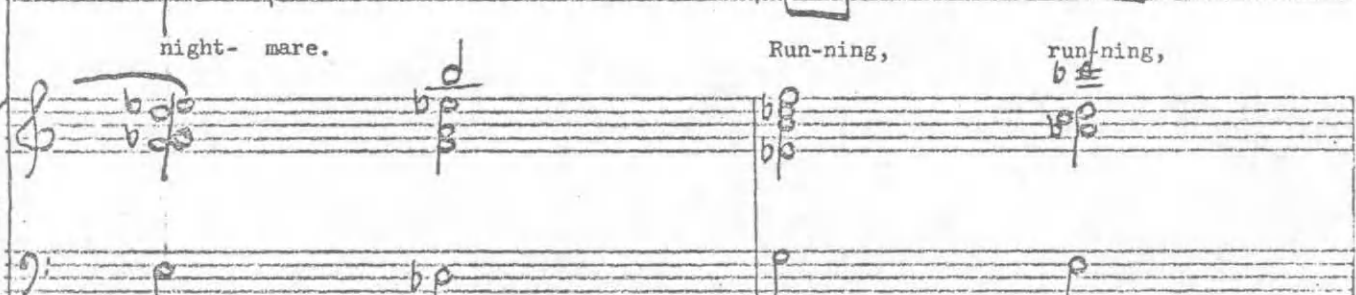
It feels like a dream, a

Lin 

years since we got the sum-mons. Just a few hours

Bar 

night-mare. Run-ning, run-ning,





905

L. a- go. Just a few mo- ments ments left.

R. Voi-ces laugh- ing, yel- ling- "Dee! cide!" De-

Sub. P.

Prima Vista

L. cide!" What a wreck our life's be- come. A sha- dow

R. cide! Safe-ty gets fur- ther a- way the

mauato



Handwritten musical score for "The Lord of the Rings" featuring the vocal parts of Aragorn and Legolas. The score is written on five staves. The first staff is for the Soprano (S.) part, the second for the Alto (A.) part, the third for the Tenor (T.) part, the fourth for the Bass (B.) part, and the fifth for the Piano (P.) accompaniment. The lyrics are: "match with, with no- thing. fas- ter we run. What to do, die or die. Be-". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" and "cresc.".



mf 930

Names and num-bers. Num- bers and pa- pers.

peace. 930 We must de-

935

It still comes down to time. Time to think, time to de-

mp *mp*

cide, the time, the 935 time.



cide. You must de- cide, They can't make your choice.

mf \rightarrow *mp*

940 3 I can't make it for you. The choice is yours. Time is short.

940

945 You must de- cide.

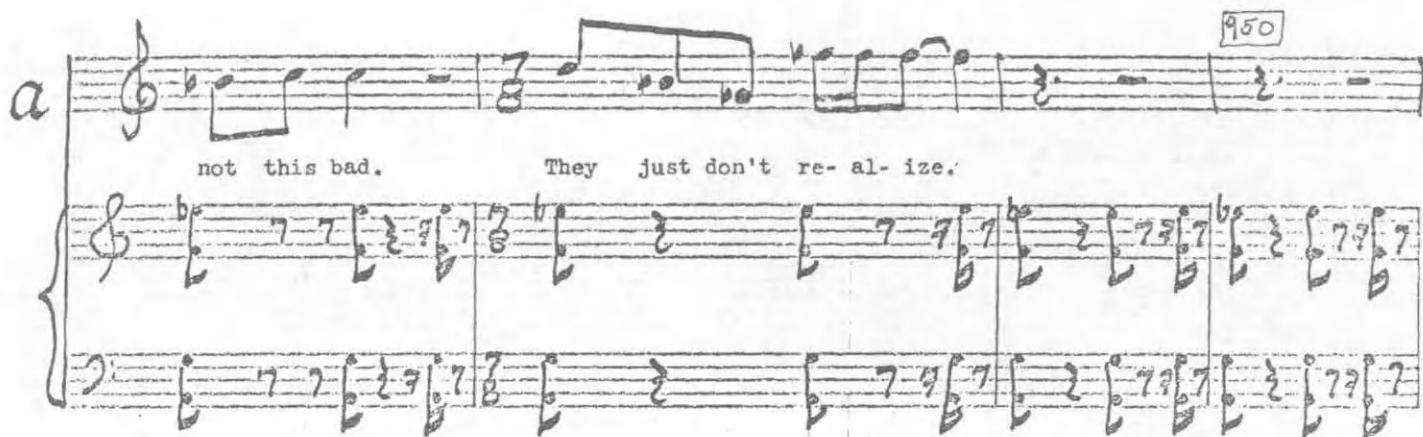
mf

945 You're making this up. It's

loco

mf



a 

not this bad. They just don't re-al-ize.

a 

An- y- way. It's not so sim-ple.

A. 

I have so ma- ny things to can- si- der. I'm a



J. 960

But highly valued men get tossed a-

A. 960

high-ly val-ued man.

J. side, you know. The choice is yours.

f *p* *mp* *mf* *p*



965

The choice is yours.

dolce

965

We can't take this light-ly.

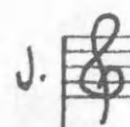
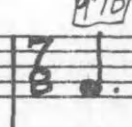


It's

A se-ri-ous charge.

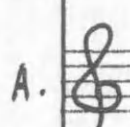
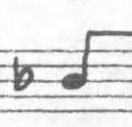
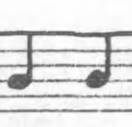
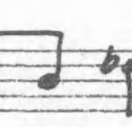

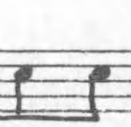
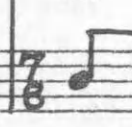
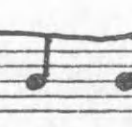
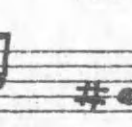
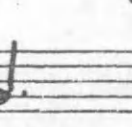
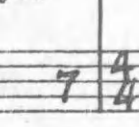
true there's the mat-ter of re-sults.

Ac-

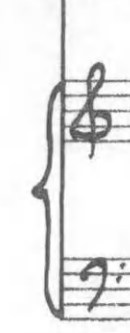
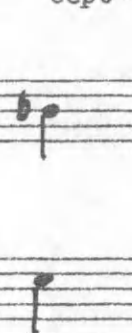

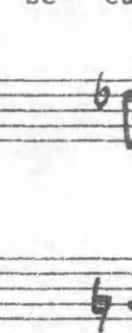



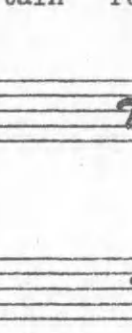

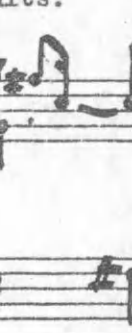
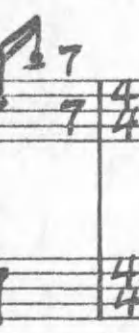


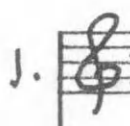
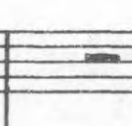
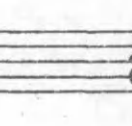

J.    

How do you

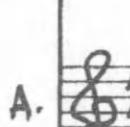
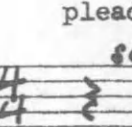
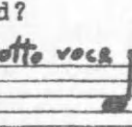
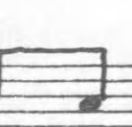
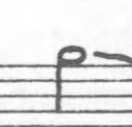
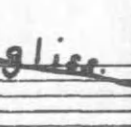


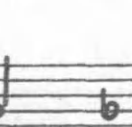
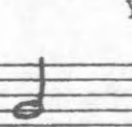
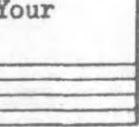
A.           

cept- ing re- se- cu- ri- ty has cer- tain re- sults.


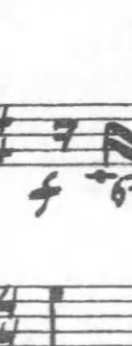

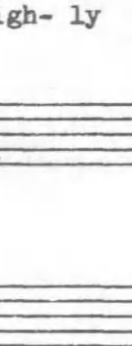

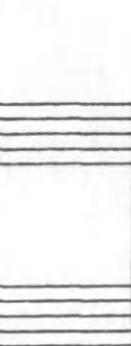
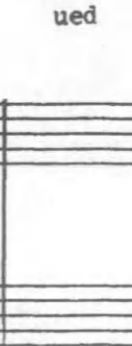
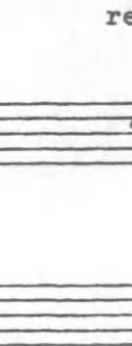

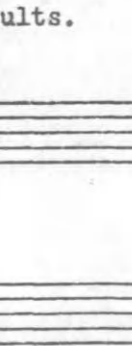
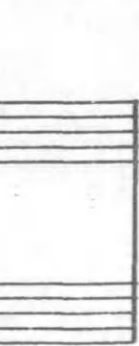
          

J.    

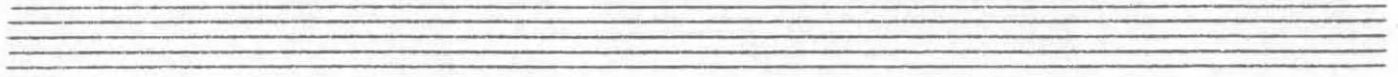
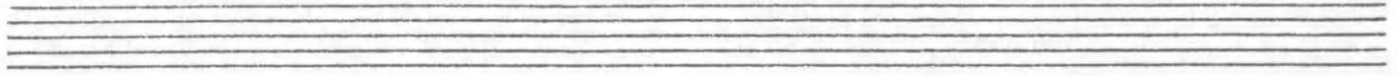
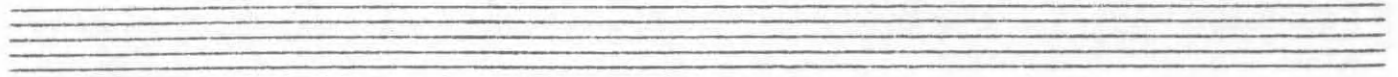
plead? Your

A.           

High- ly val- ued re- sults.



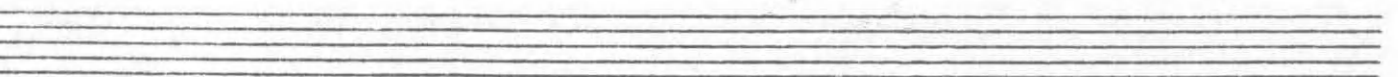
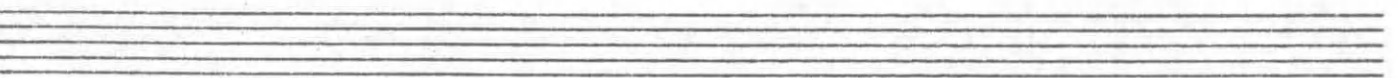
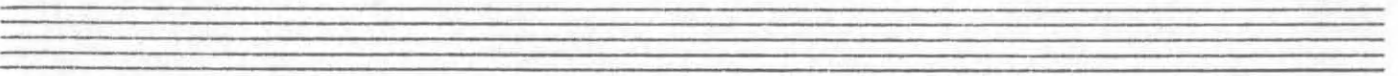


975

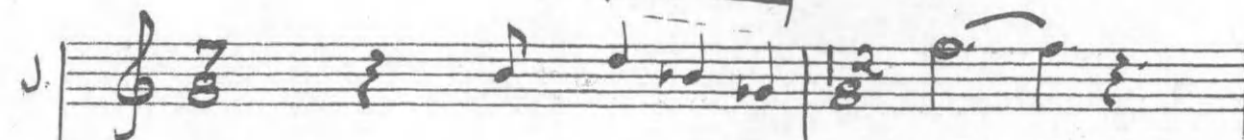
J. time is com- ing, the time is soon. What are your val-ues?

A. The re- duc- tion is to- tal. A fi- nal a- gree- ment, no

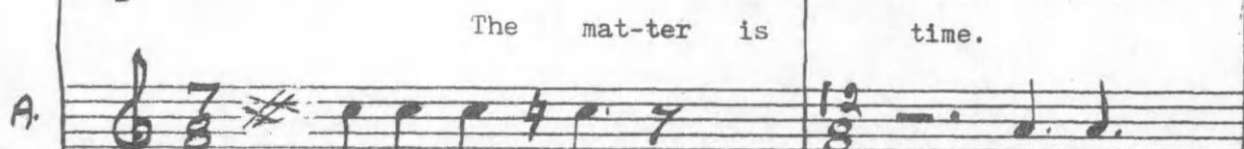
975



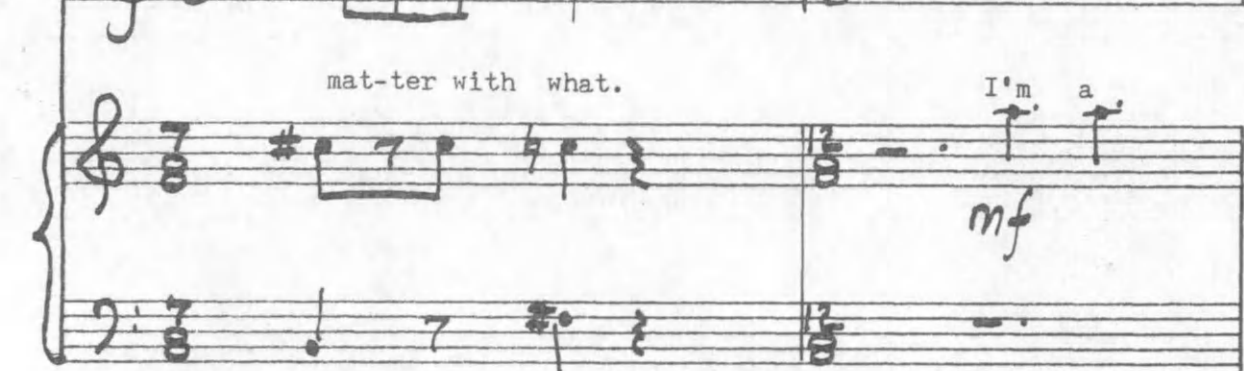
3

J. 

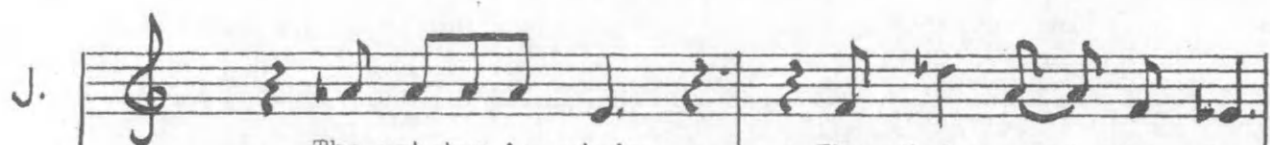
The mat-ter is time.

A. 

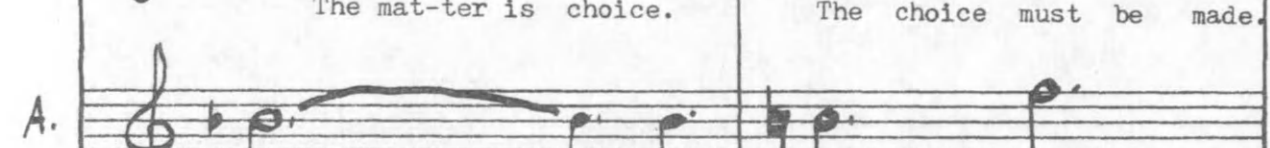
mat-ter with what.



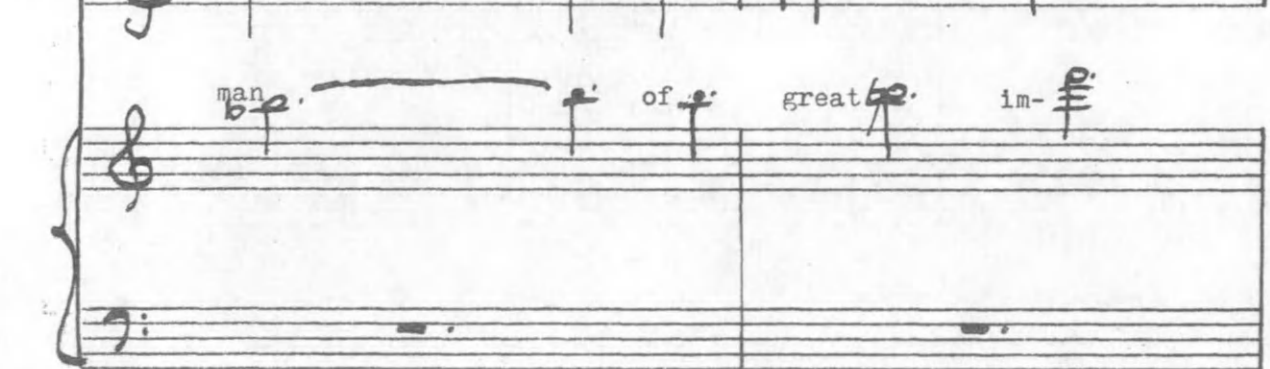
I'm a *mf*

J. 

The mat-ter is choice. The choice must be made.

A. 

man of great im-





980

J. 
 what do you val - ue?

A. 

980 
 por- tance. A

J. 
 The de- ci- sion is yours. The time, the time.

A. 
 High - ly val - ued...





985

How can they do this? It's all a mis-take.

985

AVES

I don't be-lieve it.

990

I'll have to think about it. I must think about it.

990

The time is coming.

The forms are waiting. The choice

is yours.

pp

pp



1000

Handwritten musical score for four staves:

- Staff 1 (Soprano):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, whole rest, half rest.
- Staff 2 (Alto):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, whole rest, half rest.
- Staff 3 (Tenor):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, whole rest, half rest.
- Staff 4 (Bass):** Bass clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, quarter note G3, quarter note F#3, whole rest, half rest.

Lyrics: "Come in." (under Staff 3, between measures 2 and 3)

Handwritten musical score for piano accompaniment:

- Staff 5 (Right Hand):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: eighth-note chords (F#4, E5, D5, C5) in measures 1, 2, and 3.
- Staff 6 (Left Hand):** Bass clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, whole rest, half rest.

Lyrics: "Hello." (under Staff 5, measure 1)

Handwritten musical score for piano accompaniment:

- Staff 7 (Right Hand):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: eighth-note chords (F#4, E5, D5, C5) in measures 1, 2, and 3.
- Staff 8 (Left Hand):** Bass clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole rest, half rest, whole rest, half rest.

Handwritten musical score for vocal and piano:

- Vocal Staff (Soprano):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: quarter note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note C5, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4, quarter note D4.
- Piano Staff (Right Hand):** Treble clef, 4/4 time. Notes: quarter note G4, quarter note A4, quarter note B4, quarter note C5, quarter note B4, quarter note A4, quarter note G4, quarter note F#4, quarter note E4, quarter note D4.
- Piano Staff (Left Hand):** Bass clef, 4/4 time. Notes: whole note G3, whole note F#3, whole note E3, whole note D3.

Lyrics: "I must tell you, your time is up." (under Vocal Staff, measures 1-4)

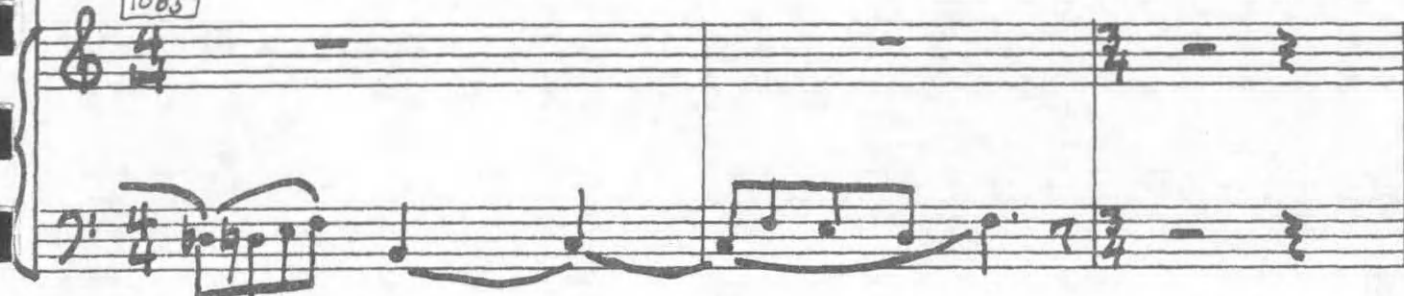


1005

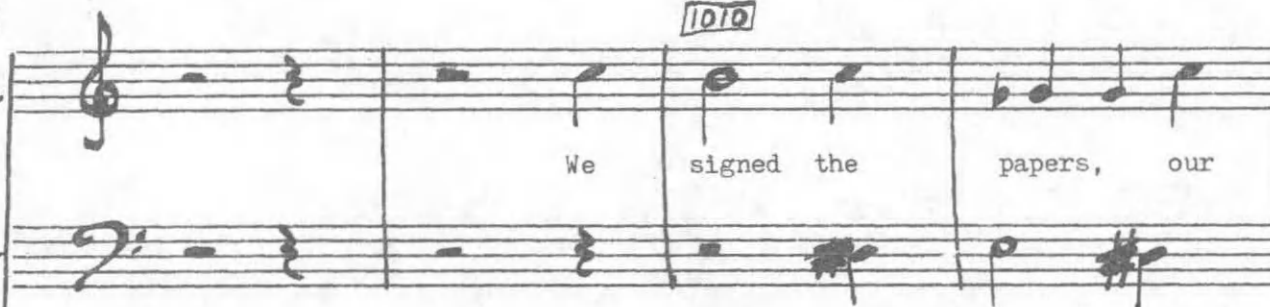


I have to ask you your choice.

1005



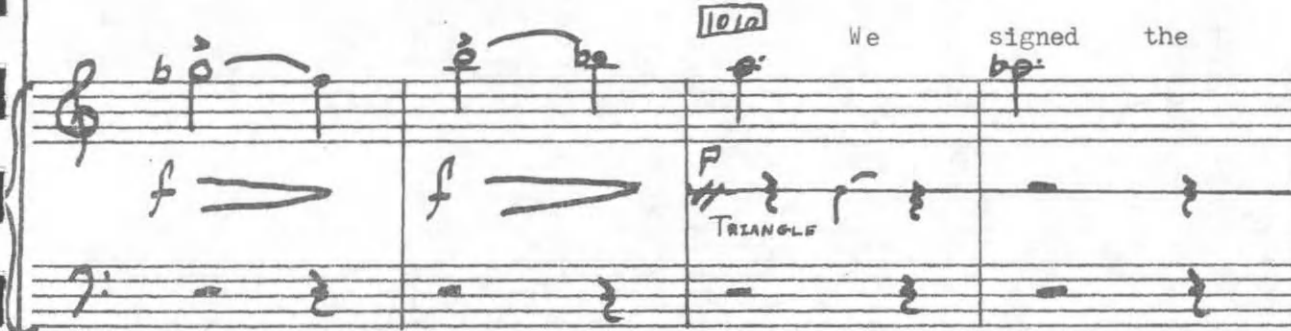
1010



We signed the papers, our

1010

We signed the



TRIANGLE

Lin. 1D15

num - bers and names. Names and num - bers,

R. pa-pers, our num - bers and names. Names and

10/5

L. num-bers and pa - pers, We signed the pa - pers, our

R. num - bers, num - bers and pa - pers. We signed the



102.0

Names and num - bers,

num - bers and names.

102.1 pa - pers, our num - bers and names

num - bers and

names.

Num - bers and pa - pers. Your names and

102.5

mf



a

num - bers. It's so much bet-ter. We know you'll

1030

1030

fp

f

a

think it bet-ter. You un - der-stand. The choice is bet-ter.

1035

1035

a

The lit- tle boy, you'll have to tell him.



← 1. = 1. → 1040 *mp*

Sam- my, Sam-my, you know we

mp Sam-my, Sam-my,

← 1. = 1. → 1040 *sfz p* *pp*

TRIANGLE

1045 love you. Sam - my, Sam-my, you know we

you know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my,

1045

Lin
care. But we must leave you.

Ron
You know we care. But we -- must leave -- you.

Lin
We won't be back. We won't

Ron
We -- won't be back -- --. We won't



Lin see you a - ny more. You will be with

Ron see you a - ny more. You will be with'

1055

1055

mp

Lin o - thers. You'll have to for - get our ways. You'll have to

Ron o - thers. You must for - get our ways, and

124.


Lin 

learn a - gain.

Ron 

learn a - gain.




Lin 

Sam - my, Sam-my, You know we

Ron 

Sam - my Sam-my



love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we
 You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my.

care. But now -- our time is up,
 You know we care. But now -- our time is up,

Lin the choice is made. 1075 *mp* Sam-my.

Ron the choice is made. Sam-my. 1075

pp *mf* *pp*

9. *mp* Why do they look so, so dead? Their eyes like

Lin *p* Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

Ron *p* Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

p



1080

zom-bies. I don't un-der-stand. Why do they make me

mf

mp

mp 1085

That's what they all look like when they've de-

feel this way?

mp

mf



1095

Aloysius

J. What should he say? I don't know. It's not my

1095

mf *fp*

A. job to know these things; I have o - ther skills.

mf *f*

1100

J. I think you talk too much. Great de- ci- sions are made in

A. I

1100

f *mp* *f*




ci - ded. All of them. What did you ex-pect?

10 90

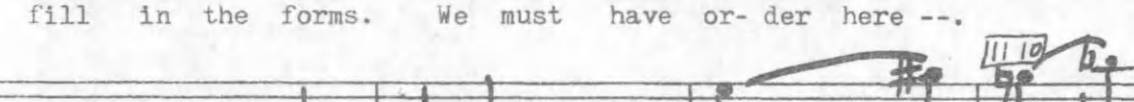
The boy. Why does he just play like that?

He should say something.

J.          

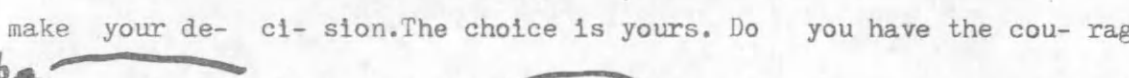
J. 

fill in the forms. We must have or-der here --. You must



J. 

make your de- ci- sion. The choice is yours. Do you have the cou- rage? Your





1115

J. *Time's run-ning out.*

A. *This is not just a sport, Jane.*

A. *You know I'm fright-ened. I can't de-*

mf dolce *mp*

1120

A. *cide. They'll come and get me. It's like the dark-ness, the*

sub. p *p*

A. *mf* 1125

cold win-ter nights, with no- one there. What will I do?

1126

J. *mf* 1130

The choice is yours. The time is up. You've

A. *pp* 1130

Help me de- cide.

J.

been too stu-pid, you've been too slow. Now I can't help you. My



time's been wast- ed I'm high-ly skilled. The

1135

1135

mp

choice is yours. My time is up!

1140

3

f

ff

fpp

EXIT

Longa

No. No. Wait. Please.

1145

mf

mp

p

mf

mp

p

ff

A. *mp* 1150 *mf* 3 *p*

Don't leave me 1150 *now.* You don't un-der-stand. I need

A. *mf* 1150 *you.* You're my 1150 Al-ter E-go, my Self.

A. 1160 You have to 1160 help me. *8va* *p sans expr.*



1165

I'm fright-ened.

What will

1165

1170

hap-pen?

I must de- cide.

1170

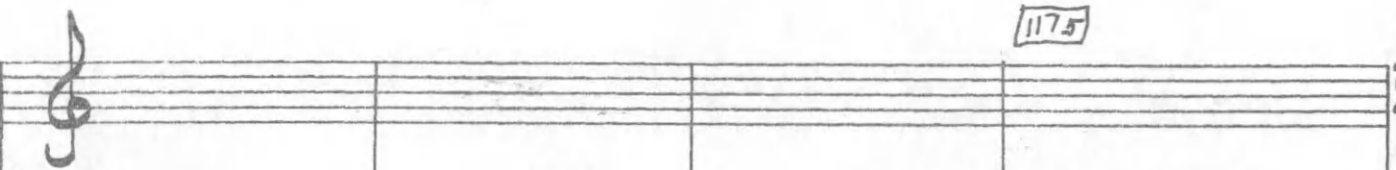
They couldn't kill


(b)^{1/2}

(b)

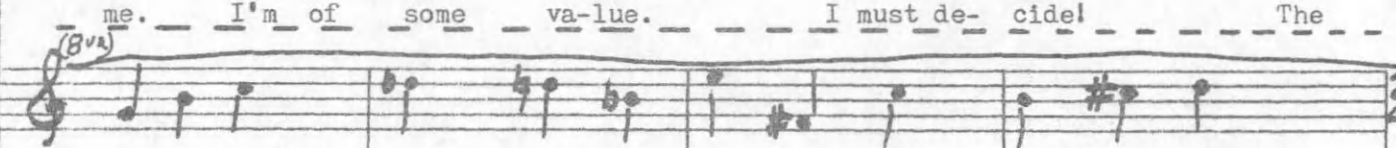


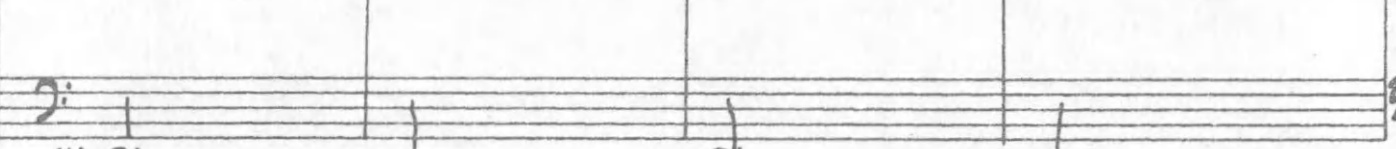
1175

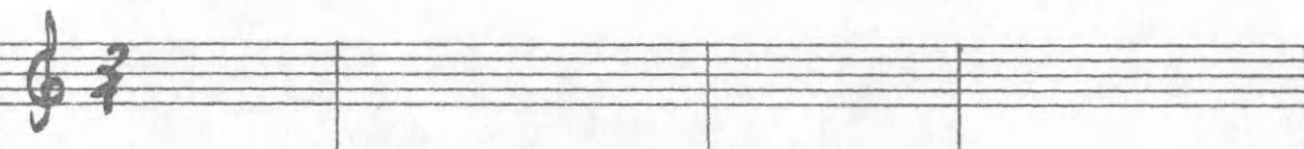
S. 


A. 

me. I'm of some va-lue. I must de- cidel The

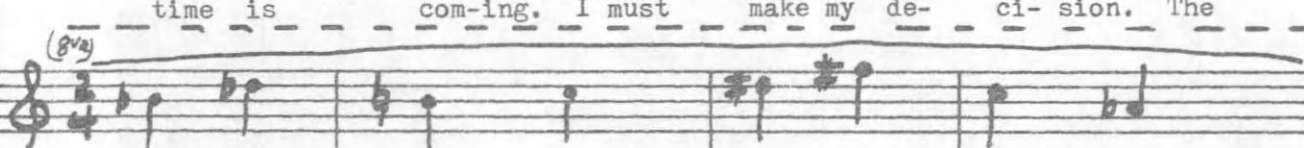
(8va) 

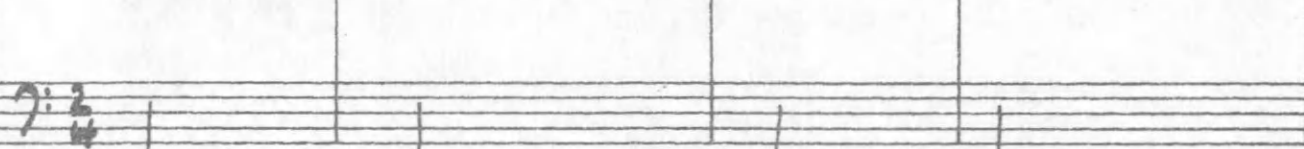
(b) 

S. 

A. 

time is com-ing. I must make my de- ci- sion. The

(8va) 

(b) 



Handwritten musical score for the hymn "The Old Churchyard". The score is written on four staves. The first staff is for Soprano (S.), the second for Alto (A.), the third for Tenor (T.), and the fourth for Bass (B.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 11/80. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The Soprano part has a melodic line with some rests. The Alto part has a more active line with many eighth notes. The Tenor and Bass parts provide a harmonic foundation with longer note values.

1180

S.

A.

1180 time. the time. Re- se- cu- ri- ty or

(b)

Handwritten musical score for "The Death of King Lear". The score is written on five staves. The first staff is labeled "S." (Soprano) and the second staff is labeled "A." (Alto). The third staff contains the lyrics: "death. Help me, some-one! I must de- cide, de- cide!". The fourth and fifth staves are connected by a brace on the left and contain a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff has a treble clef and the fifth staff has a bass clef. The tempo is marked "Allegretto" and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.



S. 1190

A. 1190

They're here. The time is here.

(b) 1190

S. 1195

A. 1195

The num-bers, the pa-pers the forms are

(b) 1195



1200

wait-ing.

1200

All

those

pa-pers -- .

The

time

(8 $\frac{1}{2}$)

1205

1210

1205

1210

(8 $\frac{1}{2}$)

Crescendo poco a poco al fine.



LIBRETTO OF
"THE DECISION"
A CHAMBER OPERA
FOR FIVE CHARACTERS AND MIME

AND OTHER WORKS

By

Ann dePender Zeigler

B.A., Fort Wright College, 1969

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

1975

Approved By:

Bruce Bigley
Chairman, Board of Examiners

John M. Stewart
Dean, Graduate School

Aug 18, 1975
Date

UMI Number: EP36687

All rights reserved

INFORMATION TO ALL USERS

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.



UMI EP36687

Published by ProQuest LLC (2013). Copyright in the Dissertation held by the Author.

Microform Edition © ProQuest LLC.

All rights reserved. This work is protected against
unauthorized copying under Title 17, United States Code



ProQuest LLC.
789 East Eisenhower Parkway
P.O. Box 1346
Ann Arbor, MI 48106 - 1346

CONTENTS

137

"THE DECISION: A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FIVE CHARACTERS AND MIME"...	1
---	---

List of Singers' Parts.....	1
Orchestra.....	2
Character Sketches.....	3
Scenario.....	5
Libretto.....	12
Opening.....	13
Prolog.....	14
Scene One.....	15
Flashback One.....	32
Scene Two.....	42
Flashback Two.....	51
Scene Three.....	56
Flashback Three.....	60
End Notes: "But Where Are The Elephants?".....	72
Appendix "A"—"Do You Ever Dream".....	86
Appendix "B"—"This Is Not A Sport".....	119
Appendix "C"—"Sammy" Duet.....	147

SOME POEMS.....	159
-----------------	-----

The Poet Returns to Naples, Forgotten.....	159
Written While Waiting For News From the East.....	160
Escapes.....	161
On The Mountain.....	162
Highlight Peak: First Climb Of The Season.....	163
Night Song: From The River.....	164
Night Song: Another River.....	165
Anniversary.....	166
Incantation For The Vernal Equinox.....	167
Prayer For The Hill Gypsies.....	168
Role Call.....	169
Every Poem Should Have A Title.....	170
Short Scene In White.....	171
"From Mountain Bell, The Time is 7:45".....	172
Poem For My Student from Maryland.....	173
Rock Painting For A People Without Dreams.....	175

T H E D E C I S I O N

CHARACTERS

Aloysius J. Morton, Protector.....Tenor
Jane.....Mezzo-Soprano
Ron Everett.....Baritone
Linda Everett.....Soprano
Sammy Everett.....Boy Soprano
Mime.....Mime

(NOTE: The Three Masked Figures are played by Jane,
Ron and Lin.)

ORCHESTRA

2

Oboe / English Horn

Clarinet in B^b / Bass Clarinet in B^b

Trumpet in C

Violin

Violoncello

Percussion: Suspended Cymbal

 Triangle

 Claves

 Wood Block

 Snare Drum

 Three Adjustable Drums

 Medium Bass Drum

CHARACTER SKETCHES

3

The Mime. Either male or female. Represents the audience onstage, merging with Sammy. An observer, interpreter, maker of temporal transitions. Dressed in the same style of jumpsuit as Sammy.

Aloysius J. Morton, Protector. Rumpled, bumbling, self-satisfied. Speaks in a stylized pattern based on acronyms, citations and jargon. Vaguely confused by events. Non-empathetic, hiding behind regulations and forms to avoid dealing with human problems. Has the ability to use power but not to understand its use. A functionary with little self-awareness. A weak man forced by circumstances to face the impossible, deadly decision he has thrust onto others for so long.

Jane, the Alter Ego. Brash, humorous, a wench. Young and vibrantly alive. Witty but gently so. Very lyrical and capable of flights of imagistic metaphor. Responsive, delighting in contact with people and sympathetic to their problems. Can only stand just so much self-deception from Aloysius. In the end, she begins to show many of the personality traits earlier seen in Aloysius.

Ronald and Linda Everett, the Parents. Intelligent, articulate, humane. Closely involved in their child's outlook and life-

style. Psychologically well-balanced. Finally broken and with their creative visions destroyed, they are reduced to automata, mindless and without hope.

Sammy, the Child. Passive young victim. Absorbs the jargon of what is happening, with the implications of his own future self-destructive role.

S C E N A R I OOPENING

The house lights are still up. The Mime, wearing a childlike costume, enters through the audience from the back of the theater. He stops at the first row and turns to survey the audience, then walks up onto the stage and takes a position facing upstage. Approximately a minute after the Mime is in position onstage, the house lights go down. (During the performance, visuals appear rear-projected on scrim, depicting environmental patterns and abstracts which develop into the parts of a bulldozer.)

PROLOG

The music begins. During the first four bars, lights come up on the Mime and Three Masked Figures in sharply creased yellow costumes. On the fifth bar, the Figures point at the Mime. They order him in mime to walk a narrow line in front of them. The Mime attempts to ignore or evade them. The lights go down. Visuals abstract confusion. Voices over from offstage shout, "There's one! Grab him! In blue! A Protector! Get him! Get the Protector!" At bar seventy, a loud crash as of a door slamming, is heard. A long pause. The music introduces Scene One.

SCENE ONE

Lights come up in the area where the Mime and Aloysius are standing. Aloysius, in crumpled blue, looks confused and dejected. He is on an intermediate level of the stage's various high and low platforms. He peers around, unaware of the Mime's presence. He tries to reassure himself that he hasn't died and gone to heaven. An amused soprano laugh is heard from a darkened part of the stage. Aloysius doesn't hear it. He goes on to scoff at the revolution by the Yellows as an outburst of excess energy, and suggests that it could all be taken care of by a new PuSecSer (Public Security Series) and PuRecSecs (Public Recreation Sections). The soprano voice makes comments, unnoticed by Aloysius. Aloysius seems to be a highly-placed bureaucrat with immense power and not a lot of sensitivity. His ranting about the revolution and its solution is interrupted suddenly when lights come up on Jane, who is lounging on a fairly high level across the stage. She introduces herself and him, and explains that she is his Alter Ego, his Other Self, for his lifetime. He doesn't believe. Jane says that she's waiting for his decision. He is anxious to get back to his office and decisions. Jane tells him that she doesn't mean other people's decisions about resecurity. She means his decision. He now has the same decision to make that he gave others--resecurity or death.

Aloysius doesn't like to have it phrased quite that way. Jane asks if he has ever seen a resecurity clearance all the way through to the end. He is much too busy for such things. The Mime leads Aloysius into a darkened area as Jane reminds him about Ron and Lin Everett. Lights come up on Ron and Lin sitting on straight chairs facing a lectern. Jane fades out.

FLASHBACK ONE

Ron and Lin are racking their brains to find a reason for their summons to the office of a Protector. He is a scholar, and she is a painter. Aloysius enters with a large handful of forms and asks for their papers. He begins to cite regulations about their activities. The subject of the investigation turns out to be the way they are raising their young son, Sammy. Aloysius hands Ron and Lin voluminous forms. He charges them with teaching without a permit, being unregistered humanitarians, painting walls without a permit. He obviously is not listening to them as they try to explain. Ron and Lin become frantic trying to find out what the problem is. He says they must accept resecurity, or the other. Sammy is such a nice child to be orphaned so young. The decision is theirs. Aloysius exits abruptly to an unlit area. Ron and Lin are stunned. Lin is in a rage, Ron bewildered. Jane

and Aloysius re-appear in their former positions as Ron and Lin fade out.

SCENE TWO

Jane tells Aloysius time is running out for him. He must face the pain himself. He temporizes, saying that it's nothing personal about those people he dealt with. It's just his job, his life's work--that they must learn to live with the real world or be destroyed. Jane asks him if he ever dreams. He fades away as she begins to muse--a lyric image series. The Mime interprets as she sings, beginning freely but ending as if trapped and crushed. Aloysius comes in with his own wishes, for power and peace and quiet. Jane reminds him that he is running out of time to make his decision, that the revolution is waiting for him to decide. He says decisions are not his problem, he just does his job. Jane tells him he had better develop an interest in decisions. They fade out as Ron and Lin fade back in, in a living room scene.

FLASHBACK TWO

Ron and Lin have been going over and over the situation for hours. Sammy has put himself to bed, bored with his bulldozer and with nobody to talk to. Ron and Lin discuss with some heat what they are going to do. They must choose to lose

Sammy and their jobs and wait to be obliterated, or accept the mental obliteration of resecurity followed by re-education and a supervised life. They go over and over what they can do about the situation, finally realizing that they are caught. They feel trampled, humiliated and dehumanized. They feel as though years have passed since they got the summons. They begin to rationalize the various alternative futures. The Mime joins them as they fade out. Aloysius and Jane fade in again.

SCENE THREE

Jane asks Aloysius again to make his decision. He downgrades her sense of urgency, insisting again that he is a man of great importance, a highly valued man who has to consider these things very carefully. Jane points out that highly valued men can lose their value. She begins to use the phrases that Aloysius used in his interview with Ron and Lin. He insists that it is all a mistake, that she doesn't understand, that he must have time to think. Jane interrupts him abruptly, pointing out that the parents are waiting. Full lights come up, showing the parents still standing in their living room, with Sammy standing where the Mime had been standing with Ron and Lin.

FLASHBACK THREE

Sammy plays unconcernedly with the controls of a large toy bulldozer as Jane and Aloysius enter the living room area. The parents look silently at Aloysius, and he at them for a long moment. Aloysius tells them he has come for their decision. They sing in duet that they have signed the papers, their names and numbers, numbers and papers. They hand him the forms. He looks nervously through the papers and gives them back. He tells them that they must tell Sammy. Tenderly and quietly they say good-bye to Sammy. He continues to play with the bulldozer, oblivious. The parents slip away as Jane and Aloysius begin to argue about Aloysius's decision, standing one on each side of Sammy. Jane tells Aloysius that he has wasted his time and hers, that he is too stupid to save himself. He pleads with her to help him. He is becoming very agitated. She stamps out in a rage. There is a moment of silence as he stares after her. The lights begin to shrink inward toward Aloysius and Sammy. Aloysius cries out to Jane to come back and help him, that she is his Alter Ego, his Self. No answer. He tries to get a grip on his fear, to tell himself that things will be all right. Sammy begins to sing a nonsense chant made up of the words "names, numbers, papers" as he plays. Aloysius begins to panic, trying to figure out how to make an impossible decision. The Three

Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to follow them away. ¹¹

Numbly he goes, realizing his time is up. The music comes up and drown Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer, and snaps into a blackout.

T H E D E C I S I O N

- - -

A Chamber Opera
For Five Characters and ^Mime

- - -

Libretto By A.D. Zeigler

O P E N I N G

The house lights are still up. The Mime, wearing a childlike costume, enters through the audience from the back of the theater. He stops at the first row and turns to survey the audience, then walks up onto the stage and takes a position facing upstage. Approximately a minute after the Mime is in position onstage, the house lights go down. (During the performance, visuals appear rear-projected on scrim, depicting environmental patterns and abstracts which develop into the parts of a bulldozer.)

P R O L O G

The music begins. During the first four bars, lights come up on the Mime and Three Masked Figures in sharply creased yellow costumes. On the fifth bar, the Figures point at the Mime. They order him in mime to walk a narrow line in front of them. The Mime attempts to ignore or evade them. The lights go down. Visuals abstract confusion. Voices shout, "There's one! Grab him! In blue! A Protector! Get him! Get the Protector!" At bar seventy, a loud crash, as of a door slamming, is heard. A long pause. The music introduces Scene One.

S C E N E O N E

Lights come up in the area where the Mime and Aloysius are standing. Aloysius, in crumpled blue, looks confused and dejected. He is on an intermediate stage level.

He peers around.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Here I am....

Where am I...?

At least

I'm still alive,

I think.

Or maybe they

killed me when I

wasn't looking....

Maybe I've died.

And gone to...

heaven????

ALOYSIUS

Is THIS heaven????

They can't kill me,

ME!

Aloysius J. Morton,

Protector.

It's not permitted.*

I'm a man of great impor-

tance,

a highly valued man.

I make great decisions

every day.

I can't be dead.

JANE

(A highly melodic
laugh, offstage.)

* - lines which are rhythmically spoken

** - lines which are simply spoken

ALOYSIUS

I'm sure I would
have noticed.

What a dumb revolution.
They're not
following the guidelines.

This is the sloppiest
revolution ever.

All those Yellows
running around.

Just outrageous.

I can't believe it.

JANE

(Offstage) Yellow is
an interesting color.
Reminds one of
sunshine...

Or fire.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Like children
out to have some fun.

Fun???

Fun!!!

That's it!

We can solve this
problem right now!
Some new PuRecSecs.

(Offstage) PuRecSecs??**

Public Recreation Sections.**

Six nights a week.

Ninety five minutes.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Basketball...

volleyball,

football,

(begins to sing faster)

baseball,

handball!

Tetherball!!

Foosball!!!

We'll have a new

PuSecSeer....

(Offstage) PuSecSeer?***

(pronounce: poo-sek-seer)

Public Security Series**

To remind everyone

to just love it!

ALOYSIUS

They will have fun!

Lots of nice correct

fun. Just think

what it will do

to the family...

The neighborhood.

The school!

The...

JANE

(Offstage) Did you ever

hear the one about

the traveling revolutionary

and the football coach?

The problems you have

aren't bad enough

already???

Lights abruptly come up full on Jane, who is lounging on a fairly high level across the stage. She grins goodnaturedly and climbs down. Aloysius sees her, gawks in amazement. She pirouettes obligingly. He stares speechless for a moment.)

....

Who...

are you?

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Jane.

I'm a man of great im-
portance,

a highly vaunted man.

I make great decisions
every day.

No time to waste on....

Who

are

you?

You

ALOYSIUS

JANE

are

Aloysius J. Morton,
Protector.

Yes. ? **

I

am Jane.

Your Alter Ego.**

I'm really not a
religious person.

Churches

and altars and

those things

just aren't in

my de-

Wrong kind of altar.

Not church altar.

Alter Ego.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

It means Other Self.

So I know all about you,
and I'm everything you're
not.

You are??

I'm the reverse of you.
You're a he—I'm a she.
You're a powerful official.
I'm just here.
I'm young—you're....

And I can whistle,
ride a bike,
and stand on my head.

Opposite.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Alter Ego.

Jane.**

Are you sure of that??**

For your lifetime.**

It doesn't seem very
likely to me.

In fact I can't
recall a single regulation
about Alter Egos.
I'm sure you would
fall in Section
Four Three Eight,
Subsection A-Five,
defining PerOcs.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

PerOcs?

Permitted Occupations.*

That's the one part**

I haven't got the**

hang of yet.**

What's that?**

The acronyms.**

The what??**

Acronyms.**

Abbreviation words.**

Oh.**

What are you doing here?

The same thing you are.

You are??

Yes. Waiting for
your decision.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

My decision.

WHAT decision???

I am a man of great importance,

a highly valued man.

I make great decisions

every day.

I've changed*

hundreds of lives.*

That's what your
decision's about.

WHAT??*

Your decision,
your decision,
is the same one

ALOYSIUS

JANE

you have given
all those other people.
About accepting
resecurity.

Nonsense. I know
all about resecurity.

I'm a
Protector of the State.
As a matter of fact,
a PROTECTOR, class nine.

Class nine.

Personality

Re-adjustment

Officer

To

Enhance

ALOYSIUS

Clearance for

Terminal

Official

Resecurity,

class

nine.

That's very high,**

you know.**

Pardon?***

Anyway, these Yellows

just don't understand.

They don't appreciate

JANE

class

nine.

A person could get high**

just repeating**

a title like that.**

Nothing, nothing.**

ALOYSIUS

the great skill
of a person like myself.

Yes, yes.*

Exactly.*

What's this decision

business?

You haven't even

told me which

regulation is

involved.

I must have order here.*

JANE

A person who
understands decisions.

Like the decision
you must make
now.

It's very simple.*

ALOYSIUS

JANE

No regulation applies.

The regulations are gone.

The revolution has

replaced them with

nothing.

You have been given

the same choice,

the same choice

you gave others---

accept resecurity

or be destroyed.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

That's not a very nice**

way to put it.**

Resecurity is

a very fine thing,

a necessary tool

for progress and order.

I've cleared a lot of people.

Have you ever seen one

through,

to the end?

Certainly not.

I have a**

great many other things**

to do, dedisions**

to make.**

ALOYSIUS

(He fades out, led
away by the Mime.)

JANELINRONFLASHBACK ONE

(Sprechstimme)

Yes. Decisions to make
like the one you offered
to Ron and Lin Everett.

You remember them.

(The Parents, Ron and Lin, are sitting on
straight chairs, facing a lectern.)

What do you think
is going to happen?

And their little boy, Sammy.

They came in on a

Regulation Nine

Seven Three.

No explanation.

Just a summons.

I
just can't think
of anything we've done.
Regulation Nine
Seven Three
means nothing to
me.
And all that jargon
on the door.

JANE

Names and papers.

Fill in the

blanks and

sign.

Names and papers.

(She fades out.)

LIN

But this is

a Protector's office,

isn't it?

There must be some

mistake.

Don't you think?

They don't really care

about painters and scholars,

except to approve

whatever we do.

RON

They checked so

thoroughly our

names and papers.

LIN

RON

It must be something

I did in a paper—

forgot a memo,

missed someone's title.

They never say anything

about paintings.

You haven't used

a wrong color

somehow?

Peach? Umber? Yellow?

No, no. I've

always been so careful.

About the width of lines,

and angles, too.

At your neighborhood

LIN

meeting?***

RON

Nothing.*

My name, my number.

Number and name.

Signed my work paper.

No, nothing.*

Mine was the same.*

My name, my number.

Numbers and papers

Papers and names.

Nothing.*

ALOYSIUS

(This entire speech

is rhythmically

(Aloysius enters with a handful of papers.)

ALOYSIUS

LIN

RON

spoken.)

Names, numbers, papers,
names.

I'm a highly valued man,
a very busy man.

No time to waste
on mixups and mistakes.

You must have a name,
you must have a number.

Where are your papers?

Summons!

Ronald Everett.

Linda Everett.

Regulation Nine Seven Three.

A serious charge.

(Ron and Lin hand over their papers, which Aloysius
examines and returns.)

We don't understand.

We don't understand.

ALOYSIUS

What is your answer?

How do you plead?

You must know the

laws.

The laws are

serious.

A serious charge.

The subject is Samuel,

same address,

same last name,

a child.

LIN

What does it

mean?

A mixup of papers.

Sammy!

You can't mean....

But he's just

a child.

Yes, yes.

It's a mistake.

Surely

RON

It must

be a

mistake.

Our Sammy?

He's only

a child.

We must remain calm.

Don't get

upset. Let us

explain.

ALOYSIUS

No comments

allowed.

You must make a decision.

The law is clear.

The regulation is here.

You must fill in these forms.

Names and numbers.

The child is in question.

You must give
a full account.

You must answer
a serious question.

A serious charge.

Licensed teachers only
are permitted
to teach children.

LIN

we can....

RON

Easy, easy.

(Aloysius hands the Parents voluminous forms.)

We've always tried

to give him

things to

make him want to know.

Tried to teach him

to understand this

world.

We've played with him.

and walked with him.

And read to him.

We're just

ALOYSIUS

Regulation Four One Six.

The law is clear.

You must

know the law.

You must be registered.

Where are your papers?

Numbers and names.

Humanitarians must be registered.

Three Nine Seven.

The law is clear.

A regulation covers it.

Eight Four One

Painting walls is

not permitted.

LIN

...We're not
humanitarians.

...You see,
I'm a painter.
I don't paint walls.**
I paint pictures.**
I'm an artist,**
with colors and brushes**
on canvas.**

RON

parents,
not teachers. Can't
you understand?

My field
is the
humanities....

We only care
about our child.

ALOYSIUS

You must answer the
accusation.

You received
the Summons.

How do you plead?

The choice is yours.

The law is clear.

Accept resecurity
or the other.

A social readjustment
in careful lessons,
well reinforced,
a positive approach.
You know the other.

LIN

RON

This is all a mistake.**

What accusation?

We don't understand.

The summons says nothing.

What is the choice?

ALOYSIUS

We wouldn't care to
have to use it.

Such a lovely child**
to be an orphan**
at so young an age.**
We'll send him home**
while you decide.**
The child is yours.*
The choice is yours.*
Sign the papers.*
Names and numbers.*
Numbers and papers.*
The choice is yours.*
The time is short.*
(He exits to a darkened
part of the stage.)

LIN

Where is our child?

RON

Where is our child?

He can't

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

hold my child

like bait!

SCENE TWO

(Aloysius and Jane reappear in their former positions.)

A legal

(sprechstimme)

You remember.

ransom!

It's all a question

It's one death

of great decisions,

or another!

highly valued things.

I guess we'll have to
think about it.

(Ron and Lin fade out.)

My time is highly valued.

People don't appreciate

all the training,

all that time.

(sings)

But time is running out,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

down, away.

You must
step into their shoes,
face their pain.

Pain is not my job.

You still don't understand.

Resecurity is

my business.

My life's work.

Nothing personal, of course,
about the people.

They value themselves
too much.

They should have realized

ALOYSIUS

JANE

they couldn't live like that
and have it last.

They must face
the real world,
and learn to live
in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep*
quite soundly,*
thank you.*

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes

ALOYSIUS

JANE

and plans.

Well, of course,

one would always like...

a season ticket to
the football games,
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.

And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little**
more interesting.**

Perhaps just one new decree,**
a rule to be the end of rules:**
if you're going to breathe,**

ALOYSIUS

(He fades out)

JANE

don't make a habit of it.**

Oh, Aloysius,**

smile a bit.**

Let's pretend

you have a heart.

We're all dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

misty laws and tests,

things that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine romping horses

or old barns

(The mime begins to interpret as she sings,

beginning very freely, but ending as if

trapped and crushed.)

ALOYSIUSJANE

laid soft to rest
by time and weight of snow,
birch trees reaching quietly
along the river.
Rabbits here think
modest thoughts of lunch,
a crow drowns in a bush.
Here's the place
for real plaid jackets
worn comfortable
by real people.
People's dreams are more
to them than jelly in a jar,
more consequential than
these traps of words.
You make a child
a baited barb to kill the heart.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

I offer no child of yours
to bait decisive hooks,
just time,
beyond the catch of pow'r.
Your cant and ranting
just fade to numbers,
not faces.
No numbers needed.
The decision is yours.
You know the choices.
You know the time.
Your time is near.

A little more time
to make all my
important decisions.
Fewer people

ALOYSIUS

JANE

whining at my desk.

Just have the papers.

Just have the laws.

A quiet sunny desk,

with no people's gripes.

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me?

Just give me peace!

I haven't come here**

to cheer the revolution,**

just to tell the time.**

The time to think,**

ALOYSIUS

It'll all be over
in a day or two,
Then back to work.
We'll be so far behind.
Names and numbers.
Numbers and papers.

JANE

the time to decide.**

But numbers and papers
can't be killed,
can't be made secure.
What will you say
when you enter your office
and meet a highly valued
man in yellow
sitting at your desk?

It couldn't come to that.

A man who remembers

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

the cries of pain,
the final silence
of those who must decide.

We never torture
anyone at all.

It's their choice.

Just my job.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

That's my only interest--*

Not decisions.*

You'll have to
get interested
in decisions.

Just as Ron
and Lin were
interested in

FLASHBACK TWO

(Lights come up on a living room scene with Ron
and Lin. Aloysius and Jane begin to fade out.)

We should probably
eat something.

ALOYSIUS

What decision?

Just take the paper,
sign their names.

Thinking

wastes time.

(Aloysius and Jane fade out entirely)

JANE

their decision.

Very interested.

And you haven't got much

time. Less time than

Ron and Lin.

LIN

It's getting late.

We've gone

over and over

this for hours.

I still don't

understand.

It can't be true.

They must mean

something else.

He went to bed.

Tired of playing

with his bulldozer,

RON

Where's Sammy? He was
in the other room
a while ago.

LIN

and no one to
talk to.

RON

What do you think
they'll do with him?
He's just a boy.

(agitated and sarcastic)

Just a name.

Just a number.

At least he won't
have to decide.

Let's not start that
again. The Protector
will be here soon.
We have to decide.
We have no choice.
We have no time.

LIN

Decide!

What kind of decision
is it? Have our child,
our home,
our jobs taken.
Sit and wait
until they get
to our numbers.

RON

Or accept resecurity.

Have our minds wiped out.

New thoughts, new hopes,
new loyalties.

A supervised life.

Which will it be, my dear?

Which will it be?

A living death with Sammy
still alive somewhere,

LINRON

or final death
and who knows what
for him.

Maybe it's not really*
a serious thing we did.*

The summons says*
he's a Protector.*

Maybe we'll just have*
to go to retraining*
every week.*

Retraining is police*
and caseworkers.*
It must be real.*

It seems like years
since we got the summons.

It feels like a dream.
a nightmare, running,
running, voices laughing,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Just a few hours ago.

yelling,

Just a few moments left.

"Decide! Decide!"

What a wreck

Safety gets

our life's become

further away

a shadow match with...

the faster we run.

with nothing.

What to do—die or die.

Become a mindless number

or be removed.

If we sign the paper

we'll have each other.

If we don't, blackness

and maybe peace.

We must decide....

The time....

SCENE THREE

(Aloysius and Jane reappear.)

Names and numbers,**

numbers and papers.**

It still comes down**

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

to time.**

The time....

Time to think.**

Time to decide.**

(Lin and Ron fade out, as the Mime joins them.)

You must decide.

They can't make your choice.

I can't make it for you.

The choice is yours.

Time is short.

You must decide.

You're making this up.

It's not this bad.

They just don't realize.

Anyway,

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

it's not so simple.

I have so many things

to consider.

I'm a highly valued man.

But highly valued men
get tossed aside, you know.

The choice is yours.

We can't take this
lightly.

The choice is yours.

It's true there's the
matter of results.

A serious charge.

Accepting resecurity
has certain results.

How do you plead?

Highly valued results.

ALOYSIUS

The reduction
is total.
A final agreement,
no matter with what
(slowly)
I'm a man
of great
im-per-tance,
a highly
valued....

How can they do this?***

It's all a mistake.**

I don't believe it.**

I'll have to think**

JANE

Your time is coming.
The time is soon.
What are your values?
The matter is time.
(rapidly)
The matter is choice.
The choice must be made.
What do you value?
The decision is yours.
The time...the time!

ALOYSIUS

about it. I must**

think about it....**

JANE

The time is coming.

The forms are waiting.

The choice

is yours.

....

I must tell you.

Your time is up.

I have to ask you...

LINRONFLASHBACK THREE

(Full lights come up. Ron and Lin are in the same positions as at the end of Flashback Two. Sammy stands with them, where the Mime had stood, playing with the controls of a large toy bulldozer. Ron and Lin look subdued and exhausted. A long moment of silence while they just look at Aloysius. He and Jane enter the living room area.)

....

Hello.

....

Come in.

ALOYSIUS

your choice.

JANELINRON

We signed

the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers

Numbers and names.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and papers.

We signed the papers,

our numbers and names.

Names and numbers.

Numbers and names.

Names and numbers,

Numbers and papers.

Your names and numbers.

It's so much better.

We know you'll...

think it better.

Numbers and names.

(The Parents hand over the forms to Aloysius. He looks nervously at the forms and the parents, and hands the forms back.)

ALOYSIUS

You understand.

The choice

is better....

The little boy.

You'll have to

tell him.

JANELINRON

Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we love you

Sammy...Sammy...

you know we care.

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

...Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we love you.

...Sammy...Sammy...

you know we care.

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

You will

be with others.

You'll have to forget
our ways. You'll have
to learn again.

Sammy...Sammy...

you know we

love

you.

Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we care.

But now

our time is

up.

The choice is made.

You will

be with others.

You must forget
our ways, and
learn again.

...Sammy...Sammy...

you know we

love

you.

Sammy...Sammy...

you know

we care.

But now

our time is

up.

The choice is made.

ALOYSIUSJANELINRON

Sammy...

Sammy...

Sammy...

Sammy...

(Sammy simply plays with his toy bulldozer,
oblivious. The Parents slip away quietly as
Aloysius and Jane, one on either side of
Sammy, begin to argue.)

Why do they look so,

so dead. Their eyes.

Like zombies.

I don't understand.

ALOYSIUS

Why do they
make me
feel this way?

JANE

That's what they all look like
when they've decided.
All of them.
What did you expect?

The boy.

Why does he just
play like that?
He should
say something.

What should he say?

I don't know....
It's not my job

ALOYSIUS

to know these things....

I have other skills.

I....

JANE

I think you talk too much.

Great decisions are made
in silence.

How do you plead?

Answer the

questions,

fill in the forms.

We must have order here.

You must make

your decision.

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.**

ALOYSIUS

JANE

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me.

It's like the darkness,
the cold winter nights,
with no one there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

My time's been wasted.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

My time is up.

(She exits angrily. Aloysius looks after her in bewilderment and fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward Aloysius and Sammy.)

No,

no.

Wait.

Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you.

ALOYSIUS

You're my Alter Ego.

My self.

You HAVE to help me.

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

I must decide.

The time is coming.

(Sammy begins to sing a nonsense chant
made up of the words and phrases, "names,
numbers, papers," as he plays, oblivious,
with the toy bulldozer.)

ALOYSIUS

I must make

my decision.

The time...the time.

Resecurity or death.

Help me, someone.

I must decide,

decide....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers, the papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time....

....

(Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the Three Masked Figures in yellow appear and beckon Aloysius to come away with them. Numbly Aloysius follows them off. The light shrinks to a spot on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer, and snaps into a blackout.)

N.B. The fully scored opera is available for inspection in the School of Music.

BUT WHERE ARE THE ELEPHANTS?

--Some Slightly Jaundiced Comments On Libretto Writing--

When I first began discussing the possibility of doing an opera with Composer Sherman Himmelblau, it all seemed so simple. I would just whip off the scenario and libretto. He would just whip off the score. And presto! However, as George Gershwin has it, "It ain't necessarily so." The actual time from the start of serious discussions to the final fully-scored product was one year and seven months. It was not exactly the all-time land speed record, but on the other hand, we all lived to tell about it.

Much has been made by critics and music historians of the supposed bad feeling engendered between a composer and librettist by the writing of an opera. I can't imagine where they could get that opinion--unless it's from incidents such as the occasion in the Missoula House of Pancakes when I attempted to nail Sherman with a plate of strawberry crepes over some lead lines for a characterization. But what's a little fit of temperament between friends? If we weren't both under five feet tall, things might have been considerably worse during all three stages of the work.

During the scenario phase, the problems were ones of technical knowledge--Sherman's lack of expertise in language struc-

tures and poetry, and mine in contemporary musical composition. We've both had some experience in theater technique, so we proceeded merrily from there on the assumption that between the two of us, everything was well in hand. Put in a small chuckle in E above high C.

My first move was to immerse myself (me, the Bach freak) in twentieth-century music—Villa-Lobos, Stravinsky, Carter, Britten, Himmelblau,—to get a grasp of the general types of phrasing I would be working with, and the kinds of instrumental qualities that would surround the singing characters. I concentrated on instruments with solo qualities which step from note to note as the singing voice steps from syllable to syllable. My education in contemporary libretto had also been sorely neglected until then, and if I never hear Menotti's "The Consul" again....

My background in film and contemporary drama and dance was not exactly suited to the \$3 million, cast-of-thousands approach. So our first decision was to restrict ourselves to chamber-size opera. We stayed basically with Sherman's suggestion of four characters (Aloysius, the protagonist; Jane, his alter ego, the antagonist; and Ron and Lin, the parents and victims). We added young Sammy in person only for the final scene, and a Dancer/Mime to make some transitions.

The development of the basic plot was a schizophrenia-inducing experience. Writing an opera about power and the loss

thereof was thoroughly hair-raising when all the full glories of Watergate burst forth (or asunder) in the final revision period. Fortunately I was concerned with the psychology, not the politics, of decision-making, and on death and not votes as a psychological inhibitor. So we persevered.

Once we had the basic plot sketch of a science fiction society in the throes of a revolution, my main problems began. There were questions of scene progressions, tempo, characterization, and the constant need to balance the changing characters of Aloysius and Jane, the Alter Ego. (To say nothing of having to decide on names and titles—Aloysius was at various points The Educator, The Enlightener, and, finally, The Protector.) I also had to come up with some technical suggestions to make the opera performable, and if possible, relatively portable. What to do about the scenery situation? We decided that a judicious use of rear projection would eliminate the need for conventional sets, plus giving the singers room to move more easily around the stage. Since our original concept included the use of various "levels", concerns arose regarding singers moving, or even tarzanning, from one level to another. So we designated various areas with lighting, between which the action would move. This use of high and low levels would give visual emphasis to the reduction of Aloysius's self-image, without the need for large staging areas and scene breaks.

Finally the working scenario was essentially finished. I had some idea of Sherman's basic expectations in terms of language structures, and we had our first deadline—finish the scoring draft of the libretto before Sherman left for the Aspen Music Festival at the end of May.

So, in early spring, the first trial balloons for the opening scenes went up. And promptly got shot down by Sherman. Back to the drawing board. And back. And back.

By mid-April I had finished the first drafts of all six scenes of the libretto—the first full working draft of the real thing. Only four months' work.

Whereupon we entered the second phase. The painful part. For two months we worked the libretto over, making cuts. From an original first draft of eighty pages, we were down to fifty pages when Sherman and I parted in Aspen. Scene Three and Flashback Three were barely present. The Parents, Ron and Lin, were mere shadows of their former verbose selves, and I had made an enemy of the painter on whom Lin, the Mother, was originally based. All I heard in the ensuing four months was that Scene Two was no-go and that Sherman was getting married. That was nice, but hummm....

Finally the problem of Scene Two was resolved by a complete rewrite of that part of the opera. By the middle of Scene Two

Aloysius had been onstage and singing continuously for twenty minutes. Something had to give, and it would most likely be Aloysius. So the wishing duet between Aloysius and Jane became a dreaming sequence by Jane, with interpretation by the Mime, to give Aloysius a chance to get off stage, have a sip of water and sit down for a few seconds. My first rewrite of the scene turned out in scoring to provide not much more than a few seconds. Back to the drawing board. Jane was left just sort of standing there singing to herself. Not terrifically dramatic, but it had possibilities. Hmmm.... Add on a little routine about the less appetizing aspects of brainwashing? No, that would foul up the tempo of Flashback Two. Rant and rave about power in the hands of idiots. Too much like the daily news, and wouldn't go well with Scene Three. Hmmm.... I did a lot of hmmm....ing during this period, and finally decided to take the central imagery from a poem in my portfolio which wasn't doing too well on its own. With a little genteel re-arranging of the imagery at the end of Flashback Three, I had a sequence between Jane and the Mime which prefigured Aloysius ending lines, and gave Aloysius a full five seconds of sit-down time. (See Appendix "A".)

Which brought us to the third phase, final scoring of the libretto (not that Sherman hadn't been working on parts of it all along). During this part I mostly cried and pleaded in

vain. Some of my best lines were wiped out by an oboe and a snare drum. There was no way the final libretto could be confused with a play. The music took over for what had been entire pages of mood material and character interplay. Lighting and entrance/exit cues chopped out more. Two of my best jokes in Scene One were gone. Everything fell victim to the critical concern for keeping the performance time down to forty-five minutes. My original rotund babe was trimmed to well under dramatic fighting weight. Then, to make life interesting, someone wanted Jane brought back on at the end of the opera, after Aloysius's final exit. Impossible, I told them. Impossible, I told Sherman. Impossible, he stormed. Impossible, they wailed. Some people can't take a hint.

This is, of course, the phase during which we handed over the various scores to music copyists and typists. The music copyist turned out to never have done music copying before, and evidently never to have seen music before. This is not to be recommended. About every six pages in the performers' rehearsal scores something was left out, repeated, put in the wrong key or tempo, given to the wrong singer, etc., etc., ad nauseum. The vocal typist turned out to be me. (The regular typist had gone on vacation.) And of course the singers, directors, musicians, designers, technicians and cheering section all wanted their rehearsal scores immediately if not sooner.

And, just to keep its hand in it, the scheduling office for the theater changed the dates—three times!—and the theater in which the performance would take place. Conflicts of scheduling, you know.

Since I was supposed to run interference with the people who were doing the rear-projected slide scenery, I didn't exactly endear the notion of opera to various photographers and darkroom technicians. And when I had to give them the word that due to the rehearsal schedule the whole thing was probably going to be done strictly with lighting.... Well, Fred may never speak to me again.

But as with any other circus, the show must go on, opening night coronaries no object.

So when Sherman asked me the other day if I wanted to write another opera this year, I did the only graceful thing I could think of—laughed right in his face.

And asked when the deadline was.

Viewing the process retrospectively, I suggest that my main concerns as a librettist, despite various incidental traumas, were the ones I consistently encounter as a poet—compression and accessibility.

Contemporary poetry makes various demands on language.

Compression rather than expansion of imagery is demanded. Contemporary music for opera use also makes demands for the excision of unnecessary words and phrases, for a more controlled non-metric syntax, coupled with a concentration on specific linguistic structures to create and reinforce imagery by use of sound patterns which the poet manipulates. The few carefully-chosen words must carry their own weight, not demanding excess baggage of verbal decoration. Combining the compression of language with the compressed nature of contemporary music, the librettist in a more demanding way than the poet must consider the accessibility of the material.

The playwright has the simplified task of presenting his work in spoken prose with action—the common currency of his audience. Various verbal liberties can be taken if the dramatist pleases, because the performed work can be slowed or various phrases interpreted with visual business or expressions of voice. The librettist's material will be controlled very strictly by the music, both vocal and instrumental. A singer cannot slow a song independently of the orchestra and other singers, for the sake of clarity. Further, since singers often do not have the acting training and experience of their prose-speaking colleagues, staging must be considered in new ways. Unrealistic demands on the singers can destroy a production. An actor may deliver lines standing on his head at the top of a ladder. A

soprano may well come after the librettist with a fire axe for the same piece of staging.

The matter of concentration is also of some concern to the librettist, in terms of the singers as well as of the audience. The repetition which makes the plot and characterization more accessible to the audience makes the work more difficult for the singer to learn. A highly complex piece of contemporary music makes great demands on the singer, and the dramatic demands of the libretto add to the need for clarity in order to aid the singer's concentration. Further, the general lack of exposure of musical audiences to the cutting edge of contemporary music makes a forty-five minute opera a significant demand on the audience's concentration. To the "what is going on" of the words and actions is added the "what is going on" of sophisticated orchestral and vocal music. Everything must be blended into a musical whole which is technically performable and capable of conveying the intentions of the composer and librettist as well as the interpretations of the performing personnel.

What does all this mean to the librettist? First and foremost it means an unrelenting demand for clarity, both of words and of narrative and psychological structures. It must involve simple diction, reduced vocabulary, careful manipulation of verbal temp and stage action, repetition, and a clear, straight-

forward narrative line in the plot. The librettist and composer must make their intentions clear to the musical personnel and the audience.

The poem must answer in spoken words and the pauses between them for whatever drama, lyricism, evocative impression, or rhythmic subtlety it is striving for. No one with a violin can bail out the poem. The libretto, on the other hand, must express itself plainly and evocatively as part of something more. A libretto is made of words which were written to be heard as they are sung, not to be read separately. What can be done more effectively with music should be taken out of the written libretto. It is obviously wasteful to demand mood-setting language to do double duty with mood-setting music, visuals, actions and lighting. These other elements are all more direct communicators of mood than words are. So they should be called upon by the librettist and composer to carry a share of the dramatic work.

Yet the librettist depends utterly on the composer to make his linguistic ambitions work. The composer must see clearly from the early drafts of the libretto what it is the librettist is driving at, and what can be done more forcefully and clearly in music and what more clearly in words and actions. For example, in the initial drafts of "The Decision" I had to write out in monolog and dialog a tremendous amount of the emotional "mood" of the last scene between Aloysius and Jane, so that Sherman

could see what kind of scene I was after. Eight pages of speech in the early drafts ended in three pages of the final libretto copied from the score of the opera. (See appendix "B".)

The poet's concerns are for imagery, timing and phrasing. These are also the concerns of the composer. The two artists cannot independently produce finished libretto and finished score. Each is dependent on the knowledge of the other's talents and inclinations. Each works under a double set of expectations—one's own and the other person's. The poet cannot expect to do everything in words, and the musician cannot expect to cover everything musically. In the early drafts of "The Decision", the parents' farewell to Sammy consisted of a few lines from each parent before the quiet slipping away. So Sherman took the lines and made them into something more dramatically interesting—a duet. This also made the ensuing dialog between Jane and Aloysius more powerful, emphasizing the distance between the couples. This musical treatment of the farewell made my point clear by changing its structure to a more musically structured form. (See Appendix "C".)

In the original scenario, or in the initial adaptation of a work in another genre, the librettist must experiment with saying things which will later be "said" in other ways. These early drafts are in the nature of an exploration of the basic materials of the opera and are open to a considerable freedom

of language and dramatic structure. Of course the librettist who is adapting a work from another genre has certain limitations on his basic narrative structure. Since "The Decision" was original as a scenario, and not adapted, I didn't have to deal with whatever technical problems are entailed by adaptation. "The Sentry", the opera on which I am currently working in the scenario stage, is an adaptation. However, it is adapted from a short story by me, so of course I have no compunctions about changing anything. A much handier situation than that faced by most librettists. I can survive with my ego very much intact after severe cutting of the piece since I don't have to defend my interpretation of someone else's work. The opera must in the end be a unified and independent work of itself, not a piece of accompanied drama.

The poet is limited to communicating solely with the spoken word, heightening or depressing the mood or action by basically verbal means. The playwright adds physical action to his means of communicating. The librettist and composer add instrumental music, pure singing, chanting, sprechstimme, rhythmic speech and humming to say additionally some of what the early drafts had to say verbally.

Naturally, the librettist does not do all of this independently, nor does the composer. Each must assist the other at each step of the process. The librettist must be able to

defend his work and at the same time assist the composer in making some smooth transitions from verbal to non-verbal expressions. The composer may not have the verbal skills to smooth over or patch up a severely amputated scene, and must depend on the librettist to understand his musical intentions. The librettist who cannot read music (heaven forbid) would have to depend on the composer's compassion and gracious consideration (the composer's what???) during the various revisions, putting the burden on the composer to say exactly what he wants in the verbal element of the opera. The basic idea each of the artists has of the opera must be combined in some sort of graceful way. Cooperation certainly, but not of the master-and-slave variety. The composer may have the upper hand in controlling the final product, but he also must bow to skills in others. And the greater number of skills each artist has to bring to the relationship, the greater freedom the opera has to grow into a well-made independent creation.

As a case in point, the knowledge and experience of each artist in the technology of theater production can add ideas and insights into the basic thrust of the work and provide means of expressing the work in the most felicitous ways. The librettist has a freer hand with visual drama by the use of modern theater technology. The need for prolonged inter-

cludes for scene changes has been removed by the electronic fade-over of rear-projected scenery. If a break is wanted, it can be provided, but it needn't be dictated by the set. Action and visual elements of the production are necessary informational factors in sung drama, as Joseph Kerman¹ and Ronald E. Mitchell² point out, in terms of both the well-made composition and the well-made production. These can be enhanced by the judicious use of technological expertise by both the librettist and the composer.

Somehow the librettist must acknowledge all of these diverse and competing elements, and though embroiled in debate over the sibilance of "must" and the awkward "a" sound in "have to", he has to consider the overall consequences of a thousand points of poetic technique, musical composition technique, dramatic technique, lighting and staging technique, as well as the calls from photographers and copyists, and the rising price of antacids.

1. Opera As Drama, Vintage, 1966.

2. Opera—Dead Or Alive, University of Wisconsin Press, 1970.

What else could

they expect.

They have to face

the real world

and learn to live

in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled

at things like this.

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep

quite soundly, thanks.

I mean the wishes

of the secret heart,

the little hopes

APPENDIX "A"

APPENDIX "A"

and plans.

Well, of course

one would always like...

Perhaps a season ticket
~~a little larger house,~~
to the football games
some year,
 a nicer desk,

a little more importance.

And perhaps from time

to time a new decree

to make life a little

more interesting.

Perhaps just one new rule,

a rule to be the end of rules:

if you're going to breathe,

don't make a habit of it.

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

~~Perhaps a season ticket~~

The Dancer's dream song begins.

~~to the football games~~

~~some year....~~

Let's just pretend

you have a heart.

We're all just dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment,

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

musty laws and tests

that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy-romping horses,

or old barns

laid soft to rest

~~A little nicer car....~~

by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant

and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

A little more time  by real people?

to make all my People's dreams

important decisions, are not just

fewer people jelly in a jar.

whining on my desk. You make a child

Oh, just to be rid a baited barb to kill the heart.

of people's gripes. Are you that little boy again,

Just have the papers a showing how much tougher

and the laws. you can be

A quiet sunny desk, than a starving puppy

a library, on a string.

an assistant. I have no child

No names, just numbers. to bait this hook,

Numbers and papers. just the dash of time

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me.

Just give me peace!

*a little more time...!
just give me peace!*

beyond the catch of power.

No numbers needed.

The decision's yours.

You know the choices.

You know the time.

Your time is coming.

.....

I haven't come here

to cheer the revolution,

just to tell the time.

The time to think,

the moment to decide.

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in as if from all sides, collapsing into a blackout. A moment of silence.

This revolution stuff's

all nonsense anyway,

a lot of energy

and noise for nothing.

ALOYSIUS

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Dream? I sleep
quite soundly, thanks.

Well, of course
one would always like...
perhaps a season ticket
to the football games
some year,
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.
And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little
more interesting.

JANE

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes
and plans.

Perhaps just one new rule,
a rule to be the end of rules;
if you're going to breathe,
don't make a habit of it.

The Dancer's Dream Song begins.

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Let's just pretend
you have a heart.
We're all just dreamers
in this place anyway.
For a moment,
close your mind,
the closet full of numbers,
musty laws and tests
that never dream,
that never breathe or run.
Imagine grassy-romping horses,
or old barns
laid soft to rest
by time and weight of snows.
Does all this cant
and ranting ever translate
into real plaid jackets
worn comfortable
by real people?
People's dreams
are not just
jelly in a jar.
You make a child
a baited barb to kill the heart.
Are you that little boy again,
chewing how much tougher

ALOYCIUS

JANE

you can be
than a starving puppy
on a string.
I offer no child
to bait this hook,
just the dash of time
beyond the catch of power.
No numbers needed.
The decisions yours.
You know the choices.
You know the time.
Your time is coming.

A little more time,
to make all my
important decisions.
Fewer people
whining on my desk.
Oh, just to be rid
of people's gripes.
Just have the papers
and the laws,
A quiet sunny desk,
a library,
an assistant.
No names, just numbers.
Numbers and papers.

ALOYSIUS

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me?

Just give me peace!

JANE

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in
as if from all sides, collapsing into a
blackout. A moment of silence.

.....

.....

I haven't come here

(etc.)

ALOYSIUS

I'm highly skilled
at things like this.

Dream? I sleep
quite soundly, thanks.

Well, of course
one would ~~always~~ like...
perhaps a ~~season~~ ticket
to the football games
~~some year,~~
a nicer desk,
a little more importance.
And perhaps from time
to time a new decree
to make life a little
more interesting.

JANE

Aloysius?

Do you ever dream?

I mean the wishes
of the secret heart,
the little hopes
and plans.

Perhaps just one new ~~rule~~^{decree},
a rule to be the end of rules:
if you're going to breathe,
don't make a habit of it.

The Dancer's Dream Song begins.

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

} spoken
{ spoken

ALOYSIUS

JANE

Let's ~~just~~ pretend
you have a heart.
We're all ~~just~~ dreamers
in this place anyway.

For a moment,
close your mind,
the closet full of numbers,
musty laws and tests,

things that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy-romping horses,
or old barns

laid soft to rest
by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant
and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets
worn comfortable

by real people?

People's dreams
are not just

jelly in a jar.

You make a child

a baited barb to kill the heart.

Are you that little boy again,

showing how much tougher

rew. 2

....

Imagine ~~grassy~~ romping horses

or old barns

laid soft to rest

by time and weight of snow,

birch trees reaching quietly

along the river.

Rabbits here think

modest thoughts of lunch,

a crow drowns in a bush.

Here's the place

for real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

by real ^{people} ~~children~~

~~women can dream freely.~~

People's dreams are more

to them than jelly in a jar,

more consequential than

these traps of words.

You make a child

a baited barb to kill the heart.

I offer no child of yours

to bait decisive hooks,

just time,

beyond the catch of power.

Your cant and ranting

just fade to numbers

not to faces.

No numbers needed.

The dec is you.
y kn th chse
E " " tm
Lp tre is not.

You must face your choice.

You know the choice.

You know the time.

Your time is coming.

.....

ALOYSIUS

JANE

you can be
 than a starving puppy
 on a string.
 I offer no child
 to bait this hook,
 just the dash of time
 beyond the catch of power.
 No numbers needed.
 The decisions yours.
 You know the choices.
 You know the time.
 Your time is coming.

A little more time,
 to make all my
 important decisions.

Fewer people
 whining ^{at} on my desk.

~~Oh, just to be rid~~
~~of people's gripes.~~

Just have the papers
^{just have}
~~and~~ the laws.

A quiet sunny desk,
^{with no people's gripes}
~~a library,~~
~~an assistant.~~

~~No names, just numbers.~~

~~Numbers and papers.~~

ALOYSIUS

Enough of other people

with their wishes,

lies and hopes.

Their dreams are hopeless.

Why should they bother me?

Just give me peace!

==
--

JANE

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in
as if from all sides, collapsing into a
blackout. A moment of silence.

.....

.....

~~I haven't come here~~

~~(etc.)~~

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

and learn to live

in it or die.

It's nothing personal.

It's just my job.

I'm highly skilled

Aloysius?

at things like this.

Do you ever dream?

Dream? I sleep

quite soundly, thank you

I mean the wishes

of the secret heart,

the little hopes

and plans.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Well, of course,

one would always like

season ticket,
a little larger house,

a nicer desk,

a little more importance.

And perhaps from time

to time a new decree

to make life a little

more interesting.

see rewrite

Perhaps just one new rule,

a rule to be the end of rules:

if you're going to breathe,

don't make a habit of it.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

Oh, Aloysius,

smile a bit.

Perhaps a season ticket

Let's just pretend

to the football games

you have a heart.

some year.....

We're all just dreamers

in this place anyway.

For a moment,

close your mind,

the closet full of numbers,

musty laws and tests

that never dream,

that never breathe or run.

Imagine grassy, romping horses,

A spot light comes up on the Dancer, and the dream song
begins.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

or old barns

laid soft to rest

A little nicer car....

by time and weight of snows.

Does all this cant

and ranting ever translate

into real plaid jackets

worn comfortable

A little more time

by real people?

to make all my

People's dreams

important decisions,

are not just

fewer people

jelly in a jar.

whining on my desk.

You make a child

Oh, just to be rid

a baited barb to kill the heart.

ALCYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

of people's gripes.

Are you that little boy again,

Just to have the papers

showing how much tougher

and the laws.

you can be

A quiet sunny desk,

than a starving puppy

a library,

on a string.

an assistant.

I have no child

No names, just numbers.

to bait this hook,

Numbers and papers.

just the dash of time

Enough of other people

beyond the catch of power.

with their wishes,

No numbers needed.

lies and hopes.

The decision's yours.

Their dreams are hopeless.

You know the choices.

Why should they bother me?

You know the time.

The dance ends with the Dancer, pressed in as if from all
sides, collapsing into a blackout. A moment of silence.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

(Just give me peace!) (Your time is coming.)

.....

I haven't come here
to cheer the revolution,
just to tell the time.

The time to think,
^{time}
the ~~moment~~ to decide.

spoken

~~This revolution stuff is~~

~~all nonsense anyway,~~

~~a lot of energy~~

~~and noise for nothing.~~

It'll all be over

in a day or two,

no.
76

a *cresc*
last. They must face the real world and learn to live in it, or

p cresc. *mf*

a [660] *mp*
die. It's no-thing person-al, it's just my job. I high-ly skill
at

[660] *mp*

mp [665]
A - lo - y-sius, do you e - ver dream?

a things like that. Dream?

[665]

f *a*

dolce

I mean the wish-es of the se-cret

I sleep quite soundly, thank you.

mf *p*

J. *A.*

heart. The lit-tle hopes and plans.

Well, of

mf *p*



a

675

course, one would al - ways like per-haps a

675

f

A.

680

sea-son tic-ket to the foot-ball games, a ni - cer desk, a

680

mf

A.

lit-tle more im- por - tance. And per-haps from time to time, a

p

685

Perhaps just one new decree: a rule to be the end of rules: If you're going to breathe, don't make a habit of it. Oh, Aloysius, smile a bit. *mp* *cap.* Let's pre-tend

a new de- cree. To make life a little more interesting.

685

mp

690

you have a heart. We're all dream-ers in this place an-y-way.

690

mp

695

For a mo-ment close your mind. The clo-set

695

mp *pp* *p*

82.
30

700

full of num- bers. Must - y laws and tes

mf *f* *mp*

705

things that ne - ver dream, that ne - ver breathe or run.

fp *f*

710

Im - a - gine romp-ing hor- ses, or

mf *mp* *mf*

81
(pp 82-83
112 © P. 70)

715

old barns laid soft to rest by time 716 and weight of snow.

Birch trees reach- ing qui- et - ly a- long the ri - ver.

720

Rab - bits here think mo- dest thoughts a crow of lunch,



725

drow-ses in a bush. 725 Here's the place for

CRE SC.

real plaid jac-kets worn com - for-ta-ble by

mf pp

74.
x83

114

730

real peo-ple.

mf

735

People's dreams are more to them than

735

740

jel-ly in a jar, more con-se-que-n-tial than these traps of words.

740

You make a child a bait-ed barb to kill the heart.

f p *mp* *p*

745

I of-fer no child of yours to bait de-ci-sive

745



750 *sf*

hooks, just time be - yond the catch of pow'r. Your cant and

fpp *crescendo*

755

rant-ing just fade to num - bers not fa - ces.

755

760

No numbers need-ed the de - ci - sion is yours. You know the choi - ces,

f marcato

760



a

qui - et sun-ny desk with no peo-ple's gripes. E - nough of o-ther people with their

fp *f*

a

775

wishes, lies and hopes. Their dreams are hope-less. Why should they bo-ther

fp *f* *mf*

780

I haven't come to cheer the revelu-tion. Just to tell the time; the time to think, the time to decide.

me?! Just give me peace!

Longa



fill in the forms.

We must have order.

No time to waste.

You must make

the decision.

The question is clear.

Your future's the question.

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

What are your values?

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.

A silly joke.

You know I'm frightened.

What will they do to me?

You know my weakness.

I need quiet,

not pushing faces,

not demands.

.....

The values

of the greater state,

the happiness or peace

of more than just one life.

You know my values.

They're very social.

They're very proper.

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me,

It's like the darkness,

the winter nights,

when no one's there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

Why should I help you?

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

My time is up.

My time's been wasted.

You showed you're not

worth worrying about

any longer.

I have other jobs,

other concerns.

I'm not a babysitter.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

It's not worth hearing.

My time is up.

Are you worth saving?

There are so many others,

so many better.

If I thought you'd use it,

I'd wish you luck.

Instead I'll just remind you

of your decision.

Accept the wiping out

of a security clearance.

Or wait for death.

I don't care which.

No, no. Wait.

Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you now.

You're my Alter Ego,

my self.

You have to help me.

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

I've made decisions.

I've worked with people.

I must decide.

She exits angrily. He looks after her in bewilderment and
fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward
Aloysius and Sammy.

The time is coming.

I must make

my decision

right away.

The most important

decision--

death or death.

Someone must help me.

I must decide,

decide.

I have some value.

I must think.

The time is coming.

Decide.

I must decide

about my future.

Sammy begins to sing a little nonsense chant made up of the words and phrases he has heard, as he plays with the toy bulldozer oblivious of Aloysius.

I'm a man of some

importance,

a highly valued man.

The time, the time.

Security or death.

Help me someone.

I must decide,

decide....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers and papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time is here....

Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the three Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to come with them. Numbly he follows them off. The light shrinks to a spotlight on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer and snaps into a blackout.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

questions,

fill in the forms.

We must have order, *here.*

~~No time to waste.~~

You must make

your
~~the~~ decision.

~~The question is clear.~~

~~Your future's the question.~~

The choice is yours.

Do you have the courage?

~~What are your values?~~

Your time's running out.

This is not just a sport, Jane. *oh.*

page seventy-two flashback three

ALOYSIUS

JANE

~~A silly joke.~~

~~You know I'm frightened.~~

~~What will they do to me?~~

~~You know my weakness.~~

~~I need quiet,~~

~~not pushing faces,~~

~~not demands.~~

~~.....~~

~~The values~~

~~of the greater state,~~

~~the happiness or peace~~

~~of more than just one life.~~

~~You know my values.~~

ALOYSIUS

JANE

They're very social.

They're very proper.

You know I'm frightened.

I can't decide.

They'll come and get me.

It's like the darkness,

^{cold}
the winter nights,

^{with}
~~when~~ no one ~~is~~ there.

What will I do?

Help me decide!

~~Why should I help you?~~

The choice is yours.

The time is up.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

You've been too stupid.

You've been too slow.

Now I can't help you.

~~My time is up.~~

My time's been ^{up} tested.

You showed you're not

worth worrying about

any longer.

I have other jobs,

other concerns.

I'm not a babysitter.

I'm highly skilled.

The choice is yours.

ALOYSIUS

JANE

It's not worth hearing.

My time is up.

Are you worth saving?

There are so many others,

so many better.

If I thought you'd use it,

I'd wish you luck.

Instead I'll just remind you

of your decision.

Accept the wiping out

of a security clearance.

Or wait for death.

I don't care which.

ALOYSIUS

*my time is up
(exit)*

She exits angrily. He looks after her in bewilderment and
fright. The lights begin slowly to shrink inward toward
Aloysius and Sammy.

pause

No, no. Wait.

*no
wait (baw baw)*
Please.

Don't leave me now.

You don't understand.

I need you ~~now~~.

You're my Alter Ego,

my self.

You ~~have~~ HAVE to help me.

(long baw)

ALOYSIUS

I'm frightened.

What will happen?

I must decide.

They couldn't kill me.

I'm of some value.

~~I've made decisions.~~

~~I've worked with people.~~

I must decide.

The time is coming.

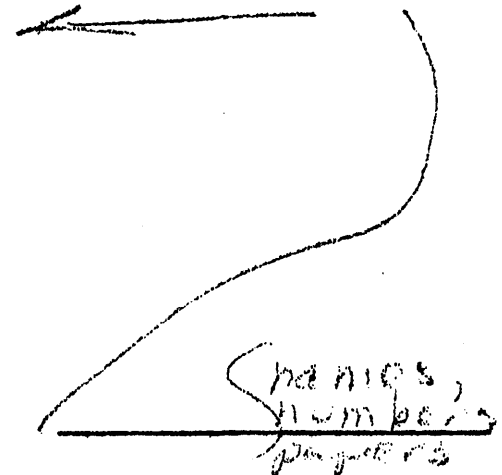
I must make

my decision,

~~right away.~~

~~The most important~~

SAMMY



Sammy begins to sing a non-sense chant made up of the words and phrases he has heard, as he plays with the bulldozer, oblivious.

page seventy-eight flashback three

ALOYSIUS

SAMMY

decision--

death or death.

Someone must help me.

I must decide,

decide.

I have some value.

I must think.

The time is coming.

Decide.

I must decide

about my future.

I'm a man of some

importance,

page seventy nine flashback three

ALCYSIUS

SAMMY

~~a highly valued man.~~

The time, the time.

~~Re-~~ Security or death.

Help me someone.

I must decide,

decide.....

They're here.

The time is here.

The numbers, ^{the} ~~and~~ papers.

The forms are waiting.

All those papers.

The time ~~is here~~.....

(slg direct next pg)

ALOYSIUS

SAMMY

Sammy continues his oblivious chant as the three Masked Figures appear and beckon Aloysius to come with them. Numbly he follows them off. The light shrinks to a spot on Sammy and the toy. The music comes up and drowns Sammy out in a discordant note as the light shrinks to a spot on the bulldozer and snaps into a blackout.

1105

136

1. si-lence. How do you plead? An- swer the ques- tions,

pp *mf* *p*

1. fill in the forms. We must have or- der here --. You must

1110 *1110*

1. make your de- ci- sion. The choice is yours. Do you have the cou- rage? Your



Time's run-ning out.

This is not just a sport, Jane.

You know I'm fright-ened. I can't de-

cide. They'll come and get me. It's like the dark-ness, the

sub. p

p

A. *mf* 112.5

cold win-ter nights, with no one there. What will I do?

112.5

J. *mf* 113.0

The choice is yours. The time is up. You've

A. *pp* 113.0

Help me de- cide.

113.0

pp

J.

been too stu-pid, you've been too slow. Now I can't help you. My



1135

time's been wast- ed I'm high-ly skilled. The

1135

mp

1140

choice is yours. My time is up!

f *pp* *ff*

1145

EXIT

Lunga

No. No. Wait. Please.

mf *mp* *p* *f*

Lunga

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano, featuring three systems of music. The score includes lyrics and musical notation with various dynamics and performance markings.

System 1:

Voice: *mf* Don't leave me *now.* You don't un-der-stand. I need

Piano: *mf* *p*

System 2:

Voice: you. You're my Al-ter E-go, my Self.

Piano: *fp*

System 3:

Voice: You have to help me.

Piano: *p* *b* *eva* *p sans arpr.*

Handwritten markings include measure numbers 1150, 1155, 1160, and 1162, and a tempo marking of 140.



1165

I'm fright-ened.

What will

1165

1170

hap-pen?

I must de- cide.

1170

They couldn't kill

(b)

(b)

117.5

S. 

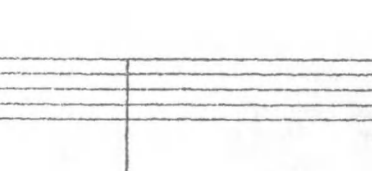
A. 


me. I'm of some va-lue. I must de- cide! The

(8va) 

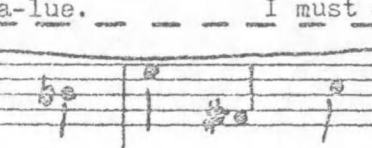
(b) 

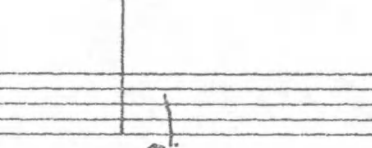
2/4

S. 

A. 

time is com-ing. I must make my de- ci- sion. The

(8va) 

(b) 

7/4



1180

S.

A.

time, the time. Re-se-cu-ri-ty or

(b)

1185

S.

A.

death. Help me, some-one! I must de-cide, de-cide!

(b)

1190

S.

A.

1190

They're here. The time is here.

(b)

1195

S.

A.

1195

The num-bers, the pa-pers the forms are

(b)



12.00

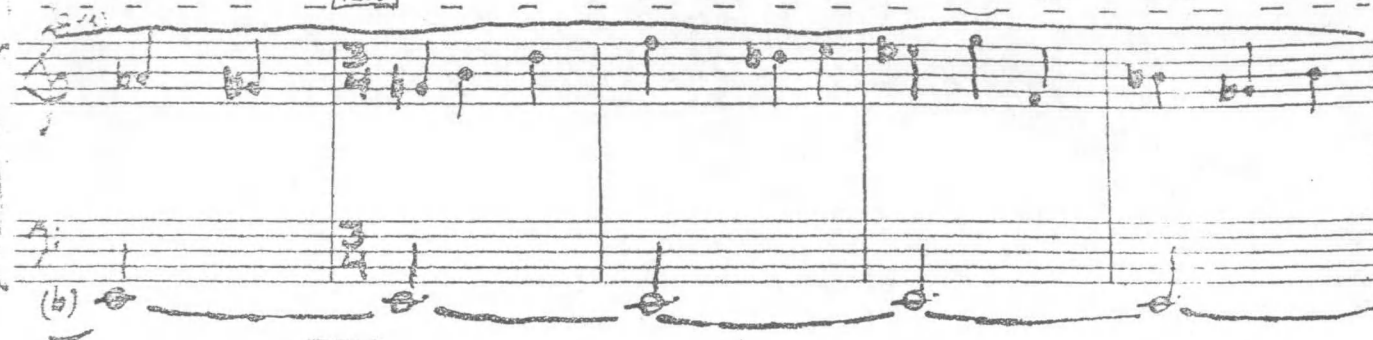


wait-ing.

12.00

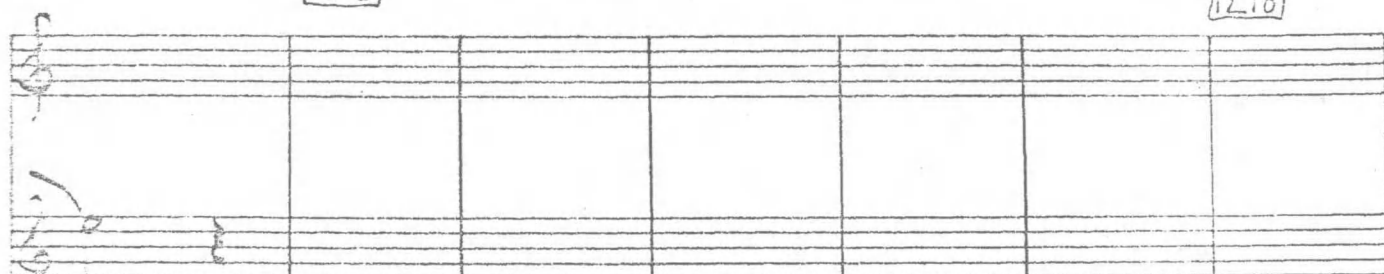
All those pa-pers -- .

The time



12.05

12.10



12.05

12.10



crescendo poco a poco al fine.

1215

(bva)

1220

(bva)

ff

1225

loco

Using given pitch limitations and pitch order, execute any rhythms and registers playing frantically until cued by conductor to play the final measure. The order (numbers in score) is given but the duration is to be determined by the conductor.

morendo

End of Opera

you know

we love you.

But

we have to go away.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

You'll

be with others.

You'll

have to forget,

to learn again.

You know we

love

you.

We'll try

APPENDIX "C" 147

to go quietly.

It will be

better.

The time is

up.

The choice is made.

You know we love you.

Try to...

forget us.

The time is up.

We had to decide.

decide.

Our names,

numbers,

papers.

Sammy simply plays with his
toy, oblivious. The parents
slip off quietly during the
dialog between Aloysius and
Jane.

It's really nothing.

You needn't worry.

It'll soon be over....

page sixty-four flashback three

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

~~Numbers and papers.~~

Your names and numbers.

It's so much better.

We know you'll...

think it ~~is~~ better.

You understand.

The choice is better...

(beat)

The little boy,

you'll have to

tell him.

(pause)

They hand over the forms to Aloysius. He looks nervously
at the forms, and the parents, and hands the forms back.

~~Sammy~~ (duet)
Sammy... Sammy...

you know

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

we love you.

S-S

~~But~~

You know we care

~~we have to go away~~

But we must leave you.

We won't be back.

We won't see you

any more.

You ^{will} ~~will~~

be with others.

You'll

have to forget,
our ways.
You'll have
to learn again.

S-S

You know we

love

(You must forget
our ways + learn
again.)

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

you.

S-S, You know we care.

We'll try

But

to go quietly.

It will be

better.

now our

The time is

up.

The choice is made.

S-

S-

You know we love you.

Try to...

forget us.

The time is up.

We had to decide,

ALOYSIUS

JANE

LIN

RON

decide.

Sammy simply plays with his toy, oblivious. The parents

Our names,

~~It's really nothing.~~

slip off quietly as Aloysius and Jane, one on either

numbers,

~~You needn't worry.~~

side of Sammy, begin to argue.

papers.

~~It'll soon be over.~~

Why do they look so,

so dead. Their eyes.

Like zombies.

I don't understand.

~~Why do they stare?~~

~~I can't decide.~~

Why do they

make me

(S-)

~~S-~~
(exeunt)

<|.:=|>

1040

mp

Sam-my, Sam-my, you know we

Sam-my, Sam-my,

<|.:=|>

1040

sfz p

TRIANGLE

pp

TRIANGLE

pp

love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, you know we

you know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my,

1045

1045

in
care. But we must leave you.

on
You know we care. But we -- must leave -- you.

pp *6*

in
We won't be back. We won't

on
We -- won't be back -- --. We won't

1050

pp *6*



1055

Lin
see you a - ny more. You will be with

Non
see you a - ny more. You will be with'

1055

mp *mf* *p*

Lin
o - thers. You'll have to for - get our ways. You'll have to

Non
o - thers. You must for - get our ways, and

1060

learn a - gain.

learn a - gain.

1060

1065

Sam - my, Sam-my, You know we

Sam - my Sam-my

1065

love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we

You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my.

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble and bass clefs, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we" on the first line and "You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my." on the second line.

care. But now -- our time is up,

You know we care. But now -- our time is up.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves have lyrics: "care. But now -- our time is up," and "You know we care. But now -- our time is up." The piano accompaniment includes a 1070 measure mark. The lyrics are: "care. But now -- our time is up," on the first line and "You know we care. But now -- our time is up." on the second line.

Lin the choice is made. *mp* Sam-my.

Ron the choice is made. Sam-my. *mp*

pp \leftarrow *mf* *pp*

mp Why do they look so, so dead? Their eyes like

in Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

on Sam-my. *p* *pp* Sam-my.



THE POET RETURNS TO NAPLES, FORGOTTEN

For Dick Hugo

From a cellar of cracked plates
you have come twenty-five years
back to this Italian-ragged coastline.

Stranger again, your house is grey,
your children rejected. The sea explodes.
It is all you can see, homesick--
empty eyes stolen from young thieves,
the natives tired of your
picturesque life. Still

you catch the familiar sounds--
wet rocks crumbling to caves, old
women singing for a boat fifty years gone,
the sun forgetting to rise.

You came to lose your fears,
find instead the same gulls,
still grey, still farther than you can
reach.

WRITTEN WHILE WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE EAST

I stand all night by the window
waiting to fly with the geese to Newfoundland—
leave the moon behind and set a course
by cloud shadows on the valley.

Butterflies cross the highway,
flow into the dawning gulf.
Snowbanks melt to grey moths.

Soon it will be high time.

ESCAPES

For My Mother

Is she dead yet? The blood keeps coming.
The silence, the silence--furniture gone
into limbo, dry flowers, the dust
around the carpets.

This vase
came from my grandmother's house. She waited
in a French convent for the Prussians to leave.
They were slower than love. Handkerchief
with strange initials,

yellowed sheets, tepid water.
Her hair is still black, her fingers still stronger
than mine. She wants to hear Ravel--pavane
for a dead princess. We are all dying young.
Only children of only children.

ON THE MOUNTAIN

This is the house the poets built,
three walls peeled logs,
the fourth an old trailer--
hide covered couch, a salamander
in the water pipes. We think it as we go,
lashing the poles til we dream a threshold.
Dutch doors on thong hinges, a candle
on a thong. The hillside here's
two degrees warmer, pines
in the lee of the mountain. We fill
the chinks with willow sticks,
tarps when the snow comes. Pounding the bottoms
of logs outward against rain, finding
under the floor rocks a cicada,
locust of seven years' luck.

HIGHLIGHT PEAK--FIRST CLIMB OF THE SEASON

Half way on a horsefly afternoon
my feet can only remind me
of the taste of green shade.
Minestrone on the fire won't fill
the holes carved by walking
through a waterfall. The same path
leads back, six miles over,
one mile down.
Behind the snow lake, true summit--
another half mile, sheer.
The creek we started from
survives, thin ribbon
on this barren pale bouquet.

NIGHT SONG: FROM THE RIVER

Li Po fell drunk into the moon.

His yellow silk pillow is preserved in the pavillion.

He wanted to write seven syllables about the Great Way
and the meeting of the North and South Winds.

In the darkness plum blossoms are falling

and a single boatman is on the river.

Shall I sing you a song about a feather
falling into the grass?

NIGHT SONG: ANOTHER RIVER

For David S.

You said you would take me to the Li Po Bar
across the alley in the Tokyo Hilton,
the poet above plum velvet bottles.
Serene smile hides the Great Way.

And here we are, across the alley
in the best-lit bar in Missoula, Montana.
The regulars hang on the walls.

Li Po could never fall into the moon here,
could he?

ANNIVERSARY

A hundred miles away last year
I still heard the scratch of gravel
when frail Kate went under a deeper sky.
Now I work that night she made,
keeping the sky green for her pale bones'
admiration. I sight from the bottom of a grave
to the mausoleum roof,
waiting to see that other sky turn green.

INCANTATION FOR THE VERNAL EQUINOX

In the crescent of a long spring
the moon calls my eye to madness, the true
name of things, glass owls through an iron fence.
I wait
by locked doors to become swift and dark,
run behind the shadows, stay close to the river.
My head fills with static from Siberia,
a prisoner. And here, in the mountains,
our attendants lock themselves in,
safe from dark creatures, owls, the spring moon.

PRAYER FOR THE HILL GYPSIES

We bring our shawls and wagons finally to the sea,
bow in bright skirts, ring the fire
with gold bangles to keep the sea out.

Albatross attack in long flights from unknown islands.

I think there is no need for such grim birds.
The tide is already turning into night.

ROLE CALL

It's not the birth certificate that proves I'm here,
but what I write on the back--
strange grey marks to remember myself,
names I've never heard before.

Two or three years difference doesn't matter
as long as you really believe
in the chinese order of things,
a road map with the final inch missing.

The real story: '
that I always answer pagan sounds,
approve initials I couldn't own,
dream myself some unknown seer's wife.
Like saints or children I wait to hear my name called,
and wonder who will answer, shouting.

EVERY POEM SHOULD HAVE A TITLE

Night climbs up to a pale horizon
as birches pull down the moon--
fireworks through black lace curtain.

Your voice is filled with the river fog,
blue shadows have followed you out of the forest.
Limp on the jagged shore, I dream of mountain sides,
poets making music with their hands,
firesingers between the ritual and the hills.

A third eye awakens dry bones.
Slowly we dance the circle inward.

SHORT SCENE IN WHITE

Trees gone harsh with winter
become their own judges. White jade lions
wait for thoughts of color,
the old mustaches of lonely men
for an end to silence. A white arc,
four seconds,
the blast.
Out of reach of time,
the balance is kept.

"FROM MOUNTAIN BELL, THE TIME IS 7:45"

I find the darkness softer here,
far from gulls and riptide--
a wider night of stars turns past
this attic window. Why should I
wait for magicians, live on rye?
A new music haunts my eyes..
a slower rhythm paces coming spring.
Walking the rooftrees, I can
listen to a wren breathe.

POEM FOR MY STUDENT FROM MARYLAND

I.

I hated to give you that Indian,
startle the fancy in your grey eyes.
You wanted Montana, a red man
from the hills, a horse. Poised
at the edge of your chair, you wait
for that first high scream.

II.

Behind the fear, squaws dance with slow feet.
They offer us such graceful pitchers and baskets,
warm furs, fringed dresses. The dogs
are all around, snuffling at our feet, baying. They
vanish past the fire at the sound
of horses coming. Hard earth breaks under hooves.
Here are red men,
noble. They give us broken arrows,
a soft-eyed colt. Everyone is smiling.
The pleasure is ours,
they say. We smile. This horse is very gentle.

III.

Over the long crest of the hill
they come, gentle ponies
bringing death. Each night
we win that war again, again.
The Big Hole is a battle
field. Rocky Boy a reservation.
Short-lived men in cattle trucks.
Children starving, smiling, slowly.

IV.

This Indian smiles. He has the eyes
of a Trojan. He brings us news
from Wounded Knee Creek,
the Cherokee Republic.
He wrote the book on Plato
and the teepee, living communions.

V.

Safe again, away from open land, you can't believe.

An Indian...I saw a real Indian.....

But in the corners of your eyes I can see the dance
slowing, feet closer to bare ground,
a drumbeat

ROCK PAINTING FOR A PEOPLE WITHOUT DREAMS

Strange, the things we leave behind,
stick men painted on the rocks,
red ochre sprinkled over bones.
The Indian has a word for it,
the hoop that brings time back,
flooding like a wind-tide
onto the snow, chipping years
from our hands to silt dreams to stone.

What remains--fingerbones of children,
a painted deer with calm gaze.

THE DECISION

A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FINE CHARACTERS AND MIME

LIBRETTO:

A.D. ZEIGLER

MUSIC:

SHERMAN H. HIMELBLAU

MFA Thesis 1975

"THE DECISION"

CHARACTERS:

Aloysius J. Morton tenor
Jane mezzo soprano
Ron Everett baritone
Lin Everett soprano
Sammy Everett boy soprano
The Mime

ORCHESTRA:

Oboe/English Horn
Clarinet in B flat/Bass Clarinet in B flat
Trumpet in C
Violin
Violincello
Percussion:
 Woodblock Snare Drum
 Claves Three Adjustable Drums
 Triangle Medium Bass Drum
 Suspended Cymbal

THE DECISION

A CHAMBER OPERA FOR FINE CHARACTERS AND MIME

Libretto:
A.D. Zeigler

Music:
Sherman H. Himelblau

Slow (1:64)



Handwritten musical score system 1. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The eighth measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The system is numbered 25 in a box at the end.



Handwritten musical score system 2. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The system is numbered 30 in a box at the end.



Handwritten musical score system 3. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The system is numbered 35 in a box at the end.



Handwritten musical score system 4. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The system is numbered 40 in a box at the end.



Handwritten musical score system 5. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first four measures are marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth measure is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth and seventh measures are marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The system is numbered 45 in a box at the end.



Handwritten musical notation for measures 45-49. The system consists of two staves. Measure 45 is marked with a box containing the number 50. The notation includes various accidentals (sharps, flats) and slurs across the measures.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 50-54. The system consists of two staves. The notation includes various accidentals and slurs.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 55-59. The system consists of two staves. Measure 55 is marked with a box containing the number 55. The notation includes various accidentals and slurs.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 60-64. The system consists of two staves. Measure 60 is marked with a box containing the number 60. The notation includes various accidentals and slurs. The word *espressivo* is written above the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for measures 65-69. The system consists of two staves. The notation includes various accidentals and slurs.

Voices
Shouting
off-stage

Using the given pitch limitations
and pitch sequence, execute
any rhythms and registers
moving to a frantic climax.



SLOW ($\text{♩} = 96$)

75

Slow ($\text{♩} = 96$)

75

triangle *p*

Here I am.

Where am I?

At least I'm
still alive.

80

80

a *mp* I think. *p* Or may-be they

a *mf* killed me when I was - n't look-ing. May -

a *mf* be I've died, *p* and gone to hea-ven. *pp.*

Handwritten musical score for a song. The score is written on four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics "Is this" and the piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line with lyrics "heaven?" and "(SPOKEN)" and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line with lyrics "me.", "ME!", and "A-lo-y-sius J." and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mp*, *f*, and *ff*.

Mor - ton, Pro - tec - tor !

It's not per-mit-ted.

105 SPOKEN

I'm a man of great im -

por - tance, a

f

high - ly val - ued man.

mf

I make great de - ci - sions ev' -

triss

ry day.

mf *f* *mf* *f*

$\leq 1 = 120$

120

p *mp* *mf* *f*

125 *mp*

I can't be dead.

125 *mp*



I'm sure I would have no - ticed.

What a dumb re-vo - lu-tion.

They're not fol-lowing the guide-lines.

14

 $\rho = \rho$

a $\rho = \rho$

This is the slop- pi - est

f mp

a [140] $\rho = \rho$ *mf*

re - vo - lu - tion e - ver. All those

[140] *mf*

x **OFF-STAGE** *mf dolce*

Yel- ow is an

a Yel - lows run-ning a -round.

mp



145

In - te - rest - ing

co - lor.

Re -

145

minds one of

sun - shine,

or

Just out - ra - geous.

mp

150

fire !

mp

I can't be -

f

mf

mf

lieve it; like child - ren out to have some

155

. fun. FUN ?

f

a  **FUN !** **That's it!** **We can**

 **mp**

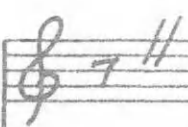
a  **solve this** **pro-blem right** **now!** **Some**

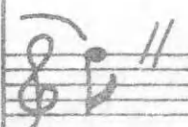



a  **new** *** Pu -** **rec -** **secs!**

 **mf**

*pronounced poo-rek-sex.


J.  Pu-rec-secs?!


A.  Public Recreation Sections.



a  *mp* [170] Six nights a week. Nine-ty-five min-utes.



a  [175] Bas-ket - ball. Vol-ley-ball.



Cresc. poco a poco.

a

Foot - ball, base - ball, hand - ball, te - ther - ball,

a

foos - ball. We'll have a

a

new *Pu - sec - ser !

*pronounced poo-sek-seer.

Pu-sec-ser?!

Public Security Series!

To re -

mf

mp

mind ev'-ry - one to just love it.

mp

f

They will have fun; lots of

190

p

mp



aff stage

Did you e - ver hear the
 nice, cor-rect fun. Just think

one a-bout the trav' - ling re-vo - lu-tion-a-ry
 what it will do

and the foot-ball

to the fa-mi-ly,

coach ? The

the neigh-bor-hood, the school and the . . .



200 *gently*

prob-lems you have aren't bad e-nough al - read - y?

mp

200

1

mp

205

Jane.

mp Who are you ? I'm a

205

mf *mp*

210

man of great im - por - tance, a

210

f

high - ly val - ued man.

mp


This system contains the first two measures of a musical piece. It features a vocal line (soprano and alto staves) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with a whole rest in measure 1 and a half note in measure 2. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note in measure 1 and a half note in measure 2. The lyrics "high - ly val - ued man." are written under the vocal line. A piano dynamic marking "mp" is placed above the piano staff in measure 1.

I make great de - ci - sions ev' - ry day.

215

This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line continues with a half note in measure 3 and a half note in measure 4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note in measure 3 and a half note in measure 4. The lyrics "I make great de - ci - sions ev' - ry day." are written under the vocal line. A boxed number "215" appears above the vocal line in measure 4 and above the piano staff in measure 4.



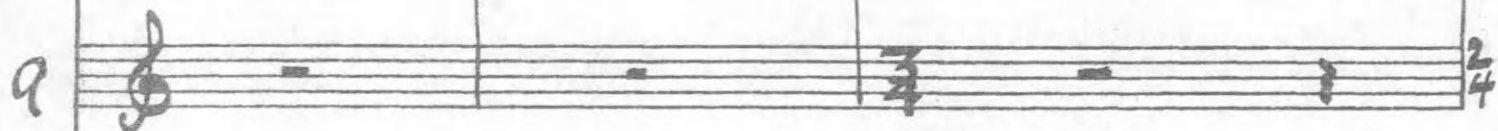
2  No time to waste on . . .



9  Who are you ?



 You are A- lo -y-sius J.

9 



Mor - ton, Pro - tec - tor.

Yes?

mf I am Jane, your Al - ter E-go.

mf *p*



mf

a

I'm real-ly not a re - li - gious per-son.

235

235

f

a

Chur-ches and al - tars and all those things just

ff *mf*

1

Wrong kind of al - tar. Not church al-tar,

pp

a

aren't in my de -

240

240

sfz *mp*



Al - ter E - go; it means

o - ther self.

So I know all a-

bout you, and I'm ev' - ry-thing you're

not I'm the re-verse of you.

(SPOKEN) You are?

250

250

f *p* *mf* *p*

You're a he, I'm a she.

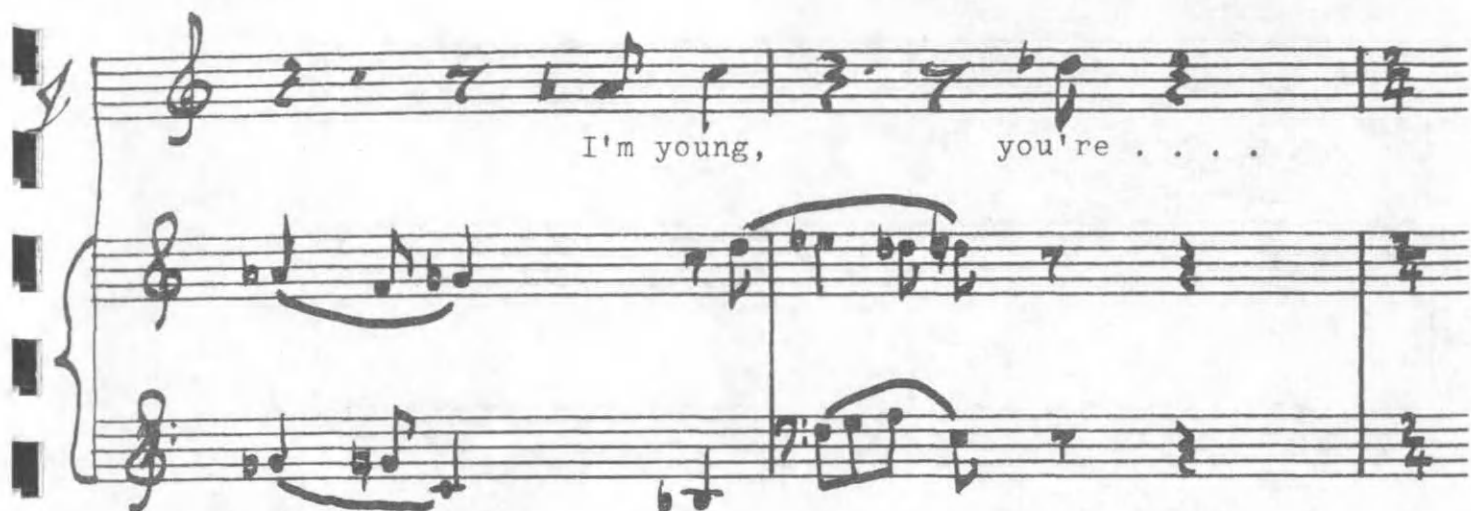
255

255

mf *p* *mf*

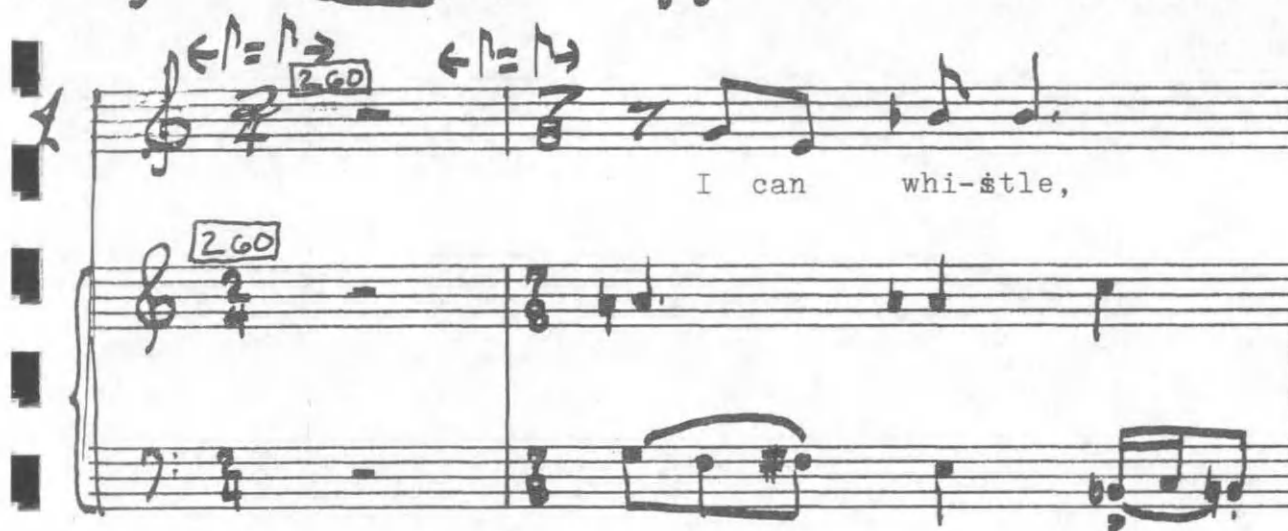
You're a po - wer-full of-fi- cial, I'm just here.

p *mf* *p*



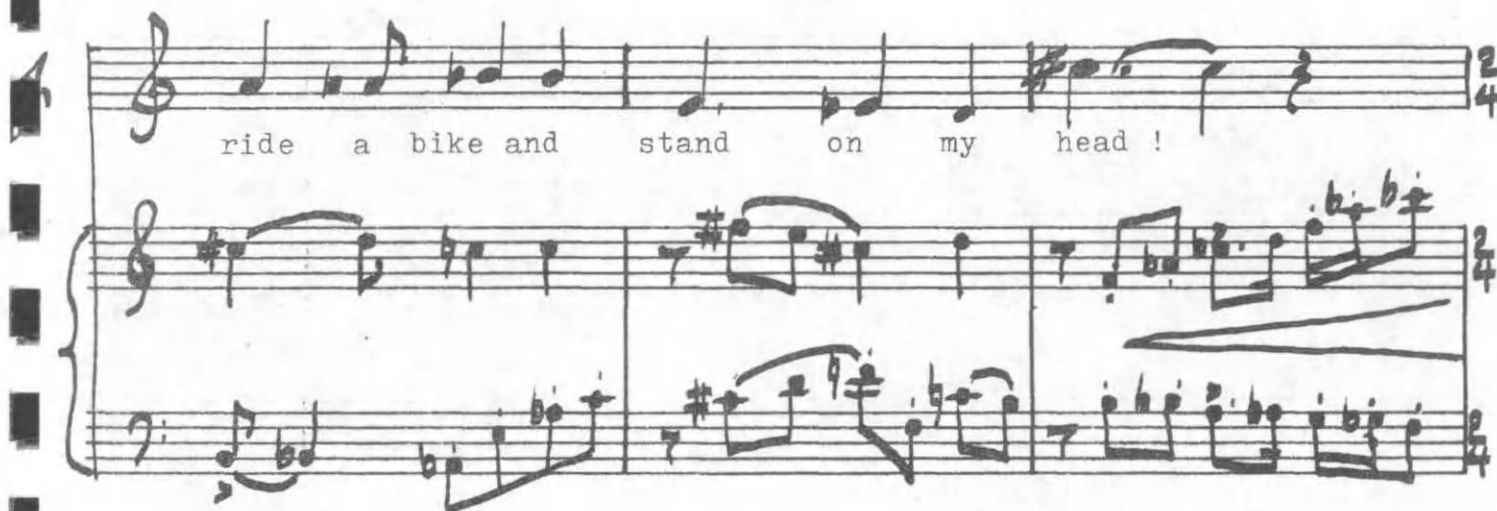
I'm young, you're

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains two measures of music. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and also contains two measures. The lyrics "I'm young, you're" are placed below the vocal line.



I can whi-stle,

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two measures, with the lyrics "I can whi-stle,". The piano accompaniment also has two measures. There are handwritten annotations above the first measure of the vocal line: a bracket with "2 GO" and a bracket with "2 GO".



ride a bike and stand on my head !

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two measures, with the lyrics "ride a bike and stand on my head !". The piano accompaniment also has two measures. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the second measure of the vocal line.

205

Op-po- site, Al - ter E - go,

205

f

mf

J. Jane.

A. Are you sure of that?

f

f p

claves: 7

a

270

For your lifetime.

270

270

a

mf 275

It does-n't seem ve - ry

275

mf

p

a

like-ly to me. In fact,

a

280

I can't recall a sin-gle re-gu-la-tion a-bout

2

Al-ter E-gos. I'm sure you would fall in section

mp *cres.*

a

285

four three eight, sub - sec-tion "A" - five de - fin-ing

mf *f* *ff*



mf 290

Per - ocs?

Per - ocs. Per-

mp 290

295

That's the one
part I haven't
got the hang
of yet.

The
acronyms.

What's that?

The what?!

mit-ted occu-pa-tions.

295

J. Acronyms. Abbreviation words.

A Oh. What are you do-ing here?

mp > p

The same thing you are. Yes.

a You are?

300 mp

300

Wait - ing for your de - ci - sion.

305

mp senza exp.

305

mp

My de - ci - sion.

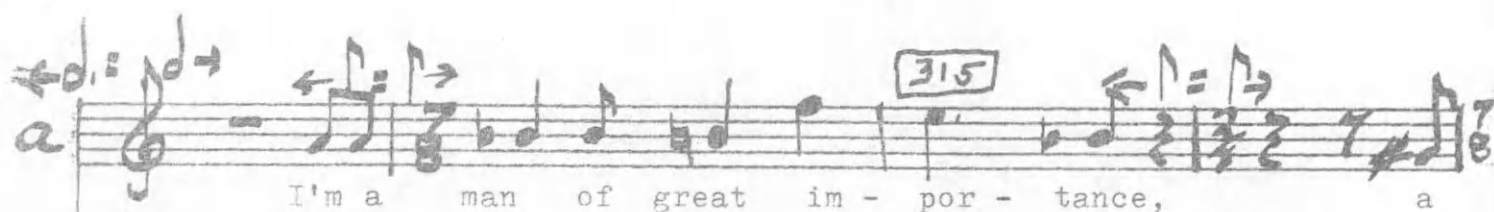
310

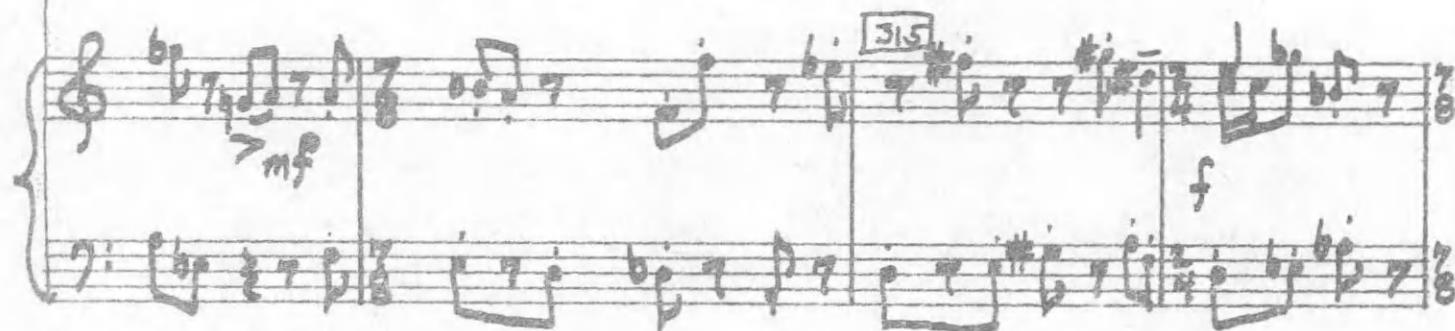
310

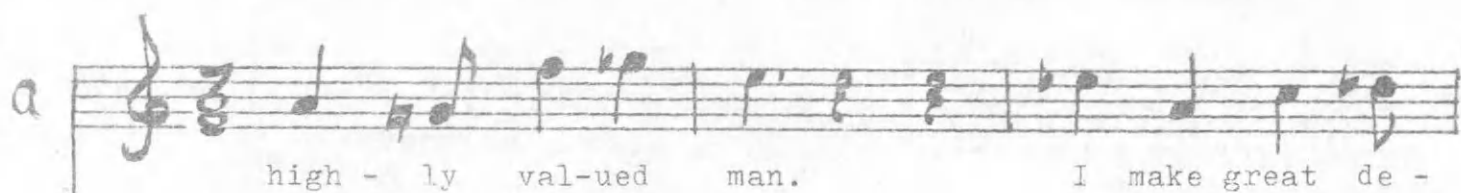
What de - ci - sion ?!

mf

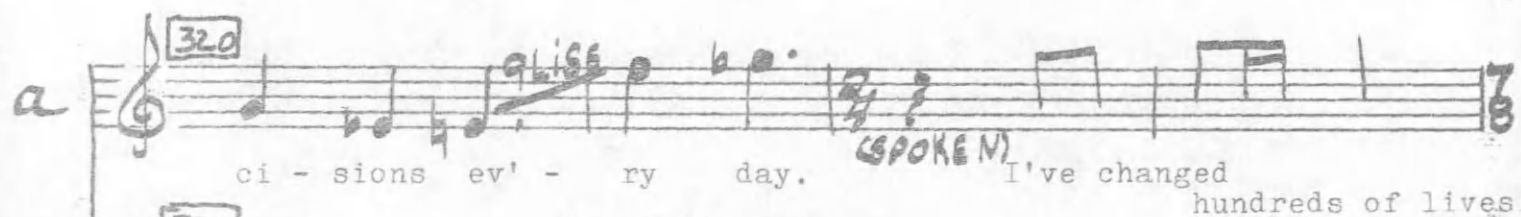
mf

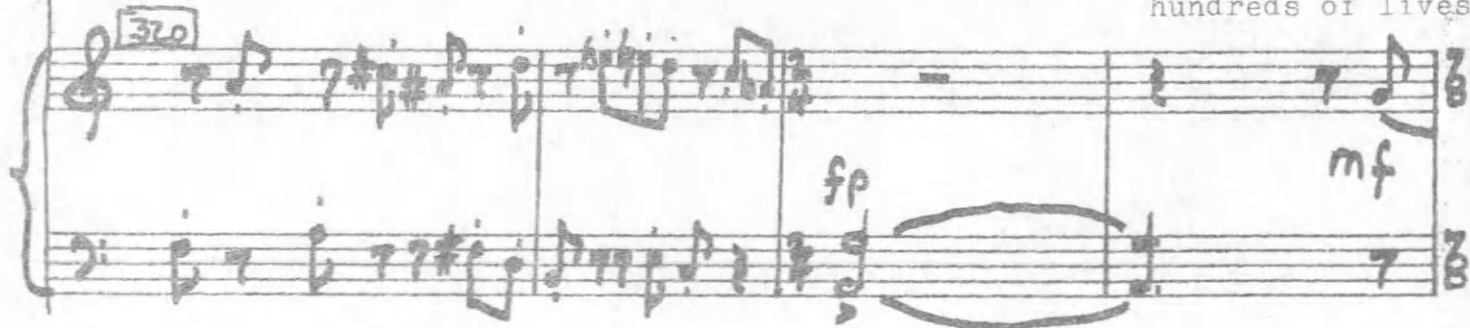
a  I'm a man of great im - por - tance, a



a  high - ly val-ued man. I make great de -



a  ci - sions ev' - ry day. *(SPOKEN)* I've changed hundreds of lives.



← A: 1 →

mp 325

That's what your de - ci-sion's a - bout.

What?

mp 325

mp espressivo

mp 330

Your de - ci - sion, your de - ci - sion is the

same one you have gi - ven all those o - ther peo - ple;

335

Handwritten musical score for system 1, measures 335-339. The system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "a-bout ac - cept-ing re-sec - cu - ri - ty." The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

a-bout ac - cept-ing re-sec - cu - ri - ty.

Handwritten musical score for system 2, measures 340-341. The system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Non-sense ! I". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. Measure 340 has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). Measure 341 has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Non-sense ! I

Piano accompaniment for system 2, measures 340-341. The piano part is in grand staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. Measure 340 has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). Measure 341 has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords and arpeggios.

Handwritten musical score for system 3, measures 342-346. The system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "know all a - bout re - se - cu - ri - ty. I'm a Pro -". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. Measure 342 has a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano). Measure 346 has a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords and arpeggios.

know all a - bout re - se - cu - ri - ty. I'm a Pro -



345 *mp* *f*

tec- tor of the State As a mat-ter of fact, a Pro -

mp *mf*

mf

Class nine.

mp *crescendo*

tec - tor, Class nine. Per-so - na - li - ty Readjustment

mp *cresc.*

350

Of-fi - cer To En - hance Clear - ance for

350

Class

Ter-mi - nal Of - fi - cial Re-se-cu-ri-ty, Class

355

nine.

360

A person could get high just repeating a title like that.

Nothing, nothing.

355

360

mf

That's very high, you know.

Pardon?

A. An - y - way, these Yel-lows just don't un - der - stand.

A. They don't ap-preciate the great skill of a per - son like my -

A. A per - son who un - der-stands de- ci-cions.

A. self. Yes, yes exactly.

a

Like the de - ci - sion you must make now.

2

What's this de-ci-sion bus'ness? You have-n't e-ven told me

a

which re-gu- la-tion is in - volved. I must have order here.

380

mp

It's very simple. No re-gu - la-tion ap-

380

mp

385

plies. The re-gu - la-tions are gone. The re-vo -

385

rit. --- a tempo 390 *p cresc.*

lu-tion has replaced them with no-thing. You have been

390

mf *p*

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano.

Staff 1 (Voice): *mf* gi - ven the same choice, 395 *mf < f* the same

Staff 2 (Piano): *mp*

Staff 3 (Voice): choice you gave o - thers: *sub p* 400 ac - cept re - se - cu - ri - ty

Staff 4 (Piano): *pp*

Staff 5 (Voice): *pp* or be de - stroyed 405

Staff 6 (Piano): *sfzp*

Staff 7 (Voice): That's not a very nice way to put it.

Staff 8 (Piano):

410

mf

Re-se - cu-ri-ty's a ve-ry fine thing;

410

*mf**mp*

a ne-cessary tool for pro - gress and

*mf**mp*

or - der.

I've cleared

a

lot of peo-ple.

415

mf

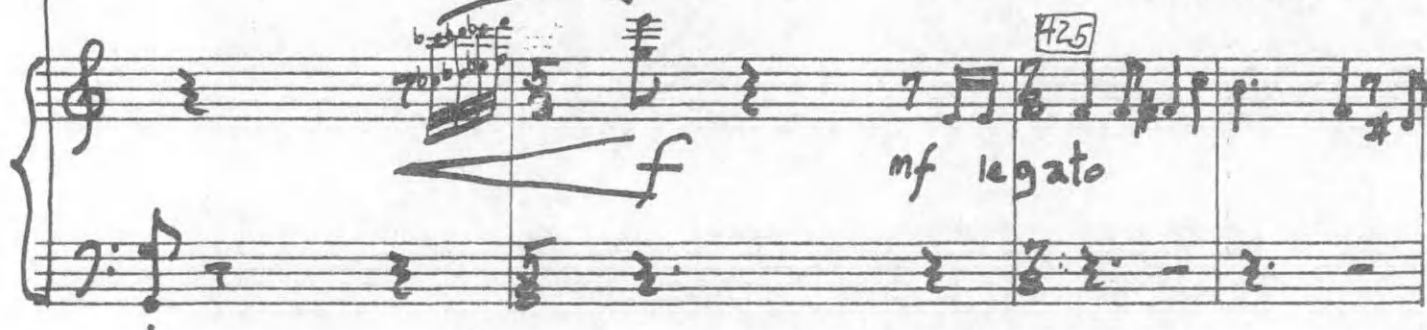
1.  Have you e-ver seen one through,

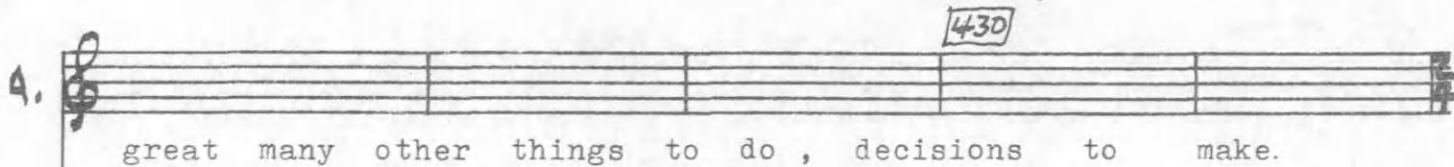



2.  to the end?

a. 

Cer-tain-ly not ! (Not in rhythm) I have a

 mf legato

3.  great many other things to do , decisions to make.



mf

Yes, de - ci - sions to make one you of-fered
like the

mp

435

Ron and Lin E-ver - ett. You remember them.

mf

What do you think is going to hap-pen?

lin

ron

435

f *mp*



440

And their little boy, Sam-my. They came in on a

I just can't think of an-y-thing we've

440

Re- gu- la- tion nine se - ven three

done. Re- gu- la- tion nine se-ven

445

No ex-pla - na-tion,

three means no-thing to me.

445

just a sum - mons.

And all that jar-gon on the

4

Names and pa - pers, pa-pers and names.

door.

450

450

mf

Fill in the blanks and sign.

455

They checked so tho-roughly our names and pa - pers.

455



Names and pa - pers.

But this is a Pro-tection's office,

is-n't it?

There must be some mistake,

don't you think? They don't real-ly care a-bout painters and scholars,

Lir

ex - cept to ap-prove what- e- ver we do

Pan

[470]

It must be some-thing I did in a

[475]

paper, for-got a me - mo, missed some-one's title.



480

They ne-ver say an-y-thing a-bout paint-ings.

480

485

You haven't used a wrong co-lor some - how: Peach,

p


485


Um - ber, Yel-low ?


485


f



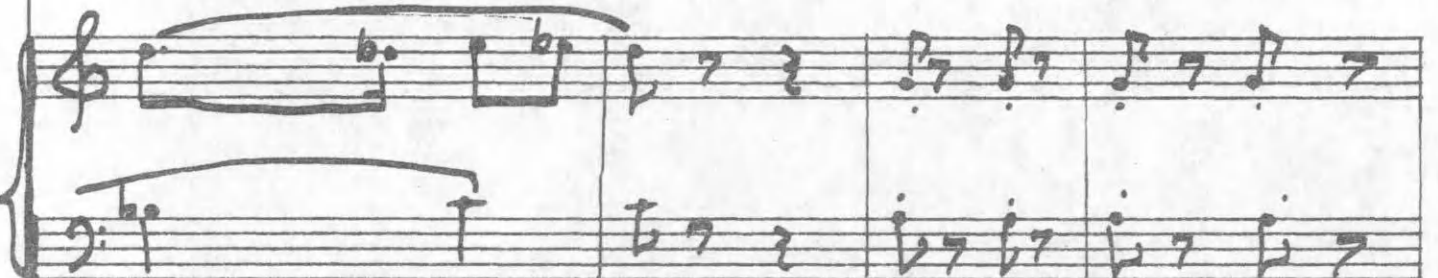
L. 

No, No. I've  al- ways been so care-ful a-





bout the width of lines, and an- gles too At your neighbor-hood



L. 

meeting?

R. 

No-thing. My name, my num- ber.



1

500

A

Num-ber and name. Signed my work pa-per.

500

505

L.

Mine was the same. My

R.

No, no-thing.

505

510

L.

name, my num-ber. Num-bers and papers, pa-pers and

510



names. Nothing.

Names. Num-bers.

Pa-pers. Names. I'm a highly val-ued man, a ve-ry bu-sy man.

515

515

520

520

525

525

f

mf

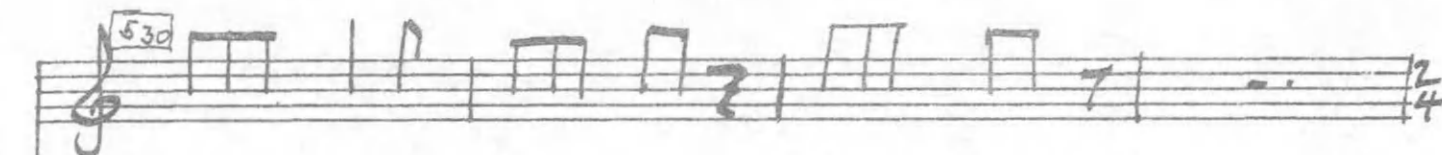
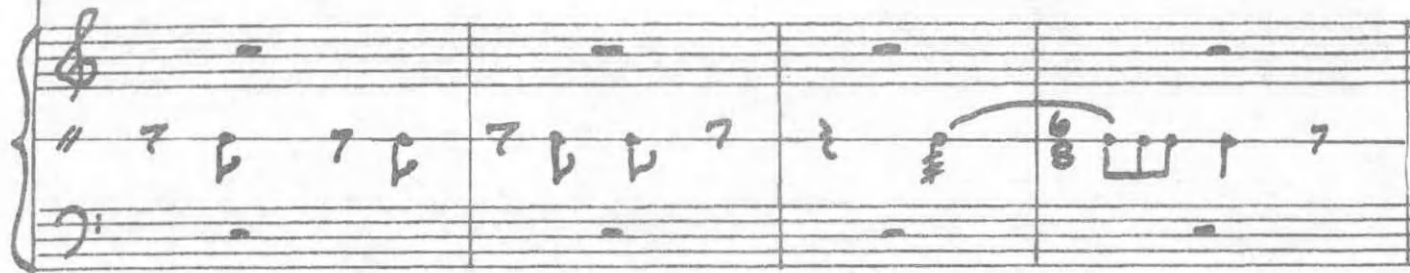
mp

RECUSION:

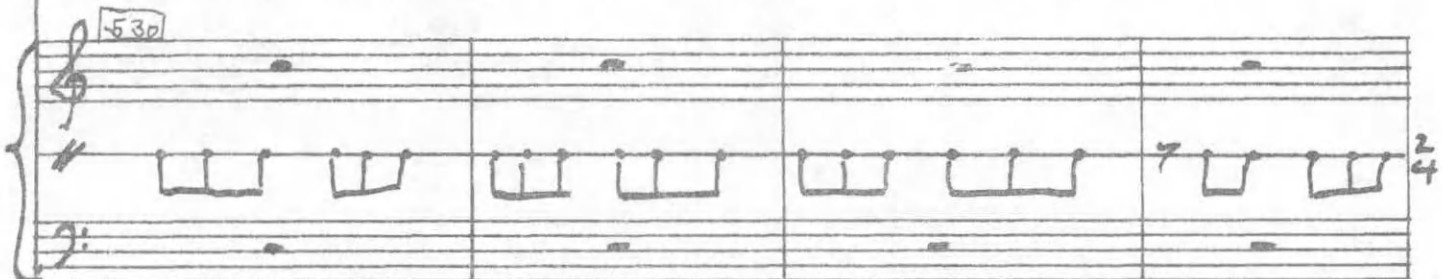


No time to waste on mix-ups or mis-takes.

You



must have a name, you must have a num-ber. Where are your papers?



Sum-mons!

Ron-ald Ev-er-ett, Lin-da Ev-er-ett. Reg-u-la-tion



540

Nine Se-ven Three. A se-ri-ous charge.

mf We don't

mf We don't

540

What is your an- swer?

un- der- stand.

un- der- stand.



545

How do you plead? You must know the laws. The

What does it mean?

It must

545

crash.

laws are se-ri-ous. A se-ri-ous

be a mis-take.



charge. The sub-ject is Sam - u - el !

pa - pers. Sam-my ! You

Our Sam-my

550

Same ad- dress, same last name, a child.

can't mean.... But he's just a child.

He could'-n't He's on - ly a child.

550



555


A. 


L.  Yes, yes. It's a mis-

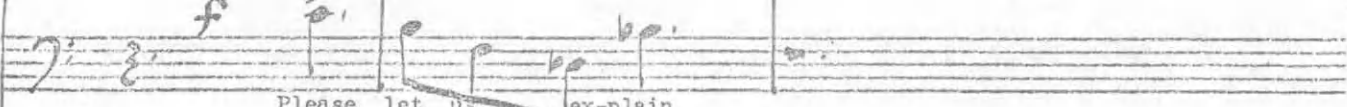
R.  We must re-main calm. Don't get up-set.




560

A.  No com-ments al-

L.  take. Sure-ly we can

R.  Please let us ex-plain.

560





a lowed. You must make a de- ci-sion. The law is clear, the reg-u-la-tion's here

Pan *mp* Ea- sy, ea - sy.

a 565 Nine Se-ven Three. You must fill in these forms. Names and num-bers. The

Lin *mf* We've



pp **570**

A child is in ques-tion. You must give a full ac- count. You must

L al - ways tried to give him things that would make him want to

R We've played with him, and walked with him, and

570

575

A an- swer a ser-i-ous ques-tion, a ser-i-ous charge. Licensed teachers only are pe

L know. Tried to teach him to un-der - stand this world.

R read to him.

575

a

mit-ted to teach chil-dren. Re-gu - la-tion Four One Six. The law is clear. You

mf

We're jst pa-rents, not tea-chers. Can't you un-de-

pp

580

A.

must know the law, You must be re-gi-stered. Where are your pa-pers?

ff

R.

stand?! My field is the hu-

ff

mf



A. *f* 585

Num- bers and names. Hu-man-i-ta-ri- ans must be re-gist-ered. Reg-u-la-tion

L. *f* We're

R. ma-ni-ties.

585 *p cresc.* *##*

Three Nine Seen ven. The law is clear, a

not hu- ma-ni- ta-ri-ans.

mp cresc.

We on- ly care a-bout our

mf *mp cresc.* *f*

mp cresc.



590 *mf*

A. re-gu-la-tion co-vers it. Eight Four One. Painting walls is not per-

1. *mf* You see I'm a pain-ter.

2. *f*

child.

590 *mf*

f *mf*

A. *f* mit-ted. You must

1. I don't paint walls, I paint pictures. I'm an ar-
tist. With colors and
brushes on canvas.

2. This is all
a mistake.

595

A.

an- swer the ac- cu- sa- tion.

R.

What ac- cu- sa- tion? We

595

mp

mp

A.

You re-ceived the sum-mons.

How do you plead? The

choice is yours.

R.

don't un-der- stand.

The sum- mons says no-thing.

What is the

610

A. You know the o-ther. We wouldn't care to have to use it.

L. Where is our child?!

R. Where is our child?!

610 Where is our child?!

mf *f* *sfz* *p*

615

Such a lovely child to be an orphan at so young an age. We'll send him home while you decide.

The child is yours, ~~the~~ choice is yours. Sign the papers. Names and numbers.



620

A. Exit

Numbers and papers. The choice is yours. The time is short.

620

625

You re-mem-ber,

He cant hold my child like bait, a le- gal ran-som! It's

625

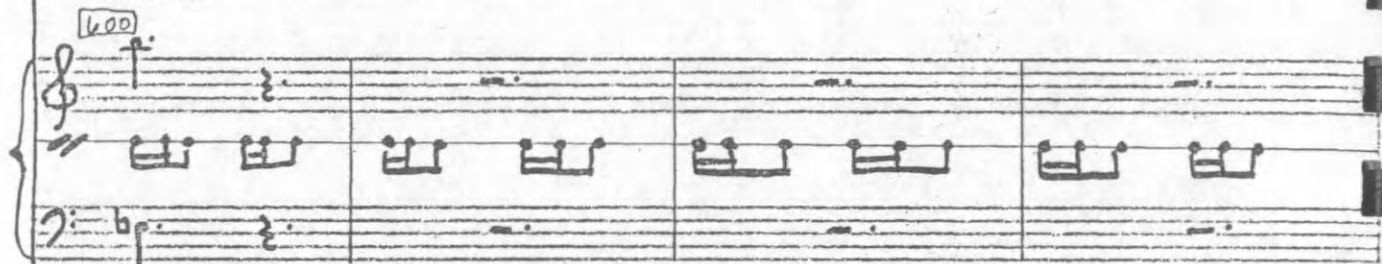
600

a

The law is clear. Ac - cept re-se - cu - ri - ty, or the o - ther. A

choice.

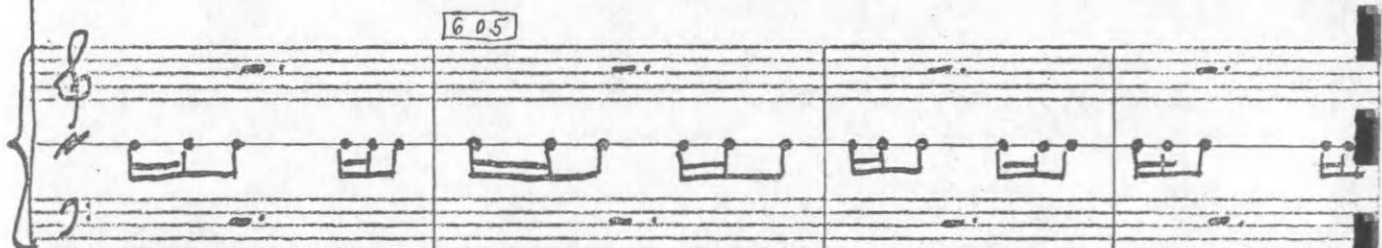
600



a

so - cial re - ad - justment in careful lessons, well re - in - forced, a po - si - tive ap - proach.

605



725

drow-ses in a bush. 725 Here's the place for

crs sc.

real plaid jac-kets worn com - for-ta-ble by

mf pp



730

J. real peo-ple.

730

mf

735

J. People's dreams are more to them than

735



it's all a ques- tion of great de- ci - sions, high-ly val-ued things.

one death or an- oth - er.

I guess we'll have to

My time is high- ly val-ued. Peo- ple don't ap-pre-ci-ate

think a-bout it.

630

Ron & Lia Exit

630

pp

p



f *mf* 635
 But time is run-ning out, down, a- way
 a *mf*
 all the train-ing, all that time.
635
mp
 You must step in-to their shoes, face their pain.
640
p *mp* *legato*
 Pain is not my job. You still don't un - der-stand. Re - se-cu-ri-ty is
mf *f*



A. 645

bus' - ness, my life's work. Nothing

mp

mf

A. 650

per-son- al, of course, a - bout the peo - ple. They va-lue them-selves too

A. 655

much. They should have re-a- lized they couldn't live like that, and have it



a *cresc.*
last. They must face the real world and learn to live in it, or

p cresc. *mf*

a *660* *mp*
die. It's no-thing person-al, it's just my job. I high-ly skill
at

660 *mp*

a *mp* *665*
A - lo - y- sius, do you e - ver dream?

things like that. Dream?

665



dolce

I mean the wish-es of the se - cret

I sleep quite soundly, thank you.

mf *p*

heart. The lit - tle hopes and plans.

Well, of

mf *p*

a

675

course, one would al - ways like per-haps a

675

f

A.

680

sea-son tic-ket to the foot-ball games, a ni - cer desk, a

680

mf

A.

lit-tle more im- por - tance. And per-haps from time to time, a

p



685

Perhaps just one new decree, a rule to be the end of rules: If you're going to breathe, don't make a habit of it. Oh, Aloysius, smile a bit. *mp* *acc.* Let's pre-tend

To make life a little more interesting.

new de- cree.

685

mp

690

you have a heart. We're all dream-ers in this place an-y - way.

690

mf

695

For a mo- ment close your mind. The clo- set

695

mp *pp* *p*



700

full of num- bers. Must - y laws and tes

mf *f* *mp*

705

things that ne - ver dream, that ne - ver breathe or run.

705

f *fp* *f*

710

Im - a - gine romp-ing hor- ses, or

mp *f* *mp* *mf*

mf dolce

715
old barns laid soft to rest by time 718 and weight of snow.

Birch trees reach- ing qui-et - ly a-long the ri - ver.

720
720
Rab - bits here think mo-dest thoughts a crow
of lunch,



740

jel-ly in a jar, more con-se-que-n-tial than these traps of words.

740

You make a child a bait-ed barb to kill the heart.

f p *mp* *p*

745

I of-fer no child of yours to bait de-ci-sive

745



750 *fp*

hooks, just time be - yond the catch of pow'r. Your cant and

fpp *crescendo*

755

rant-ing just fade to num - bers not fa - ces.

755

760

No numbers need-ed the de - ci - sion is yours. You know the choi - ces,

f marcato 760



you know the time. Your time is near! 765

A lit-tle more time to make

all my im - por - tant de - ci - sions. Few-er peo - ple

whi - ning at my desk. Just have the pa - pers, just have the laws. A

770

770



a

qui - et sun-my desk with no peo-ple's gripes. E - nough of o-ther people with their

a

wishes, lies and hopes. Their dreams are hope-less. Why should they bo-ther

a

I haven't come to cheer the-revolu-tion, just to tell the time; the time to think, the time to decide.

a

me?! Just give me peace!



785

It'll all be o-ver in a day or two, then back to work:

pp

Names and num-bers, num-bers and

mp

790

But num-bers and pa-pers can't be killed, can't be made se-cure.

pa-pers.

790

mp

mf

f



795

What will you say when you en-ter your of - fice

795

mp

800

and meet a high-ly val - ued man in yel - low

800

f mp *mp* *mf* *mp*

J. sit-ting at your desk? A man who re-mem - bers the

A. It could-n't come to that.



805

cries of pain, the fi- nal si- lence of those who must de -

805

810

cide.

810

We ne- ver tor- ture

810

mf *mp*

an- y - one at all. It's their choice, just my job.

815

a

Names and num- bers num- bers and pa- pers.

815

mp

mf

820

You'll have to get in- ter- est- ed in de- ci- sions. Just as

820

That's my only interest, not decisions.



4 Ron and Lin were in-ter-est-ed in their de-ci-sion.

lin We should pro-ba-bly eat some-thing. It's get-ting late.

825

4 ve-ry in-ter-est-ed.

lin We've gone o-ver and o-ver this for

a What de-ci-sion?

825



hours. I still don't un-der- stand. It

Just take the pa- per, sign their names.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first measure of the vocal line contains the lyrics "hours." followed by a measure rest. The second measure contains the lyrics "I" followed by a measure rest. The third measure contains the lyrics "still don't un-der- stand." followed by a measure rest. The fourth measure contains the lyrics "It" followed by a measure rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The piano accompaniment for the first system is shown in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It features a continuous bass line in the left hand and a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

830

And you have-n't got much time.

can't be true. They must mean some-thing else.

Why think it o- ver? Think- ing wastes time.

The second system of the musical score continues with two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first measure of the vocal line contains the lyrics "can't be true." followed by a measure rest. The second measure contains the lyrics "They must mean some-thing else." followed by a measure rest. The third measure contains the lyrics "And you have-n't got much time." followed by a measure rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

830

The piano accompaniment for the second system is shown in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It features a continuous bass line in the left hand and a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

Janet

Less time than Ron and Lin.

Ron

Where's Sam-my? He was in the o-ther room

Lin

He went to bed. Tired of play-ing with his

Ron

a while a- go.

935

1st in

bull-dozer, and no-one to talk to.

840

p senza a sp.

2nd in

What do you think they'll do to him?

845

3rd in

Just a name, just a num - ber!

He's just a boy.

no accent

no accent



850

3

St least he won't have to de-cide.

mf

Let's not start that a- gain.

850

4 6 0

4 6 0

4 6 0

mp

3

855

The Pro- tec-tor will be here soon.

We have to de- cide.

855

6 0

6 0

7 6 0

5 8

7 8

5 8



Tr *For*

f

De- cide! What kind of de- ci-

We have no choice, we have no time.

no accent

lin

860

sion -- is it? Have our child, our home, our

860


lin

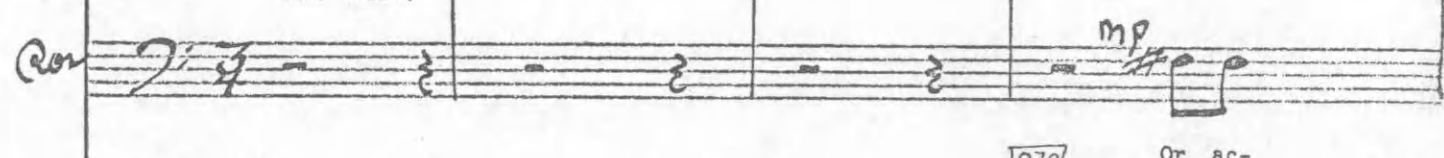
865

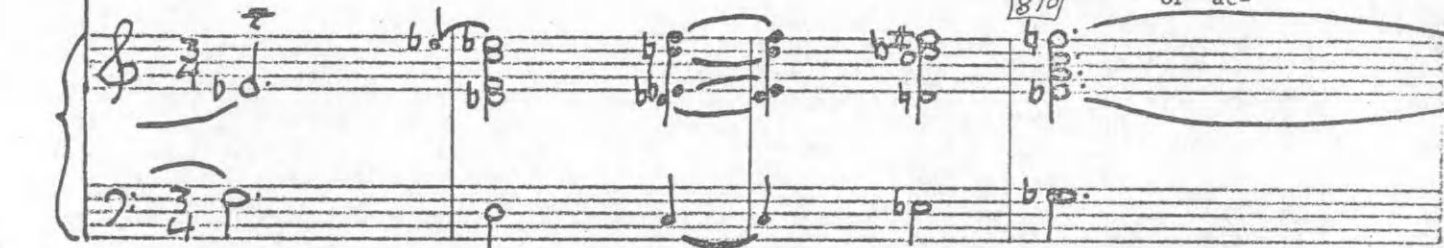
jobs ta- ken -- Sit and wait un- til they get to our

865



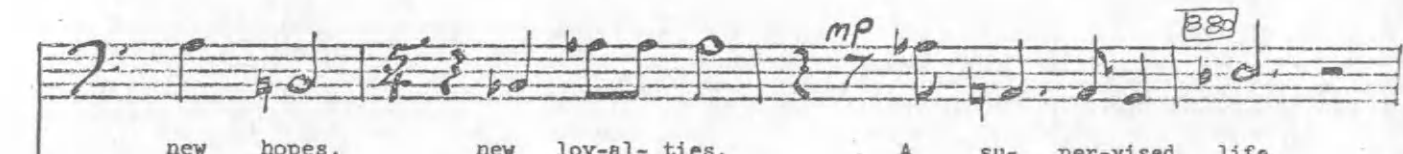
Lin  num- bers.

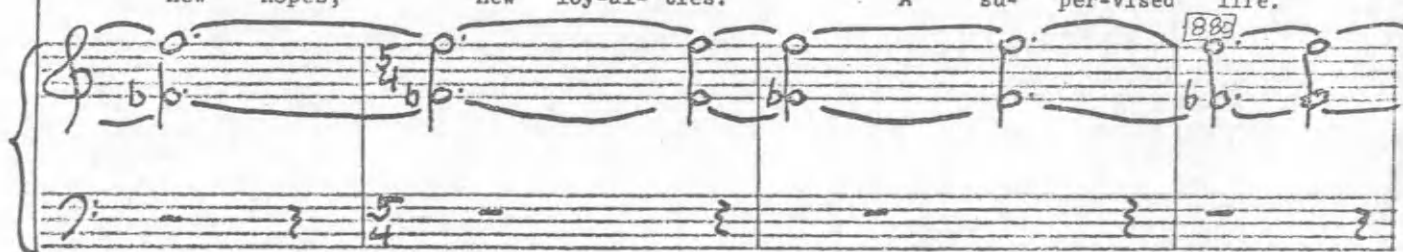
Cor  *mp*

 Or ac-

 *mf*



 *mp*



Ron 7: - } | 3/4
 Which will it be, my dear, which will it be? A li-ving death with
 871 872 873 874
 3/4 3/4 3/4 3/4

Ron 7: 3/4
 Sam- my still a- live some- where, or fi-nal death and
 875 876 877 878
 3/4 3/4 3/4 3/4

Lin 3/4
 Maybe it's not real-
 Ron 7: 3/4
 who knows what for him.
 890 891
 3/4 3/4

* N.B.: These speeches are not to be in rhythm, but must be completed by the close of bar # 894.



Alphonse Music Corp.
Hollywood, Calif.

V-4

ly a serious thing we did. Maybe we'll just


The summons says he's a Protector.


895 have to go to re- training every week.

895 Retraining is police and case workers. It must be re-

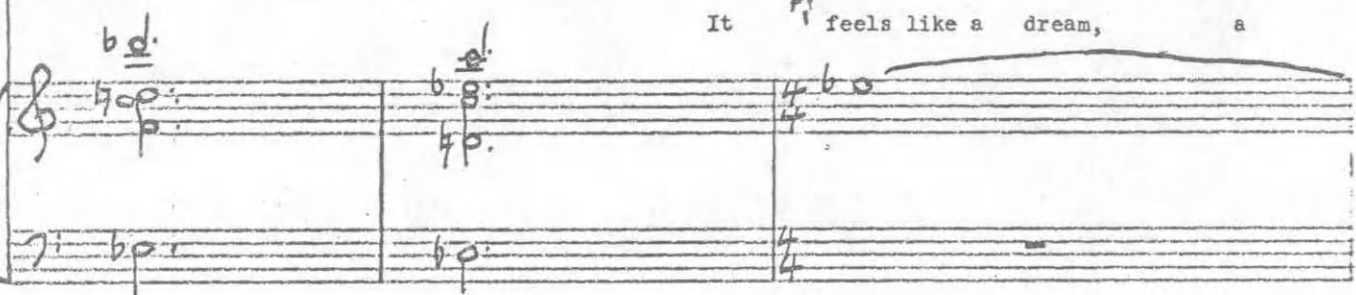


900


Lin 

Bar 

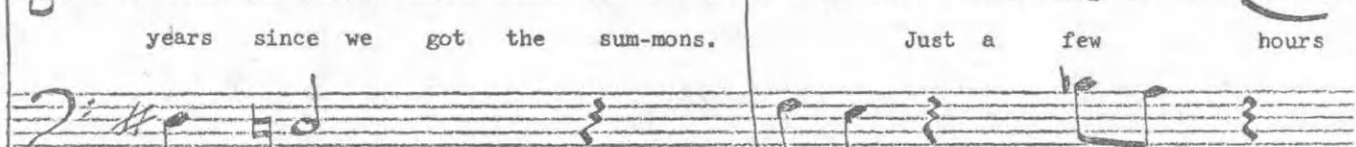
It seems like



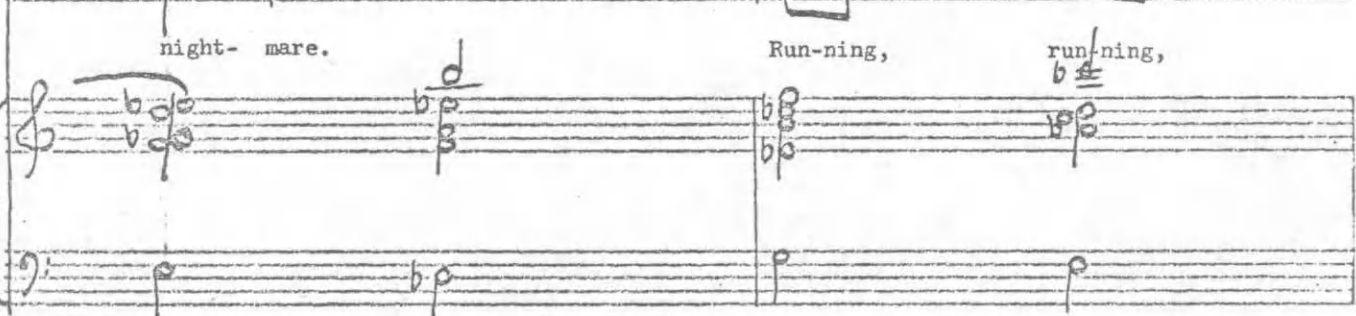
It feels like a dream, a

Lin 

years since we got the sum-mons. Just a few hours

Bar 

night-mare. Run-ning, run-ning,





905

L. a- go. Just a few mo- ments ments left.

R. Voi-ces laugh- ing, yel- ling- "Dee! cide!" De-

Sub. P.

Prima

L. cide!" What a wreck our life's be- come. A sha- dow

R. cide! Safe-ty gets fur- ther a- way the

mauato



Handwritten musical score for "The Rose Tree". The score is written on four staves, with vocal parts labeled L (Left) and R (Right) and piano accompaniment.

Staff 1 (Vocal L): Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Lyrics: "match with, with no- thing." A handwritten box with "910" is above the second measure.

Staff 2 (Vocal R): Bass clef, 5/8 time signature. Lyrics: "fas- ter we run." A handwritten box with "910" is above the second measure.

Staff 3 (Piano): Treble and Bass clefs, 5/8 time signature. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with some notes marked with a flat (b).

Staff 4 (Vocal R): Bass clef, 5/8 time signature. Lyrics: "What to do, die or die. Be-". A handwritten box with "915" is above the second measure, and "cresc." is written above the third measure. The time signature changes to 4/4 in the final measure.

Staff 5 (Piano): Treble and Bass clefs, 4/4 time signature. The piano part continues with chords and single notes.



mf 930

Names and num-bers. Num- bers and pa- pers.

peace. 930 We must de-

935

It still comes down to time. Time to think, time to de-

cide, the time, the time. 935



cide. You must de- cide, They can't make your choice.

mf \rightarrow *mp*

940 3 I can't make it for you. The choice is yours. Time is short.

940

945 You must de- cide.

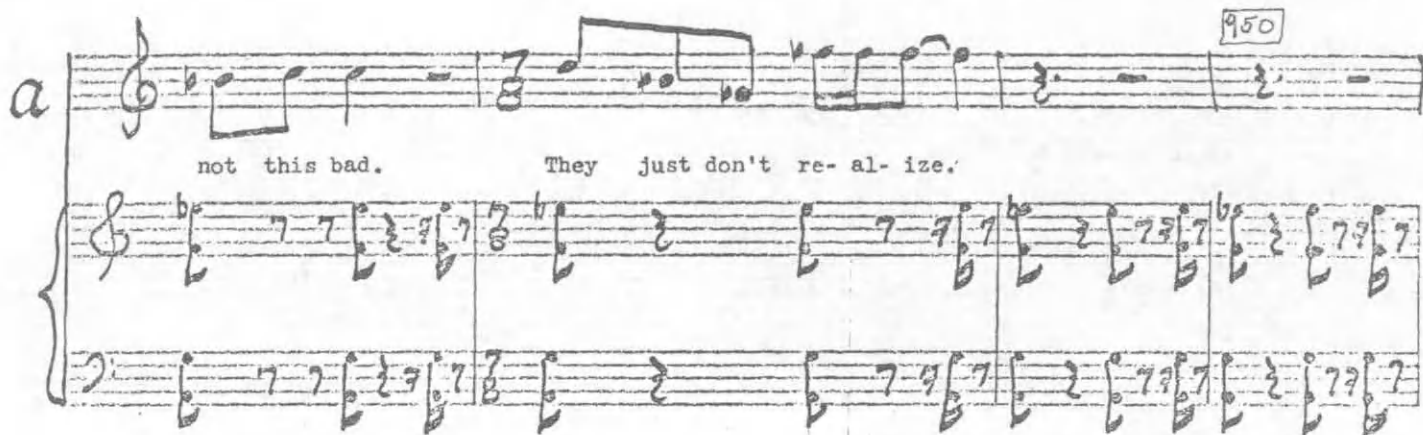
mf

loco

945 You're making this up. It's

mf



a 

not this bad. They just don't re-al-ize.

a 

An- y- way. It's not so sim-ple.

A. 

I have so ma- ny things to can- si- der. I'm a



J. 960

A. But highly valued men get tossed a-

high-ly val-ued man. 960

J. side, you know. The choice is yours.

f *p* *mp* *mf* *p*



965

The choice is yours.

dolce

965

We can't take this light-ly.

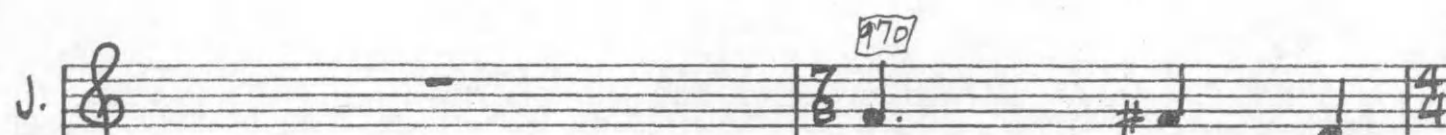
It's

A se-ri-ous charge.

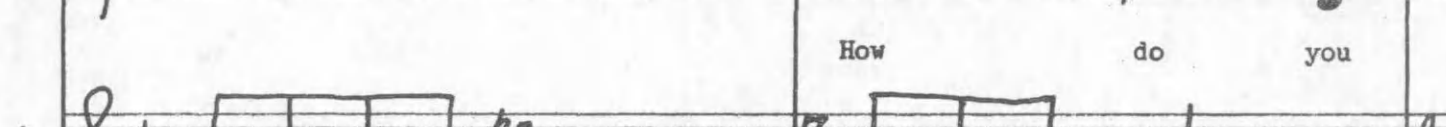
true there's the mat-ter of re-sults.

Ac-

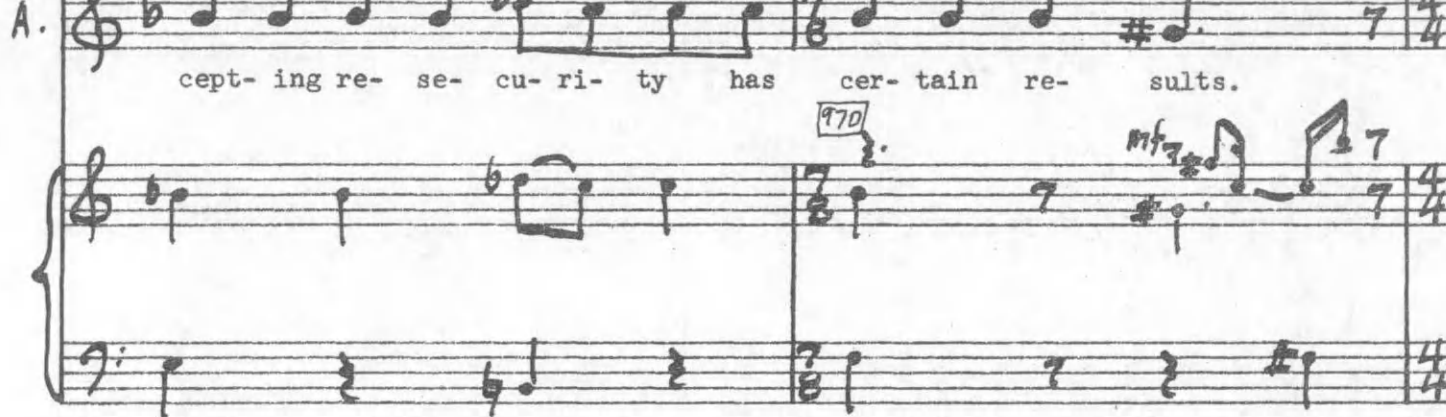


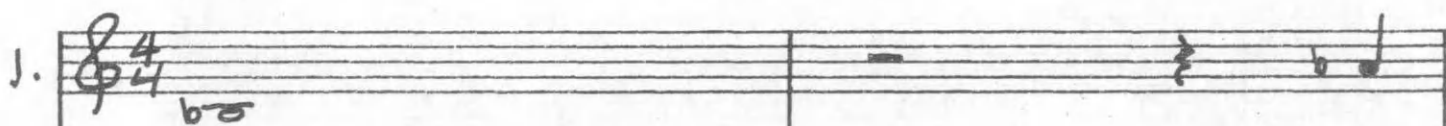
J. 

How do you

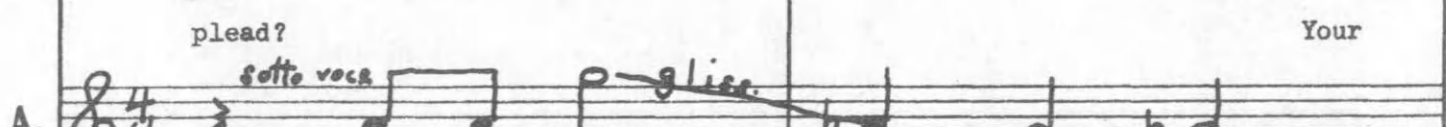
A. 

cept- ing re- se- cu- ri- ty has cer- tain re- sults.

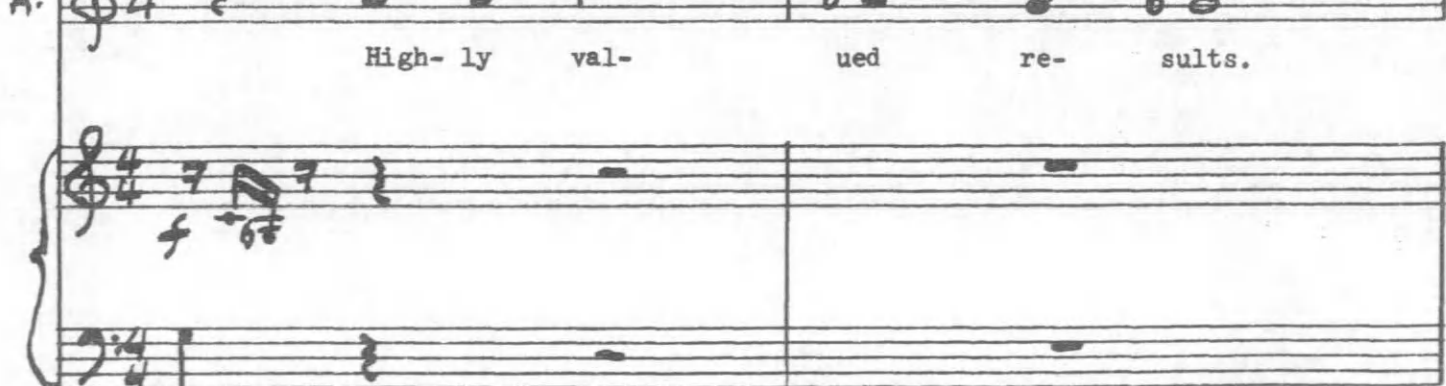


J. 

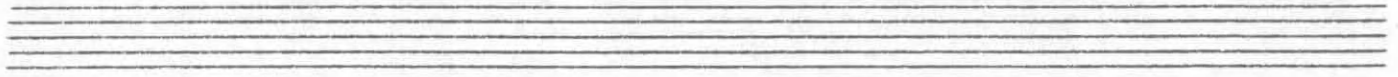
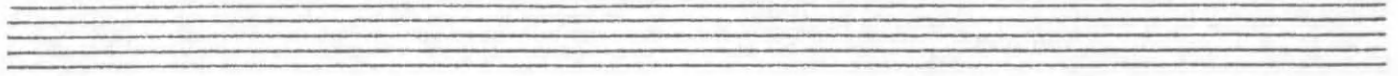
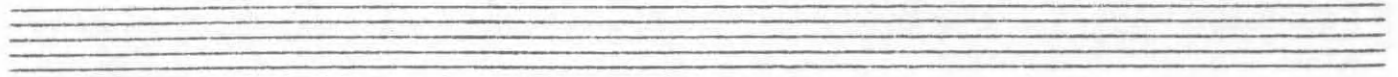
plead? Your

A. 

High- ly val- ued re- sults.





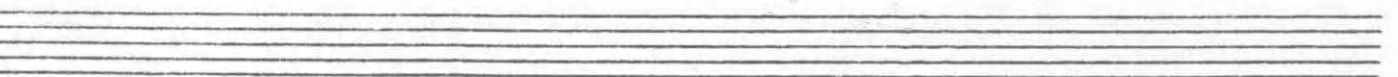
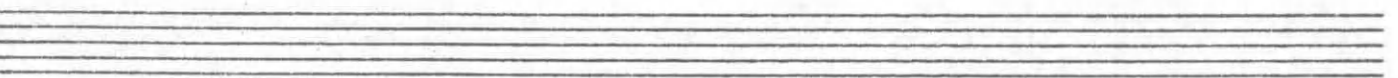
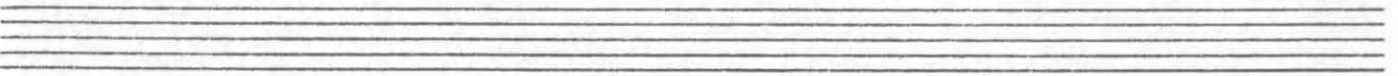


975

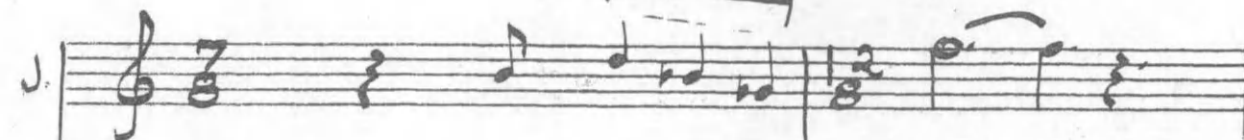
J. time is com- ing, the time is soon. What are your val-ues?

A. The re- duc- tion is to- tal. A fi- nal a- gree- ment, no

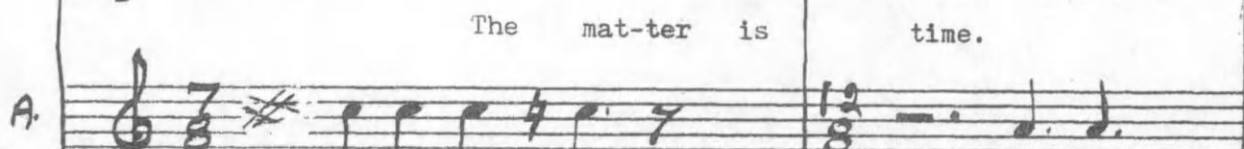
975



3

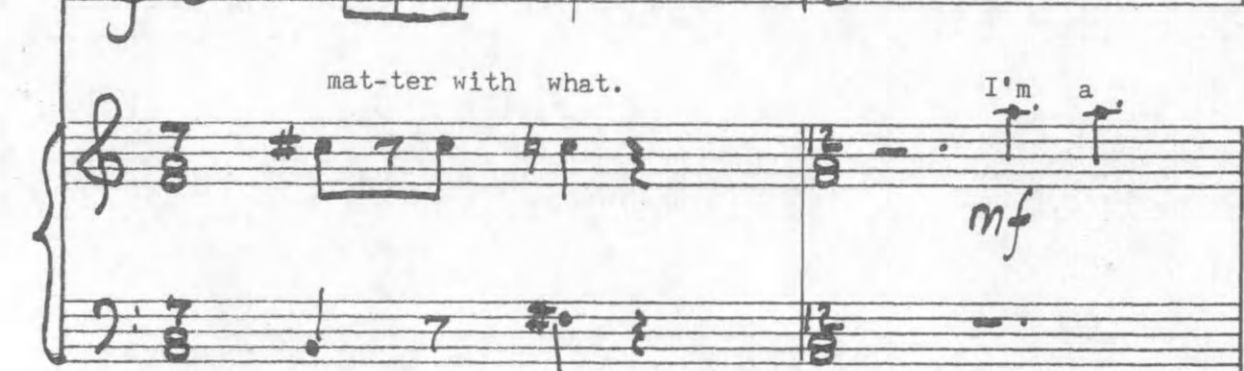
J. 

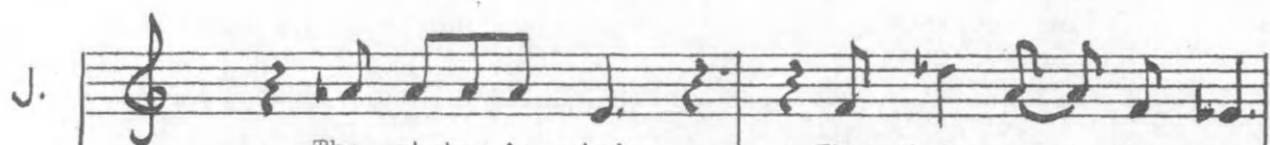
The mat-ter is time.

A. 

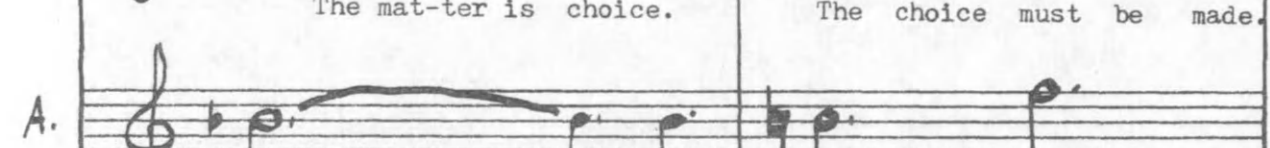
mat-ter with what. I'm a

mf

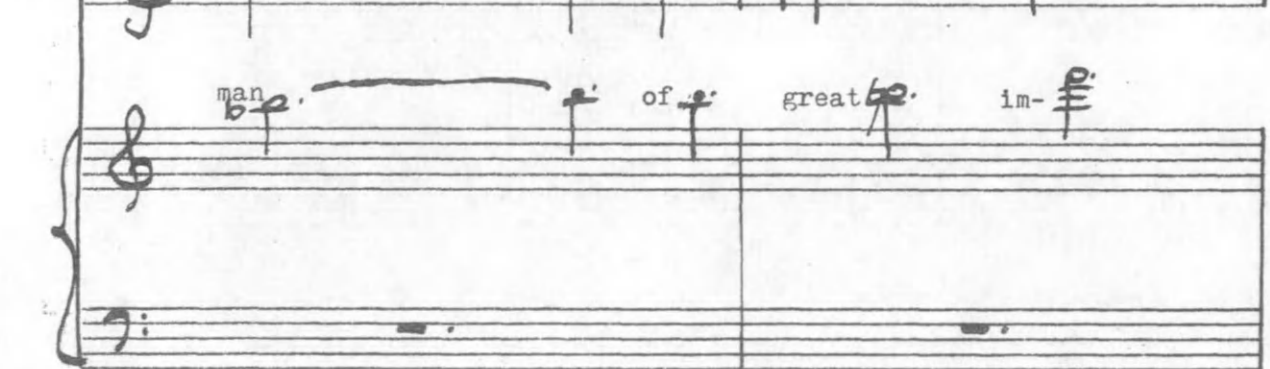


J. 

The mat-ter is choice. The choice must be made.

A. 

man of great im-



980

J. 

what do you val - ue?

A. 

980



por- tance.

A 

J. 

The de- ci- sion is yours. The time, the time.

A. 

High - ly val - ued...



985

How can they do this? It's all a mis-take.

985

AVES

I don't be-lieve it.

990

I'll have to think about it. I must think about it.

990

The time is coming. The forms are waiting. The choice

is yours.

pp

pp



1000

Handwritten musical score for four staves:

- Staff 1:** Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains rests.
- Staff 2:** Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains rests.
- Staff 3:** Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains rests and a short melodic phrase. Labeled "Come in." below.
- Staff 4:** Bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains rests and a short melodic phrase. Labeled "Hello." above and "1000" below.

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a series of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by rests. The bass staff has rests throughout.

Handwritten musical score for two staves:

- Staff 1:** Treble clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains a melodic line with a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature change.
- Staff 2:** Treble and bass clef, 4/4 time signature. Contains a piano accompaniment with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a 7/8 time signature change.

Lyrics: I must tell you, your time is up.



Lin. num - bers and names. Names and num - bers, 1D15

R. pa-pers, our num - bers and names. Names and 1015

L. num-bers and pa - pers, We signed the pa - pers, our

R. num - bers, num - bers and pa - pers. We signed the



102.0

Names and num - bers,

num - bers and names.

102.1 pa - pers, our num - bers and names

num - bers and

names.

Num - bers and pa - pers. Your names and

102.5

mf



a

num - bers. It's so much bet-ter. We know you'll

1030

1030

f p

f

a

think it bet-ter. You un - der-stand. The choice is bet-ter.

1035

1035

a

The lit- tle boy, you'll have to tell him.

3

4

3

4



← 1. = 1. → 1040 *mp*

Sam- my, Sam-my, you know we

mp Sam-my, Sam-my,

← 1. = 1. → 1040 *sfz p* *pp*

TRIANGLE

1045 love you. Sam - my, Sam-my, you know we

you know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my,

1045

Lin
care. But we must leave you.

Ron
You know we care. But we -- must leave -- you.

Lin
We won't be back. We won't

Ron
We -- won't be back -- --. We won't



Lin see you a - ny more. You will be with

Ron see you a - ny more. You will be with'

1055

1055

mp

Lin o - thers. You'll have to for - get our ways. You'll have to

Ron o - thers. You must for - get our ways, and

Lin 1060

learn a - gain.

Ron

learn a - gain.

1060

Lin 1065

Sam - my, Sam-my, You know we

Ron

Sam - my Sam-my

1065



love you. Sam-my, Sam-my, You know we
 You know we love you. Sam-my, Sam-my.

care. But now -- our time is up,
 You know we care. But now -- our time is up,

Lin the choice is made. 1075 *mp* Sam-my.

Ron the choice is made. Sam-my. 1075

pp *mf* *pp*

9. *mp* Why do they look so, so dead? Their eyes like

Lin *p* Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

Ron *p* Sam-my. *pp* Sam-my.

p



1080

zom-bies. I don't un-der-stand. Why do they make me

mf

mp

mp 1085

That's what they all look like when they've de-

feel this way?

mp

1090



1095

Aloysius

J. What should he say? I don't know. It's not my

1095

mf *fp*

A. job to know these things; I have o - ther skills.

mf *f*

1100

J. I think you talk too much. Great de- ci- sions are made in

A. I

1100

f *mp* *f*




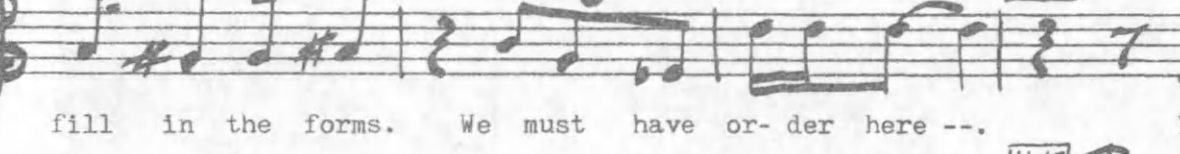
ci - ded. All of them. What did you ex-pect?

10 90

The boy. Why does he just play like that?

He should say something.

J.                                                                                  

J.  fill in the forms. We must have or-der here --. You must

J. 
make your de- ci- sion. The choice is yours. Do you have the cou- rage? Your



Handwritten musical score for the song "Time's Run-ning Out". The score is written on four staves. The first staff is for the vocal part, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a quarter note (C5) and a quarter rest. The lyrics "Time's run-ning out." are written below the first staff. The second staff is for the vocal part, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note (G4), a quarter note (A4), and a quarter note (B4). The lyrics "This is not just a sport, Jane." are written below the second staff. The third and fourth staves are for the piano accompaniment, starting with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part begins with a half note (F#4) in the right hand and a half note (F#3) in the left hand, followed by a half rest. The lyrics "This is not just a sport, Jane." are written below the third staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature.

Handwritten musical score for the song "You know I'm frightened. I can't de-". The score is written on three staves. The top staff is for the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a 7/4 time signature. The middle staff is for the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a 7/4 time signature. The lyrics "You know I'm frightened. I can't de-" are written above the middle staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf*, *mp*, *f*, and *molto*.

1120

A.

side. They'll come and get me. It's like the dark-ness, the

sub. p

p

A. *mf* 1125

cold win-ter nights, with no- one there. What will I do?

1126

J. *mf* 1130

The choice is yours. The time is up. You've

A. *pp* 1130

Help me de- cide.

J.

been too stu-pid, you've been too slow. Now I can't help you. My



time's been wast- ed I'm high-ly skilled. The

1135

1135

mp

choice is yours. My time is up!

1140

3

f

ff

fpp

EXIT

Longa

No. No. Wait. Please.

1145

mf mp p

Longa

mf mp p fpp

A. *mp* 1150 *mf* ³ *p*

Don't leave me 1150 now. You don't un-der-stand. I need

mf *p*

A. *mf* 1150 *mf* *p*

you. You're my 1150 Al-ter E-go, my Self.

fp

A. 1160 1160 *gva* *p sans expr.*

You have to help me.

p



1165

I'm fright-ened.

What will

1165

1170

hap-pen?

I must de- cide.

1170

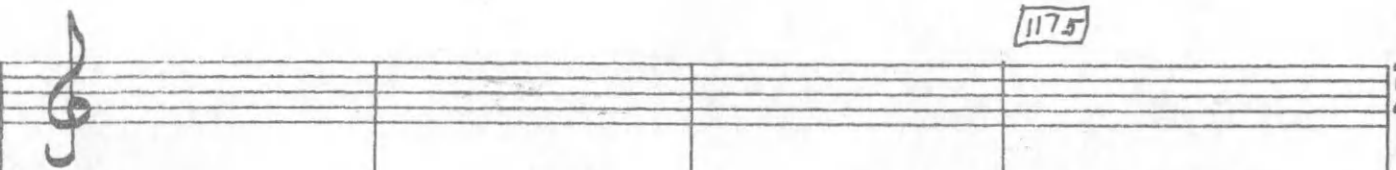
They couldn't kill

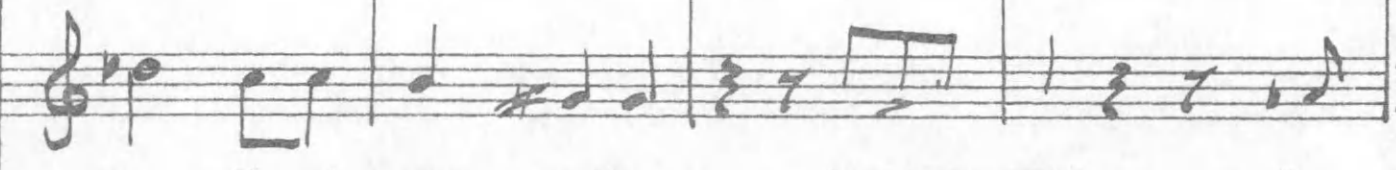
(b)^{1/2}

(b)





1175

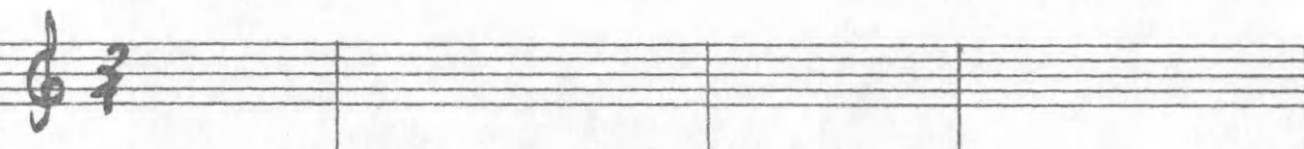
S. 


A. 

me. I'm of some va-lue. I must de- cide! The


(8va) 


(b) 

S. 

A. 

time is com-ing. I must make my de- ci- sion. The

(8va) 

(b) 



1180

S.

A.

time the time. Re- se- cu- ri- ty or

(b)

1185

S.

A.

death. Help me, some-one! I must de- cide, de- cide!

(b)



S. 1190

A. 1190

They're here. The time is here.

(b) 1190

S. 1195

A. 1195

The num-bers, the pa-pers the forms are

(b) 1195

1200

wait-ing.

1200

All

those

pa-pers -- .

The time

(8 $\frac{1}{2}$)

1205

1210

1205

1210

(8 $\frac{1}{2}$)

Crescendo poco a poco al fine.



1215

1220

1225

loco

Using given pitch limitations and pitch order, execute any rhythms and registers playing frantically until cued by conductor to play the final measure. The order (numbers in score) is given but the duration is to be determined by the conductor.

